Printed by the King's Printer, *Bianco Luno.*

SELECT POEMS

WITH

A LITERAL DANISH VERSION

AND NOTES.

EDITED BY

THORL. GUDM. REPP.

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1852.

UDSÖGTE

ENGELSKE DIGTE

FOR

DAMER, FOR SKOLER OG FOR STUDERENDE.

MED EN BOGSTAVELIG DANSK OVERSÆTTELSE AFDEELT I VERSLINIER, SAMT NOGLE NOTER.

UDGIVNE AF

THORL. GUDM. REPP.

KJÖBENHAVN.

FORLAGT AF UNIVERSITETSBOGHANDLER C. A. REITZEL.

1852.

Trykt hos Kgl. Hofbogtrykker *Bianco Luno*.

FORTALE.

Saavidt mig bekjendt, er nærværende Læsebog den forste, som er indrettet for det dannede Danske Publicum i det Öjemed at meddele nogen practisk Kundskab om Englands **Poetiske Literatur.**

Den Kundskab, som hidtil haves om denne Literatur, er meget ufuldstændig.

Derhos er den Kundskab, som haves om det sydlige Europas Literatur, (den Italienske og Spanske) saare ringe, — ja, den er næsten for intet at regne.

Men nu staaer dog den Engelske Literatur i en vital Forbindelse med det sydlige Europas.

Og den Danske Literatur staaer igjen — især igjennem Baron Holberg — i Forbindelse med den Engelske. Dette er vel leilighedsviis blevet bemærket af enkelte Danske Lærde (Rahbek, Werlauff), men Sagen er endnu ei saaledes belyst som den vel fortjente.

At det dog er baade interessant og belærende at forfölge den poetiske Tankes Genealogi, for den, som er fortrolig med de enkelte Slægtleds indre Characteer — at det er en værdig Dannelses-Opgave at opstille og overskue Poesiens Stamtræ, vil vel almindelig anerkjendes.

Byron f. E. har et meget stort poetisk Stamtræ i opstigende Linie — thi hans Lærdom var næsten saa stor som hans Genie. — I nogle af hans Værker kan Slægtlinien forfölges fra *Byron* til *Frere*, fra denne til *Pope*, til *Dryden* og *Butler*, til *Ariosto*, *Berni* og *Pulci*, i andre derimod, igjennem *Milton*, til *Dante* op til *Æschylos*: i andre igjen, gjennem *Quevedo*, til *Cervantes*; og endelig atter i andre, gjennem *Pope* og *Juvenal*, til *Horats*; hvorvel Byron selv altid staaer sine Italienske, Spanske og *Classiske* Forfædre nærmere end de mellemliggende Led.

Men ligesaadan har ogsaa Holberg mange Poetiske Stamfædre, og dog de fleste Engelske. I een Linie finde vi *Swift* og *Rabelais*, i en anden *Shakspeare*, i en tredje *Butler*, i en fjærde *Moliere*, *Terents* og *Plautus*.

Moore's Muse er tildeels Keltisk (Irsk National), deels Classisk, deels Orientalsk.

De, som anerkjende, at det er interessant og lærerigt at forfölge Poesiens Stamtræ, ville som jeg haaber, anerkjende, at dertil er taget Hensyn ved denne lille Bogs Compilation, og at man har gjort dens Indhold saa forskjælligartet som vel var muligt indenfor saa snævre Grændser som de foreskrevne.

Den ædleste, den sandeste, den værdigste Opfatning af Digtekonsten overhoved, er vel, at betragte den som et særegent Naturrige af den menneskelige Aands Skabning. De store Skabere i den her antydede Verden ere Pindar, Æschylos, Aristophanes, Dante, Ariosto, Cervantes, Lope, Skakspeare, Milton, Butler, Byron; alle, hver i sin Tid, lige udmærkede ved Lærdom og Geni. Den sidstes aandige Slægtforbindelse er naturligviis den vidtlöftigste. Et Studium af Byron bliver derfor, fra denne naturhistoriske Standpunkt, overmaade lönnende. I ham giver den poetiske Tankes Naturhistorie rigest Udbytte. Derfor findes Byron i hver Afdeling af denne Bog.

Byron er, af alle Digtere, bedst skikket til at vække Attraae efter en nöjere Kundskab om hele den forudgangne Digterverden.

Man vil maaskee sige, det havde været önskeligt at meddele flere Pröver af den Engelske Digtekonst fra dens forskjællige Tidsaldre. — Denne Indvending er tildels allerede besvaret i det Foregaaende.

Mere væsentlig er derimod den Indvending at Bogen burde have indeholdt flere Arter af Digtning, navnlig en Pröve af den dramatiske

Art. Men dertil manglede Plads, ifölge de, med Hensyn til vænteiig Afsætning, foreskrevne Grændser.

Bogen er bestemt til at være til Nytte for Lærere, som undervise mange Elever af forskjællige Aandsevner; for Damer, for den studerende Ungdom, og overhoved for alle Selvstuderende. Dertil er valgt den Methode, at hver Verslinie for sig er oversat, saa bogstaveligt som mueligt, hele Bogen igjennem, og i Oversættelsen adskilt med to verticale Streger fra den fölgende Linie. Nærværende Udgiver troer ikke, at han sædvanlig beskyldes for skjödeslös Behandling af det Danske Sprog, men denne Methode medförer nödvendigviis, at Constructionen bliver noget tvungen, dog har man saa vidt mueligt sögt at undgaa dette. Det, som Udgiveren har ladet være sig magtpaaliggende, er, at Digterens Mening blev rigtigt opfattet; og dette har han sögt at opnaa ved varierende og oplysende Parentheser, eller Indskud, og undertiden ved Noter.

Jeg har lovet at svære Stykker skulde kunde læses ved denne Methode.

En skjönsom Læser vil dömme, hvorvidt jeg har holdt mit Lövte.

Bogen synes at være af et lille Omfang. Den indeholder dog noget over *halvfjerdesindstyve* forskjællige Digtninger, og for det Meste udgjör hvert Stykke for sig et Hele. Det typographiske Arrangement, som *her* ikke för er blevet anvendt, gjör, at her er leveret fuldt fem Gange saa meget, som der kunde have været leveret, hvis Bogen var bleven saaledes trykt som bunden Stiil plejer at trykkes i Danmark. Papiret fordyrer, som bekjendt, mest en Bog af et stort Oplag. Den Papiirs-Besparelse, som her er opnaaet, kommer Kjöberne tilgode.

Mange ville efterligne denne Methode, naar de först ere blevne bekjendte dermed.

Nærværende Udgiver har i sin Tid gjort endeel — hvis jeg kjendte Nogen, der havde gjort mere, skulde jeg nævne ham — *til at befordre Samqvem mellem det Engelske og Danske Sprog og Literatur; til at udbrede Kundskab om Engelsk i Danmark, saavelsom om Dansk i det Britiske Rige.* Da det er heel sandsynligt, at dette bliver mit sidste Forsög af denne Art, saa er her, som jeg troer, en Anledning til, med nogle Ord, at beröre hvad jeg har ydet til Opnaaelsen af dette Öjemed.

1. Som et vigtigt grundlæggende Skridt maa det være mig tilladt at anföre *Stiftelsen af Selskabet, eller Bog-Klubben Athenæum,* hvorpaa jeg stadigt arbeidede i Aarene 1822—25. Den Opgave, jeg havde stillet mig i dette Tilfælde, var, paa den Tid, yderst vanskelig; og den fandt i Begyndelsen enten saare ringe, eller slet ingen Deeltagelse. At fremme en saadan Plan ved en Discussion i Pressen, kunde der i den Tid endnu ikke tænkes paa. *Min Plan var, ved Hjælp af samlede Midler fra Kjöbenhavns meest anseete Indvaanere, at indsamle et permanent, stedse voxende Bibliothek af den currente og periodiske Europæiske Literatur for dem selv og deres Efterkommere.* Det var, ifölge en fleersidig Betragtningsmaade, klart, at *her* var den Engelske periodiske Literatur dog den allervigtigste. Dr. Krarup, samt nogle talentfulde yngre Mænd, som jeg underviste i Engelsk, deriblandt den sidstnævntes Svoger, Professor Möhl, vare de förste, som i Aaret 1824 gik over til min Anskuelse og vi dannede den Kjærne-Committee, hvis Medlemmer, hver i sin Kreds, paatog sig iblandt indflydelsesrige Embedsmænd og Borgere at hverve Deeltagere for Sagen. Grundlaget saae vistnok noget aristokratisk og Engelsk ud, ligesom hele Planen og Fremgangsmaaden ved dens Udförelse var Engelsk. Man gjorde naturligviis i den Tid Anmærkninger derover, men den vandt dog Tiltro, vel meest fordi den förste Liste blev valgt med Omhyggelighed. Planens vigtigste Patroner bleve Oberstlieutenant v. Abrahamson og Geheimeraad Collin. Jeg skrev den förste Plan og Lovudkast, som blev gjennemgaaet og rettet af dem og nogle flere, iblandt andet var det, som jeg troer, Collin, der foreslog et andet Navn, nemlig „Kjöbenhavns Athenæum", istedenfor „Kjöbenhavns Literære Musæum", som jeg havde bragt i Forslag; men den ovenangivne Hovedtanke blev fastholdt og denne har man siden med mere eller mindre Held stræbt at realisere.

Dette var der förste vigtige Skridt, som der gjordes i Danmark for Indförelsen af den Engelske Literatur. Man er dog, i mange Henseender, indtil nærværende Tid, bleven staaende ved dette temmelig ufuldkomne Skridt. Dette vil lettelig erkjendes af enhver, som er bekjendt med Stiftelser af lignende Art, ikke blot i London og i Liverpool, men og i Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, New-Castle &c.

Endnu savnes en rigtig Opfattelse af den Engelske Literaturs Hovedretninger. Endnu har man ondt ved at forklare sig Englands utallige Bibliotheker, og disses store Indflydelse paa, og Betydning i Folke-Oplysningen. Endnu staaer England, her, som paa det övrige Fastland, som et uforklaret og uforklarligt Særsyn, fordi man,

om den Britiske Folke - Oplysnings Tilstand kjender kun Fabler.

2. De *gamle Danske Love* ere först blevne saavel det Britiske, som de Germaniske Folk bekjendte ved et af mig i Skotland i Aaret 1832 forfattet og udgivet Skrift, som siden har gjældet, saavel for Tydske som Engelske Lærde, som et Kildeskrift, (Mittermayer, Forsyth o. fl.)

3. I Aaret 1845 udgav Dr. Ferrall og jeg en af os i Forening udarbeidet „Dansk - Engelsk Ordbog". At denne har givet det Danske Sprogs Studium i England et saare betydeligt Fremstöd, er bekjendt. Ved Hjælp af denne Ordbog studeres nu Dansk paa de Steder i England, (Oxford og Cambridge) hvor dette Sprog för slet ikke kjendtes.

4. I Aaret 1846 udarbeidede jeg en ny Udgave af „Dr. Rask's Danish Grammar" hvoraf den förste Udgave var udsolgt. Ved de af mig tilföjede Noter sögte jeg at give Bogen en mere omfattende Brugbarhed. Denne er den Grammatik, hvorefter Dansk nu studeres i England.

5. Ved min Oversættelse af den Engelske „Liturgi eller Almindelige Bönnebog" har paa een Gang Kundskaben om det Danske Sprog vundet betydelig Udbredelse, og tillige er derved rigtig Forestilling om den Engelske Gudstjeneste og Kirkeskikke for förste Gang bibragt Danske Læsere. Störste Delen af Oplaget som blev trykt her, i Hofbogtrykker Bianco Luno's Officin blev sendt over til England; hvor Bogen, der er en Ejendom, som tilhörer **Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge**, siden trykkes i saa mange Udgaver som Tid efter anden behöves: Saaledes udbredes den igjennem Englands mange Tusinde offentlige og private Bibliotheker — Bibliotheker der ere i langt stærkere Brug end nogensomheist andre mig bekjendte; — og da der nu desuden haves Oversættelser i tredive Sprog af bemeldte Liturgi; og der tillige efterhaanden trykkes flere Polyglotter af denne overordentlig populaire Bog, saa har det Danske Sprog, netop ved denne min Oversættelse; hvorved Bogen introduceres i Selskab med flere Millioner ærværdige Söstre, vundet en uberegnelig stor Udbredelse, som ikke lettelig kunde være bleven opnaaet igjennem nogen anden Bog; ja ei en Gang ved Bibelen, formedelst dens större Omfang og större Kostbarhed. Utallige blive de Individer paa Jorden som just igjennem denne Bog, og slet ingen anden, komme til nogen Kundskab om det Danske Sprog.

6. I Aaret 1838 redigerede jeg en Regjerings-Avis i Kjöbenhavn. Den Engelske Avis - Presse var den Gang ganske ukjendt paa Avis-Bureauerne i denne Hovedstad. Man holdt sig, hvad Efterretninger fra den störste Del af Verden angik, ganske og aldeles til secundaire Kilder. Jeg var den förste, som indförte Londonske Blade paa mit Bureau. De ere siden den Tid blevne uundværlige paa flere af Hovedstadens-Avis-Comptoirer. Deraf vil med Tiden spores gavnlige Fölger.

7. Privat har jeg meddelt Undervisning til mange Danske i Engelsk, ligesom og til mange Engelske i Dansk, saavel her som i England. Jeg troer, der endnu findes nogle af mine Skolarer i begge Sprog adspredte i alle Verdens Dele.

8. Da jeg kom hertil i Aaret 1837 havdes der ingen brugbar Læsebog i Engelsk for Begyndere. Under Titelen „English Stories" udgav jeg den förste i Aaret 1842, hvoraf 2det Oplag udkom i Aaret 1852.

9. Der var en paafaldende Uoverensstemmelse mellem Engelsk Videnskab og Dansk Videnskab; idet Naturens Grundkræfter, ja selv de af Sir Isaac Newton klart demonstrerede Naturlove bleve i den eneste tilstedeværende Danske Lærebog feilagtigen og falskeligen fremstillede. Jeg bidrog meget til at hæve denne Uoverensstemmelse, ved at stille den i et klart Lys. Uanseet hvad Tak, jeg fik derfor, har dette siden viist sig at være et meget fortjenstligt Arbeide, eftersom i de allernyeste Udgaver af den Danske Lærebog alle de af mig i „Kjöbenhavnsposten" angivne Feil i samme, *nu endelig* ere blevne rettede nöjagtigt efter de i bemeldte Blad angivne Formler.

Det nærværende er altsaa mit 10de Forsög i at tilvejebringe Samqvem mellem Engelsk og Dansk. Oversættelsen af de valgte Stykker er, som ovenmeldt, meget bogstavelig. Dog er jeg mig bevidst at de Danske Udtryk ere valgte med Flid, for, saavidt som mueligt i en Prosa-Oversættelse, at lade Originalen vederfares Ret, ikke blot i materiell Indhold, men ogsaa i Aand og Tone. Jeg har og med Flid gjærne valgt saadanne Danske Udtryk, som i etymologisk Henseende stode de Engelske nærmest, undertiden uanseet om de vare de meest gjængse eller ei, f. E. *Fjædder* for **fetter**; og hvorvel Molbech skriver *Fiæder*, saa foretrækker jeg dog, for denne Bemærkelse af Ordet, at skrive Fjædder: altsaa *Fjæder*, **penna**; men *Fjædder*, **compes.** Den Engelske og Tydske, saavelsom den Islandske Analogi, synes desuden at give denne Skrivemaade Medhold — fetters, Fesseln, fjötrar. — Og derimod for *penna*, Tyd. Feder, Eng. feather, Isl. fjöður. Dog med dem, som maatte finde, at min Skrivemaade er *eine Neuerung,*

eller af nogensomhels anden Grund forkastelig, agter jeg ikke at strides.

Nogle ville maaskee mene, at Bogens förste Afdeling er her paa urette Sted: jeg opstiller dog derimod den *Mening*, at Gudelig og Andagts-Digtning er den Lyriske Poesies överste Afdeling. Et Par Pröver af *Sternholds* Oversættelse af David ere medtagne, fordi af alle mig bekjendte metriske Oversættelser af Psalmerne, Sternhold kommer den Hebraiske Grundtext nærmest.

Man kan med Föje sige, at *„She walks In Beauty"* ikke med rette kan henföres til **„Sacred And Pious Songs"**, da dette Digt var en Ball-Compliment til Lady Wilmot Horton i Sörgedragt, en Dame, som var gift med een af den ædle Lords Nærbeslægtede. Jeg gad dog ikke, da jeg har givet det Hele af *The Hebrew Melodies*, med Undtagelse af een eneste, udelade denne, som den store Digter selv stillede i Spidsen for Samlingen; ei heller sætte den paa et andet Sted. Der havde været en vis *Impiety* deri. For dem, der ikke læse denne Fortale, som vel sagtens blive de Fleste, vil dette Nummer synes ligesaa Hebraisk, ligesaa *Sacred* og *Pious* som alle de efterfölgende. Men Digtets sande Oprindelse har jeg ei villet forbigaa med Taushed, da jeg ikke kan lide nogensomhelst *pia fraus*.

Saameget om det, jeg har gjort, for i literair og aandig Henseende at stifte directe Forbindelser mellem Dansk og Engelsk, — mellem England og Danmark. Men jeg har desuden ikke ladet höjere materielle Interesser uberörte. Jeg er, saavidt mig bekjendt, den förste, som har, her i Landet, henvendt den offentlige Opmærksomhed paa Englands store sanitariske Forbedringer og dets Bybygningskonst. Jeg har og fra Tid til anden gjennem den daglige Presse meddelt Efterretninger om dets nyere Forbedringer i Agerdyrkning, saavelsom om dets storartede Foretagender og nye Opfindelser, og, som jeg haaber, derved noget banet Vejen for den mere levende Forbindelse og Samfærsel, mellem England og Danmark, som den nyeste Tid, ved Handelen, alt mere og mere udvikler.

Jeg har arbeidet for det ovenangivne Formaal, ei under de gunstigste Omstændigheder: de, som komme efter mig, ville, ligesom de blive langt mere begunstigede, saaledes udrette langt mere.

I Aaret 1849 redigerede jeg et Ugeblad, „Tiden" kaldet, i hvis Spalter indeholdes nöjagtigere og tilforladeligere Beretninger om Engelske Institutioner og politiske Forhold end man lettelig vil finde i andre Danske Skrifter, hvilket sikkert burde have været til nogen Nytte, paa en Tid da man stræbte at komme udaf den absolute Enevolds-Regjering indi den constitutionelle Selv-Regjering; især da mange Ledere paa den Tid sagde, at man ved denne politiske Omdannelse især vilde tage England til Mönster.

Ved Udgivelsen af denne Bog er der een Ting, jeg slet ikke frygter for: nemlig, at dette nye Forsög paa at knytte Forbindelsen mellem Engelsk og Dansk vil fra Dansk Side blive mödt af mindre Oprigtighed, af mindre forekommende Godhed og Velvilje, end mine forudgangne Bestræbelser i samme Retning.

Kjöbenhavn, den 6te October 1852.

Thorleifr Gudmundson Repp.

SELECT POEMS.

I.

SACRED AND PIOUS SONGS.

Psalm I.

The man is blest that hath not lent
To wicked men his ear;
Nor led his life as sinners do,
Nor sat in scorner's chair:

But in the law of God the Lord
Doth set his whole delight,
And in the same doth exercise
Himself both day and night.

He shall be like a tree that is
Planted the rivers nigh,
Which in due season bringeth forth
Its fruit abundantly:

Whose leaf shall never fade nor fall,
But flourishing shall stand;
E'en so all things shall prosper well,
That this man takes in hand.

As for ungodly men, with them
It shall be nothing so;
But as the chaff which by the wind
Is driven to and fro.

Therefore the wicked men shall not
In judgement stand upright;
Nor in th' assembly of the just
Shall sinners come in sight.

For why? the way of godly men
Unto the Lord is known;
Whereas the way of wicked men
Shall quite be overthrown.

דָוִד transl. by *Sternhold.*

Psalme I.

Den Mand er velsignet som ei har laant || Ugudelige Mænd sit Öre; || Ei heller fört et Levnet som Syndere före, || Ei heller siddet i Forhaaneres Sæde;

Men i den Herre Guds Lov || Sætter sin hele Fryd, || Og i den Samme över || Sig selv baade Dag og Nat.

Han skal være lig et Træ som er || Planted Floderne nær, || Som i tilbörlig Tid frembringer || Sin Frugt i Overflödighed:

Hvis Löv skal aldrig falme eller falde || Men blomstrende skal staa; || Just saaledes skulle alle Ting lykkes godt || Som denne Mand foretager sig.

Hvad angaaer ugudelige Mænd, med dem || Skal det være ingenlunde saa; || Men ligesom (med) Avner, som ved Vinden || Drives frem og tilbage.

Derfor skulde de ugudelige Mænd ikke || I Dom staae oprette || Ei heller i de Retfærdiges Forsamling || Skulde Syndere komme tilsyne.

Og hvorfor? — Gudelige Mænds Vei || Er af Herren kjendt; || Hvorimod ugudelige Mænds Vei || Skal ganske kuldkastes.

PSALM XXIII.

My Shepherd is the living Lord,
Nothing therefore I need;
In pastures fair near pleasant streams
He setteth me to feed.

He shall convert and glad my soul.
And bring my mind in frame,
To walk in paths of righteousness,
For his most holy name.

Yea, though I walk in vale of death,
Yet will I fear no ill;
Thy rod and staff do comfort me,
And thou art with me still.

And in the presence of my foes
My table thou shalt spread;
Thou wilt fill full my cup, and thou
Anointed hast my head.

Through all my life thy favour is
So frankly shew'd to me,
That in thy house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

דָּוִד transl. by *Sternhold.*

Another Version.

The Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouschsafes to be my guide;
The Shepherd, by whose constant care
My wants are all supplied:
In tender grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose;
Then leads me to cool fountains, where
Refreshing water flows.

His love reclaims my wand'ring soul,
And, to his endless praise,
Guides me with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.
I pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free;
For there his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.

A Paraphrase.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye,
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill.
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy rod and staff shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Psalme XXIII.

Min Hyrde er den levende Herre, || Intet derfor mangler jeg; || I Græsgange skjönne, nær yndige Strömme || Sætter han mig for at næres.

Han skal omvende og glæde min Sjæl, || Og bringe mit Sind i en Retning [en Skik] || Til at vandre paa Retfærdigheds Stier || For hans allerhelligste Navns Skyld.

Ja skjönt jeg vandrer i Dödens Dal, || Saa dog, vil jeg ikke frygte noget ondt || Din Kjæp og din Stav tröste mig, || Og Du er hos mig bestandig.

Og i mine Fjenders Nærværelse, || Mit Bord skal du dække; || Du vil opfylde mit Bæger, og du || Haver salvet mit Hoved.

Igjennem hele mit Liv din Naade er, || Saa frit udvist mod mig, || At i dit Huus for bestandig || Min Bolig skal blive.

En anden Oversættelse.

Herren selv, den mægtige Herre, || Værdiges at være min Förer; || Den Hyrde, ved hvis idelige Omsorg || Alle mine mangler blive afhjulpne: || I blödt Græss lader han mig næres || Og blidt der hvile; || Derpaa förer mig til kjölige Vandspring, hvor || Vederpvægende Vand flyder.

Hans Kjærlighed bringer tilbage min vildfarende Sjæl, || Og, til hans evige Priis, || Förer mig til, med ydmyg Iver, at vandre, || Paa hans meest retfærdige Veje. || Jeg gaaer igjennem den mörke Dödens Dal, || Fra Frygt og Fare fri; || Thi der hans hjælpende Kjæp og Stav || Forsvare og tröste mig.

Paraphrase.

Herren min Græsgang skal berede, || Og föde mig med en Hyrdes Omsorg; || Hans Nærværelse skal mine Savn afhjælpe || Og beskytte mig med et aarvaagent Öje; || Mine Middags Vandringer skal han ledsage || Og alle mine Midnatstimer beskjærme.

Naar paa den lumre Mark jeg vansmægter, || Eller paa de törstige Bjerge taber Veiret, || Til frugtbare Dale, og duggede Enge, || Mine trætte, vildfarende Fjed han leder; || Hvor fredelige Strömme, sagte og langsomme, || Igjennem det grönne Landskab flyde.

Skjönt paa Dödens Stier jeg træder, || Af mörke Rædsler overvældet, || Mit standhaftige Hjærte skal intet Ondt frygte, || Thi du, o Herre, er hos mig bestandig; || Din Kjæp og Stav skulle give mig Hjælp || Og före mig igjennem den frygtelige Skygge.

PSALM CXXVIII.

How blest the man, whose heart is fill'd
With holy zeal and awe;
Whose lips to God their tribute yield;
Whose life adorns his law!

The Lord in mercy near him stands,
To guard his favor'd head;
And on the labor of his hands
Will constant blessings shed.

He, by the God of Jacob blest,
Through length of days shall see
His children's children, Sion's rest,
And her prosperity.

Yea, richer mercies far than these
On him the Lord shall pour;
Shall crown his soul with joy and peace,
And life for evermore.

Children called to serve God.

Happy the child whose tender years
Receive instruction well;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

'Twill save us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young;
Grace will preserve our riper years,
And make our virtue strong.

To thee, Almighty God, to thee,
Our childhood we resign;
Thy love in Christ our portion be;
And our whole lives be thine!

Let the blest work of prayer and praise
Betimes employ our breath;
Thus we're prepar'd for length of days,
Or fit for early death.

Call to the Gentiles.

Sing to the Lord in joyful strains;
His glorious praise resound,
Ye who upon the ocean dwell,
And fill the isles around.

O City of the Lord, begin
The universal song;
And let the distant tribes of earth
The cheerful notes prolong.

Let the rude wilderness afar
Lift up its lonely voice;
Behold the Day-spring from on high,
And in its light rejoice.

Let ev'ry land, and tribe, and tongue,
Jehovah's glory raise;
Till all the earth with one accord
Unite to sing his praise.

Psalme CXXVIII.

Hvor salig er den Mand, hvis Hjærte er fyldt || Med hellig Iver og Frygt; || Hvis Læber til Gud yde deres Skat; || Hvis Levnet hædrer hans Lov!

Herren i Barmhjærtighed nær ham staaer || For at beskjærme hans begunstigede Hoved: || Og paa hans Hænders Arbeide || Vil bestandige Velsignelser udgyde.

Han, ved Jacobs Gud velsignet, || Igjennem Dages Længde skal see || Sine Börns Börn, Sions Tryghed || Og dets Held og Lykke.

Ja, endnu langt rigere Barmhjærtigheder end disse || Paa ham skal Herren udgyde; || Skal krone hans Sjæl med Glæde og Fred, || Og Liv [som varer] evindeligen.

Börn kaldes til at tjene Gud.

Velsignet er det Barn hvis unge Aar || Modtage Lærdom vel; || Som hader Synderens Sti, og frygter || Den Vej som förer til Helvede.

Det vil frelse os fra Tusinde Snarer || At agte paa Religionen i Ungdommen; || Naade vil bevare vore modnere Aar || Og gjöre vor Dyd stærk.

Til dig, Almægtige Gud, til dig || Vor Barndom vi hellige; || Din Kjærlighed i Christo være vor Deel; || Og hele vort Liv dit.

Lad den velsignede Syssel af Bön og Lovsang, || Tidlig beskjæftige vort Aandedræt; || Saaledes blive vi beredte for Længde af Dage, || Eller skikkede til tidlig Död.

Et Kald til Hedningerne.

Synger for Herren i glade Toner; || Hans herlige Priis lader gjenlyde, || I som dvæle paa Havet, || Og fylde Öerne rundt omkring.

O Herrens Stad begynd || Den almindelige [over alt udbredte] Sang; || Og lad de fjærne Stammer paa Jorden || De glade Toner forlænge.

Lad den vilde Örken fjærnt || Oplöfte sin lönlige Röst; || Skn Daggryet fra det Höje, || Og i dets Lys fryder Eder.

Lad ethvert Land, og Stamme og Tunge, || Jehovas Herlighed ophöje; || Indtil hele Jorden eenstemmigen || Forener sig om at synge hans Priis.

The Spread of the Gospel.

O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, with hope, and praise;
See, the promis'd day is breaking,
Bright from heaven with truth and grace!
Day of glory,
Dawn, and shine on all our race!

Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude Barbarian see
That divine and free redemption
Once achiev'd on Calvary:
Let the nations
Gladly to the Saviour flee.

Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel
Spread thy conquests; never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominion
Multiply, and still increase;
Take the kingdoms,
Lord of glory! Prince of peace!

The Love of Christ for Children.

Congregation.

In hymns of joy your voices raise
To sing the great Redeemer's praise;
Yet who, but happy saints above,
Can tell the riches of his love?

Children.

Prais'd be his name! that love is shed
In heav'nly blessings on our head;
He calls the young to seek his face,
And bids them know his wondrous grace.

The hungry soul his goodness feeds;
His feeble flock he gently leads;
Deigns in his arms the young to bear,
And makes them his peculiar care.

Congregation.

O gracious Saviour, to thy side
These helpless innocents we guide;
Let not their footsteps go astray,
But make them love thy perfect way.

Children seeking a Blessing.

Lord, no forbidding voice is here
To keep us from thy feet;
But christian friends invite us near
Thy gracious call to meet.

O teach and help us to improve
The means by mercy given;
To fill our hearts with truth and love,
And lead our steps to heaven.

Though we are feeble, thou, O Lord,
Wilt keep us with thy might;
Though we are dark, thy heav'nly word
Can fill the mind with light.

Evangeliets Udbredelse.

Over de dunkle Mörkets Höje, || Sku, min Sjæl, med Haab og Lovsang; || See den forjættede Dag bryder frem; || Lys fra Himmelen med Sandhed og Naade! || Herlige Dag || Bryd frem, og skinn paa hele vor Slægt!

Lad Indianeren, lad Negeren, || Lad den uslebne Barbar see || Hiin guddommelige og frie Forlösning || En Gang fuldbyrdet paa Golgatha: || Lad Nationerne || Frydefulde ile hen til Frelseren.

Flyv udi Verden du mægtige Evangelium || Udbred dine Erobringer; aldrig standse; || Maatte dit vedvarende, udstrakte Herredömme || Mangfoldiggjöres og bestandig foröges; || Tag Fyrstendömmerne || Herlighedens Herre! Fredens Fyrste!

Christi Kjærlighed til Börn.

Menighed. I Glædes Hymner oplöfter eders Stemmer || For at synge den store Frelsers Priis; || Dog hvo, uden de salige Helgener i det Höje || Kan fortælle hans Kjærligheds Rigdom?

Börn. Lovet være hans Navn! at Kjærlighed er udgydt || I himmelske Velsignelser paa vort Hoved; || Han kalder de unge for at søge hans Aasyn, || Og byder dem at kjende hans underfulde Naade.

Den hungrige Sjæl hans Godhed föder; || Hans skröbelige Hjord leder han mildt; || Værdiges i sine Arme at bære de Unge || Og gjör dem [Gjenstande for] sin særdeles Omsorg.

Menighed. Oh naadige Frelser til din Side || Disse hjælpelöse Uskyldige lede vi; || Lad ikke deres Fjed gaa paa Afveje, || Men bring dem til at elske din fuldkomne Vei.

Börn sögende Velsignelse.

Herre, ingen forbydende Stemme er her || For at holde os borte fra dine Födder; || Men Christne Venner indbyde os at nærme os || Dit naadige Kald at möde.

Oh lær og hjælp os at afbenytte || De af Naaden givne Midler; || For at fylde vore Hjærter med Sandhed og Kjærlighed, || Og lede vore Fjed til Himmelen.

Skjönt vi ere svage, da, o Herre, || Vil holde os ved din Kraft; || Skjönt vi ere mörke, dit himmelske Ord || Kan fylde Sindet med Lys.

O look on those, whose kind concern
Would lead us to thy rest;
And with a blessing, Lord, return
Their gifts to ev'ry breast.

Children acknowledging their Dependence upon God.

See, Lord, before thy mercy-seat,
In Christ's prevailing name,
A band of little children meet,
Their Father's love to claim.

Our foolish hearts, alas, are slow
To understand thy way:
O teach us, Lord, thy will to know,
And help us to obey.

Kind are the friends who lead us here,
To learn thy holy word;
But vain is all their hope and care,
Without thy blessing, Lord.

Fulfil their hopes; thy grace display
In ev'ry youthful mind;
And, while they guide us in thy way,
Let them a blessing find.

Praise from Young and Old.

Worship, honor, glory, blessing,
Lord, we offer to thy name;
Young and old, thy praise expressing,
Join their Saviour to proclaim.

As the saints in heaven adore thee,
We would bow before thy throne;
As thine angels serve before thee,
So on earth thy will be done.

Hymn On Gratitude.

When all thy mercies, O my God
My rising soul surveys:
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravish'd heart?
But thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in pray'r.

O see paa disse, hvis kjærlige Omsorg || Vil före os til din Ro; || Og med en Velsignelse, o Herre, gjengjeld || Ethvert Bryst dets Gave.

Börn anerkjendende deres Trang til Guds Bistand.

See, Herre, foran din Naades Throne, || I Christi mægtige [indflydelsesrige] Navn, || Et Chor af Smaabörn træder sammen, || For at anholde om deres Faders Kjærlighed.

Vore taabelige Hjærter, ach, ere sene || Til at forstaa dine Veje; || Oh lær os, Herre, din Villje at kjende, || Og hjælp os til at adlyde.

Kjærlige ere de Venner som före os hid, || For at lære dit hellige Ord; || Men forgjæves er al deres Haab og Omsorg, || Uden din Velsignelse, Herre.

Opfyld deres Forhaabninger; udfold din Naade || I ethvert ungdommeligt Sind; || Og, i det de före os paa din Vei || Lad dem en Velsignelse finde.

Lovsang af Unge og Gamle.

Tilbedelse, Hæder, Ære, Velsignelse, || Herre, vi offre til dit Navn; || Unge og Gamle din Lov udtrykkende, || Forene sig i at forkynde deres Frelser.

Som Helgenerne i Himmelen tilbede dig || Vilde vi böje os for din Throne; || Som dine Engle tjene for dig [dit Aasyn]. || Saa paa Jorden din Villje skee.

Taknemmeligheds Hymne.

Naar alle dine Barmhjærtigheder, o min Gud, || Min sig oplöftende Sjæl overvejer; || Henrykt ved Betragtningen (deraf) taber jeg mig || I Forundring, Kjærlighed og Lov(sang).

O, hvorledes skulle Ord med tilsvarende Varme || Den Taknemmelighed tolke || Som glöder i mit henrykte Hjærte? || Men du kan læse den der.

Dit Forsyn opholdt mit Liv || Og paa al min Nödtörft raadede Bod. || Da jeg i det tause Moderliv laa || Og hang ved (Moders) Brystet.

Til alle mine svage Klager og Skrig || Din Barmhjærtighed laante Öre, || För endnu mine spæde Tanker havde lært || At forme sig i Bön.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
 Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceived
 From whom those comforts flow'd

When in the slippery paths of youth
 With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
 And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths
 It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
 More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
 With health renew'd my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
 Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand, with worldly bliss
 Hath made my cup run o'er:
And, in a kind and faithful friend
 Hath doubl'd all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
 That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And, after death, in distant worlds
 The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
 Divide thy works no more
My ever grateful heart, O Lord
 Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity, to thee
 A joyful song I'll raise;
For oh! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise!

ADDISON.

HEBREW MELODUS.
(BYRON).

She Walks In Beauty.

She walks in beauty, like the night.
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
 Meet in her aspect and her eyes;
Thus mellow'd to that tender light.
 Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
 Had half impair'd the nameless grace,
Which waves in every raven tress,
 Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express,
 How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

Utalte Velsignelser til min Sjæl || Din ömme Omsorg ydede, || Förend mit barnlige Hjærte begreb || Fra hvem disse Velsignelser flöd.

Da paa Ungdoms slibrige Stier || Med ubetænksomme Trin jeg löb, || Din 'useete Arm förte mig uskadt, || Og ledte mig op til Man-(doms Alder).

Gjennem skjulte Farer, Möje og Död || Ryddede den kjærligt min Vej, || Og igjennem Lastens lokkende Snarer || Som mere vare at frygte end hine.

Da (jeg var) udmattet af Sygdom ofte har du || Med Sundhed forynget mit Aasyn; || Og da (jeg var) sjunken i Synder og Sorg, || Oplivet min Sjæl med Naade.

Din gavmilde Haand med verdslig Lykke || Har bragt mit Bæger til at flyde over: || Og i en kjærlig og trofast Ven || Har fordoblet al min Rigdom.

Ti Tusinde Tusinde kostelige Gaver || Beskjæftige min daglige Tak(nemmelighed); || Og ej den mindste af disse er et gladt Hjærte, || Som smager disse Gaver med Fryd.

Igjennem hver Periode af mit Liv || Vil jeg forfölge din Godhed; || Og efter Döden i fjærne Verdener || Paa ny gjentage det herlige Æmne.

Naar Naturen svinder, og Dag og Nat || Ikke mere dele dine Gjerninger || Mit evig taknemmelige Hjærte, O Herre, || Skal tilbede din Miskundhed.

Igjennem al Evighed til dig || En frydefuld Sang vil jeg istemme; || Thi oh! Evigheden er for kort || Til at fremsige al din Lov.

Hebraiske Melodier (af BYRON).

Hun vandrer i Skjönhed lig Natten || I Skylöse Egne med stjærnefulde Himle; || Og Alt det som er bedst af mörkt og lyst, || Samles i hendes Aasyn og hendes Öine, || Saaledes blödgjort [ned] til hint milde Lys || Som Himmelen negter den prunkende Dag.

Een Skygge mere, een Straale mindre, || Vilde have halvbeskadiget den navnlöse Ynde, || Som bölger sig i enhver ravnsort Lok, || Eller sagte glimter over hendes Ansigt; || Hvor opromt [Tydsk: *heiter*] söde Tanker udtrykke || Hvor reent, hvor kjært deres Opholdsted [er].

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below
A heart whose love is innocent!

The Harp The Monarch Minstrel Swept.

The harp the monarch minstrel swept,
The King of men, the loved of Heaven,
Which Music hallow'd while she wept
O'er tones her heart of hearts had given,
Redoubled be her tears, its chords are riven!
It soften'd men of iron mould,
It gave them virtues not their own;
No ear so dull, no soul so cold,
That felt not, fired not to the tone,
Till David's lyre grew mightier than his throne!

It told the triumphs of our King,
It wafted glory to our God;
It made our gladden'd valleys ring,
The cedars bow, the mountains nod;
Its sound aspired to Heaven and there abode!
Since then, though heard on earth no more,
Devotion and her daughter Love,
Still bid the bursting spirit soar,
To sounds that seem as from above,
In dreams that day's broad light can not remove.

If That High World.

If that high world, which lies beyond
Our own, surviving Love endears;
If there the cherish'd heart be fond,
The eye the same, except in tears —
How welcome those untrodden spheres!
How sweet this very hour to die!
To soar from earth and find all fears
Lost in thy light — Eternity!

It must be so: 't is not for self
That we so tremble on the brink;
And striving to o'erleap the gulf,
Yet cling to Being's severing link.
Oh! in that future let us think.
To hold each heart the heart that shares;
With them the immortal waters drink,
And soul in soul grow deathless theirs!

The Wild Gazelle.

The wild gazelle on Judah's hills,
Exulting yet may bound,
And drink from all the living rills
That gush on holy ground;
Its airy step and glorious eye
May glance in tameless transport by.

Og paa den Kind, og over den Pande, || Saa blöd, saa rolig [og] dog veltalende, || De Smiil som vinde, de Farveskjær som glöde, || Fortælle kun om Dage i Gudsfrygt [Godhed?] tilbragte, || Et Sind i Fred med Alt [Alle?] hernede, || Et Hjærte hvis Kjærlighed er uskyldig.

Den Harpe som Konge Skjalden overfoer [d. e. rörte], || Mændenes Konge, Himmelens Elskede, || Som Musica helligede medens hun græd || Over Toner (som) hendes Hjærtes [d. e. inderste] Hjærte havde givet, || Fordoblede vorde hendes Taarer! dens Strænge ere brustne! || Den formildede Mænd af Jærn-Form, || Den gav dem Dyder ei dem egne; || Intet Öre saa slövt, Ingen Sjæl saa kold, || At den jo fölte, at den jo antændtes ved Tonen, || Indtil Davids Lyra blev mægtigere end hans Throne!

Den fortalte vor Konges Triumpher, || Den viftede Lovsang til vor Gud; || Den lod vore frydefulde Dale gjenlyde, || Cedrene böje sig, Bjærgene nikke; || Dens Lyd hævede sig til Himmelen og der forblev! || Siden den Tid, skjönt hört paa Jord ei mere, || Andagt og hendes Datter Kjærlighed, || Byde bestandig den bristende Aand oplöfte sig || Ved Lyde som synes som de kom ovenfra, || I Drömme som den höi-lyse Dag ei kan fjærne.

Hvis hiin höje Verden, som ligger ovenfor || Vor egen, ved overlevende Kjærlighed elskeliggjöres; || Hvis der det elskede Hjærte er kjærligt, || Öjet det samme, undtagen i Taarer — || Hvor velkomne disse ubetraadte Sphærer! || Hvor södt selv i denne Time at döe! || At svæve op fra Jorden og finde al Frygt || Tabt i dit Lys — O, Evighed!

Det maa være saa: det er ikke for Jeg-et || At vi saaledes skjælve paa Randen [af Evigheden]; || Og stræbende at springe over Afgrunden, || Dog klynge os til Tilværelsens bristende Kjæde. || O, i hiint Tilkommende lad os forestille os || At vi ansee ethvert Hjærte som et meddeltagende; || Med dem drikke de udödelige Vande, || Og, Sjæl i Sjæl, udödeligen forblive deres!

Den vilde Gazelle paa Judahs Höje, || Hoverende endnu kan springe, || Og drikke af alle de levende Bække || Som fremsprudle paa hellig Grund; || Dens luftige Trin og herlige Öje || Kan glimte i utæmmet Overgivenhed forbi: —

A step as fleet, an eye more bright,
Hath Judah witness'd there;
And o'er her scenes of lost delight
Inhabitants more fair.
The cedars wave on Lebanon,
But Judah's statelier maids are gone!

More blest each palm that shades those plains,
Than Israel's scatter'd race;
For, taking root, it there remains
In solitary grace;
It cannot quit its place of birth,
It will not live in other earth.

But we must wander witheringly,
In other lands to die;
And where our fathers' ashes be
Our own may never lie;
Our temple hath not left a stone
And Mockery sits on Salem's throne.

Oh! Weep For Those.

Oh! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream;
Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell;
Mourn — where their God hath dwelt the godless dwell!

And where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet?
And when shall Zion's songs again seem sweet?
And Judah's melody once more rejoice
The hearts that leap'd before its heavenly voice?

Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
How shall ye flee away and be at rest!
The wild-dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their country — Israel but the grave!

On Jordan's Banks.

On Jordan's banks the Arab's camels stray,
On Sion's hill the False One's votaries pray,
The Baal-adorer bows on Sinai's steep —
Yet there — even there — Oh God! thy thunders sleep:

There — where thy fingers scorch'd the tablet stone!
There — where thy shadow to thy people shone!
Thy glory shrouded in its garb of fire;
Thyself — none living see, and not expire!

Et Trin mere hurtigt, et Öje mere lysfuldt, || Har Judah skuet der; || Og paa hendes (Judahs) Skuepladse af forsvunden Fryd || Indbyggerinder mere skjönne. || Cedrene bölge sig paa Lebanon, || Men Judahs mere majestætiske Möer ere borte.

Mere lykkelig hver Palme som beskygger disse Sletter || End Israels adspredte Slægt; || Thi staaende Rod, der forbliver den || I eensom Ynde: || Den kan ikke forlade sit Föde-Sted, || Den vil ei leve i en anden Jord.

Men vi maa vandre visneligen, || I andre Lande at döe; || Og hvor vore Fædres Aske er || Vor egen maa aldrig ligge; || Vort Tempel har ikke en Steen tilbage, || Og Forhaanelse sidder paa Salems Throne.

O græd for hine som græd ved Babels Ström, || Hvis Helligdomme ere öde, hvis Land en Dröm; || Græd over Judahs sönderbrudte Skalls Harpe; || Sörg — hvor deres Gud har boet, boe [nu] de Ugudelige!

Og hvor skal Israel vadske sine blödende Födder? || Og naar skulde Zions Sange igjen klinge södt? || Og Judahs Melodi engang endnu glæde || De Hjærter som dandsede til dens himmelske Röst?

O I Stammer med vandrende Födder og træt Bryst || Hvorledes skulde I flygte af Sted og komme til Hvile! || Den vilde Due har sin Rede, Ræven sin Hule, || Menneskeslægten Fædreland — Israel kun Graven.

Paa Jordans Bredder vanke Araberens Kameler, || Paa Sions Höi holde den Falskes Dyrkere Bön, || Baals Tilbeder böjer sig paa Sinais Skrænte — || Dog, der — selv der — O Gud! slumre dine Tordener:

Der — hvor din Finger brændte Tavlestenen! || Der — hvor din Skygge for Folket skinnede! || I det din Herlighed var indhyllet i sit Ild-Klædebon: || Dig selv — seer ingen levende uden at omkomme!

Oh! in the lightning let thy glance appear;
Sweep from his shiver'd hand the oppressor's spear.
How long by tyrants shall thy land be trod!
How long thy temple worshipless, Oh God!

Jephtha's Daughter.

Since our Country, our God—Oh, my sire!
Demand that thy Daughter expire;
Since thy triumph was bought by thy vow —
Strike the bosom that's bared for thee now!

And the voice of my mourning is o'er,
And the mountains behold me no more;
If the hand that I love lay me low,
There cannot be pain in the blow!

And of this, oh, my Father! be sure —
That the blood of thy child is as pure
As the blessing I beg ere it flow,
And the last thought that soothes me below.

Though the virgins of Salem lament,
Be the judge and the hero unbent!
I have won the great battle for thee,
And my father and country are free!

When this blood of thy giving hath gush'd,
When the voice that thou lovest is hush'd,
Let my memory still be thy pride,
And forget not I smiled as I died.

Oh! Snatched Away In Beauty's Bloom.

Oh! snatch'd away in beauty's bloom,
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb;
But on thy turf shall roses rear
Their leaves, the earliest of the year;
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom.

And oft by yon blue gushing stream
Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,
And feed deep thought with many a dream,
And lingering pause and lightly tread;
Fond wretch! as if her step disturb'd the dead!

Away! we know that tears are vain,
That death nor heeds nor hears distress:
Will this unteach us to complain?
Or make one mourner weep the less?
And thou — who tell'st me to forget,
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

Oh, i Lynet lad dit Glimt vise sig; || Bortsnap af hans knuste Haand Undertrykkerens Spyd: || Hvor længe af Tyranner skal dit Land betrædes! || Hvor længe dit Tempel være dyrkelseslöst, O, Gud!

Jephthas Datter.

Siden vort Fædreland, vor Gud — O, min Fader! || Fordre at din Datter skal dö; || Siden din Triumph blev kjöbt med dit Lövte — || Træf den Barm som er blottet for dig nu!

Og min Sorgs Stemme er forbi, || Og Bjergene skue mig ei mere: || Hvis den Haand jeg elsker fælder mig, || Kan der ei være Smærte i Slaget!

Og om dette, o min Fader! vær forsikret — || At dit Barns Blod er saa reent || Som den Velsignelse jeg udbeder mig inden det flyder, || Og den sidste Tanke som tröster mig her nede [eller, i denne Verden].

Skjönt Salems Möer klage, || Være Dommeren og Helten uböjet! || Jeg har vundet det store Slag for dig, || Og min Fader, og mit Fædreland ere frie!

Naar dette Blod som du gav er udgydt || Naar den Stemme du elskede er nedtysset, || Lad mit Minde stedse være din Stolthed, || Og glem ei jeg smilede i det jeg döde!

O! du bortsnappede i Skjönheds Blomst || Paa dig skal presse intet tungt Gravminde; || Men paa dit Grönsvær skulde Roser fremdrive || Deres Blade, [de Roser] som ere Aarets tidligste; || Og den vilde Cypresse bölge i öm Dunkelhed:

Og ofte ved hiin blaa sprudlende Ström || Skal Sorgen læne (til Hvile) sit vansmægtende Hoved, || Og nære dyb Tanke med mangen en Dröm, || Og længselfuldt nölende standse og træde sagte [let]; || Taabeligkjærlige Stakkel! som om hendes [Sorgens] Trin forstyrrede den döde!

Bort! Vi vide at Taarer ere forgjæves, || At Döden hverken ændser eller hörer Sorg: || Vil dette *aflære* os [d. e. bringe os til at glemme] at klage? || Eller bringe een Sörgende til at græde mindre? || Og du — som siger mig jeg maa glemme, || Dit Aasyn er blegt, dine Öjne vaade.

My Soul Is Dark.

My soul is dark — Oh! quickly string
The harp I yet can brook to hear;
And let thy gentle fingers fling.
Its melting murmurs o'er mine ear.
If in this heart a hope be dear,
That sound shall charm it forth again:
If in these eyes there lurk a tear,
'Twill flow, and cease to burn my brain.

But bid the strain be wild and deep,
Nor let thy notes of joy be first:
I tell thee, minstrel, I must weep,
Or else this heavy heart will burst;
For it hath been by sorrow nursed ,
And ached in sleepless silence long;
And now 't is doom'd to know the worst,
And break at once — or yield to song.

I Saw Thee Weep.

I saw thee weep — the big bright tear
Came o'er that eye of blue;
And then methought it did appear
A violet dropping dew;
I saw thee smile — the sapphire's blaze
Beside thee ceased to shine;
It could not match the living rays
That fill'd that glance of thine.

As clouds from yonder sun receive
A deep and mellow dye;
Which scarce the shade of coming eve
Can banish from the sky,
Those smiles unto the moodiest mind
Their own pure joy impart;
Their sunhine leaves a glow behind
That lightens o'er the heart.

Thy Days Are Done.

Thy days are done, thy fame begun;
Thy country's strains record
The triumphs of her chosen Son,
The slaughters of his sword!
The deeds he did, the fields he won
The freedom he restored!

Though thou art fall'n, while we are free
Thou shalt not taste of death!
The generous blood that flow'd from thee
Disdain'd to sink beneath;
Within our veins its currents be,
Thy spirit on our breath!

Thy name, our charging hosts along,
Shall be the battle-word!
Thy fall, the theme of choral song
From virgin voices pour'd!
To weep would do thy glory wrong;
Thou shalt not be deplored.

Min Sjæl er mörk — O! hurtigt stem [bogstavelig: bestræng] || Den Harpe jeg endnu kan taale at höre || Og lad dine blide Fingre kaste || Dens smeltende Murmlen over mit Öre. || Hvis i dette Hjærte der er et kjært Haab, || Skal denne Lyd fremtrylle det igjen: || Hvis i disse Öjne der luror [skjuler sig] en Taare, || Saa vil den flyde, og holde op at brænde min Hjærne.

Men byd Tonen være vild og dyb, || Ei heller lad Glædens Toner være de förste: || Jeg siger dig, Barde, jeg maa græde, || Eller, hvis ikke maa dette Hjærte briste; || Thi det er blevet af Sorg næret || Og [har] smærtet [de fölt Smærte] i sövnlös Taushed længe; || Og nu er det dömt til at erfare det værste, || Og briste med eet [d. e. strax] — eller föje sig efter Sang.

Jeg saa dig græde — den store lyse Taare || Kom over hiint blaa Öje; || Og da syntes jeg det viiste sig som || En Fiol dryppende Dug: || Jeg saa dig smile — Sapphirens Flamme || Ved Siden af dig holdt op at skinne; || Den kunde ikke maale sig med de levende Straaler. || Som fyldte hiint samme dit Öjekast.

Som Skyer fra hiin Sol modtage || En dyb og blöd Farve, || Som næppe Skyggen af den kommende Aften || Kan banlyse fra Himmelen, || Saa disse Smiil til det tungsindigste Gemyt || Deres egen rene Glæde meddele; || Deres Solskin efterlader en Lysglöd || Som glimter over Hjærtet.

Dine Dage ere forbi, dit Ry begyndt; || Dit Fædrelands Sange bevare Mindet om || Dets udvalgte Söns Triumpher, || Om de Mandrab som hans Sværd fuldbragte! || De Bedrifter han fuldförte, de Feltslag han vandt, || Den Frihed som han gjenoprettede!

Skjönt du er falden, saalænge vi ere frie || Skal du ei smage Döden! || Det ædle Blod som flöd fra dig || Forsmaaede at synke ned [i Jorden]: || I vore Aarer ere dets Strömme, || Din Aand paa vort Aandedræt!

Dit Navn, langs ad vore Hæres angribende Linier, || Skal blive Feltraabet [bogstavelig: Slag-Ordet]! || Dit Fald skal blive Themaet for en Chor-Sang || Udgydet af Jomfrue-Stemmer! || At græde vilde være [det samme som] at krænke din Hæder; || Du skal ei blive begrædt.

Song Of Saul Before His Last Battle.

Warriors and chiefs! should the shaft or the sword.
Pierce me in leading the host of the Lord,
Heed not the corse, though a king's, in your path:
Bury your steel in the bosom of Gath!

Thou who art bearing my buckler and bow,
Should the soldiers of Saul look away from the foe,
Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet!
Mine be the doom which they dared not to meet.

Farewell to others, but never we part,
Heir to my royalty, son of my heart!
Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,
Or kingly the death, which awaits us to-day!

Saul.

Thou whose spell can raise the dead,
Bid the prophet's form appear,
„Samuel, raise thy buried head!
King' behold the phantom seer!"
Earth, yawn'd; he stood the centre of a cloud;
Light changed its hue, retiring from his shroud.
Death stood all glassy in his fixed eye;
His hand was wither'd, and his veins were dry;
His foot, in bony whiteness, glitter'd there,
Shrunken and sinewless, and ghastly bare;
From lips that move not and unbreathing frame,
Like cavern'd winds, the hollow accents came.
Saul saw, and fell to earth, as falls the oak,
At once, and blasted by the thunder-stroke.
„Why is my sleep disquieted?
Who is he that calls the dead?
Is it thou, O King? Behold,
Bloodless are these limbs, and cold;
Such are mine; and such shall be
Thine to — morrow, when with me;
Ere the coming day is done,
Such shalt thou be, such thy son.
Fare thee well, but for a day,
Then we mix our mouldering clay
Thou, thy race, lie pale and low;
Pierced by shafts of many a bow;
And the falchion by thy side
To thy heart thy hand shall guide:
Crownless, breathless, headless fall,
Son and sire, the house of Saul!

Sauls Sang inden hans sidste Slag.

Krigere og Hövdinger! Skulde Pilen eller Sværdet || Gjennembore mig medens jeg förer Herrens Hære. || Ænds ikke Liget, skjönt en Konges, [liggende] paa eders Sti. || Begrav eders Staal i Gaths Hjærter [Barme].

Du som bærer mit Skjold og Bue, || Skulde Sauls Soldater see bort fra Fjenden, || Stræk [d. e. nedlæg] mig det Öjeblik i Blod ved dine Födder. || Mit være det Nederlag som de ei torde möde.

Far vel til Andre, men aldrig adskilles vi, || [Du] mit Kongedömmes Arving, Sön af mit Hjærte! || Skinnende er Kronen, grændselös Magten, || Eller kongelig den Död, som vænter os idag!

Saul.

Du hvis Trylleri kan opreise de Döde, || Byd Prophetens Skikkelse vise sig. || ,,Samuel reis op dit begravede Hoved! || Konge, sku Spögelse Seeren!" || Jorden gabede; han stod som Centrum af en Sky: || Lyset forandrede sin Farve, trækkende sig tilbage fra hans Liigklæde. || Döden stod ganske glasset i hans stive Öje; || Hans Haand var visnet og hans Aarer vare törre; || Hans Fod i benet Hvidhed glimrede der, || Sammenskrumpen og senelös, og spögelseagtig bar; || Udaf Læber som ei bevægede sig, og af et aandelöst Legeme, || Liig Bjerghulers Vinde, kom de hule Toner. || Saul saa, og faldt til Jorden, som Egen falder, || Med eet, og fordærvet af Torden-Slaget. || ,,Hvorfor bliver min Sövn foruroliget? || Hvo er han som kalder de döde? || Er det dig o Konge? See || Blodlöse ere disse Lemmer og kolde: || Saadanne ere mine; og saadanne skulde blive || Dine imorgen, naar du kommer til mig: || For den kommende Dag er omme, || Saadan skal du blive, saadan din Sön. || Far vel, kun for een Dag || Da skulde vi sammenblande vort hensmuldrende Leer. || Du, din Slægt, ligge blege og udstrakte || Gjennemborede af Pile fra mangen een Bue; || Og Glavindet ved din Side || Til dit Hjærte din Haand skal före: || Kronelös, aandelös, hovedlös falde, || Sön og Fader, Sauls Huus!"

All Is Vanity, Saith The Preacher.

Fame, wisdom, love, and power were mine,
And health and youth possess'd me;
My goblets blush'd from every vine,
And lovely forms caress'd me;
I sunn'd my heart in beauty's eyes,
And felt my soul grow tender;
All earth can give, or mortal prize,
Was mine of regal splendour.

I strive to number o'er what days
Remembrance can discover,
Which all that life or earth displays
Would lure me to live over.
There rose no day, there roll'd no hour
Of pleasure unembitter'd;
And not a trapping deck'd my power
That gall'd not while it glitter'd.

The serpent of the field, by art
And spells, is won from harming:
But that which coils around the heart,
Oh! who hath power of charming?
It will not list to wisdom's lore,
Nor music's voice can lure it;
But there it stings for evermore
The soul that must endure it.

When Coldness Wraps This Suffering Clay.

When coldness wraps this suffering clay,
Ah! whither strays the immortal mind?
It cannot die, it cannot stray,
But leaves its darken'd dust behind.
Then, unembodied, doth it trace
By steps each planets heavenly way?
Or fill at once the realms of space,
A thing of eyes, that all survey?

Eternal, boundless, undecay'd,
A thought unseen, but seeing all,
All, all in earth, or skies display'd,
Shall it survey, shall it recall;
Each fainter trace that memory holds
So darkly of departed years,
In one broad glance the soul beholds,
And all, that was, at once appears.

Before Creation peopled earth,
Its eye shall roll through chaos back;
And where the furthest heaven had birth,
The spirit trace its rising track.
And where the future mars or makes
Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
While sun is quench'd or system breaks,
Fix'd in its own eternity.

„Alt er Forfængelighed sagde Prædikeren."

Ry, Visdom, Kjærlighed og Magt vare min, || Og Sundhed og Ungdom besad mig; || Mine Bægere rödmede af enhver Viinranke, || Og elskværdige Former kjærtegnede mig; || Jeg solede mit Hjærte i Skjönheds Öjne, || Og fölte min Sjæl blive öm; || Alt Jord kan give, eller (en) Dödelig skatte, || Af kongelig Pragt var mit.

Jeg stræber at optælle hvilke Dage || Hukommelsen kan opdage, || Som Alt hvad Livet eller Jorden udfolder || Vilde lokke (overtale) mig til at gjennemleve igjen. || Der frembröd ingen Dag, der rullede [forbi] ingen Time || Af Glæde [som var] uforbittret; || Og intet Prydelses-Dække forskjönnede min Magt || Som ikke gneed [d. e. saarede] i det det glimrede.

Markens Slange ved Konst || Og Tryllerl, vindes fra at gjöre Skade; || Men den (Slange) som snoer sig om Hjærtet, || O, hvo har Magt til at fortrylle den? || Den vil 'ei lytte til Visdoms Lære, || Ei heller kan Musikens Stemme lokke den; || Men der stikker den bestandig || Sjælen som maa udholde den[s Qval].

Naar Kulde omsvöber dette Ildende Leer, || Aeh! hvorhen vandrer det udödelige Sind? || Det kan ei dö, det kan ei vanke, || Men efterlader sit dunkelt blevne Stöv. || Da, befriet fra Legem, mon det eftersporer || Skridt for Skridt hver Planets himmelske Vej? || Eller fylder det strax Rummets Riger, || Som en Ting af [lutter] Öjne der overskue Alt?

Evigt, grændselöst, uforgjængeligt, || En useet Tanke, men [selv] seende Alt, || Alt, alt paa Jorden, eller i Himlene udfoldet, || Skal det betragte, skal det gjenkalde [i Erindring]: || Hvert svagere Spor som Hukommelsen gjemmer || Saa dunkelt af henrundne Aar, || I eet omfattende [bogstav. bredt] Blik skuer Sjælen, || Og Alt det, som var, viser sig paa en Gang.

För end Skabelsen befolkede Jorden, || Skal dens Öje rulle tilbage gjennem Chaos; || Og hvor den fjærneste Himmel fik Födsel || Skal Aanden efterspore dens tilblivende Bane. || Og hvor det Tilkommende ödelægger eller skaber, || Skal dens Blik udvide sig over alt det Fremtidige, || Medens Sol bliver udslukt eller System nedbrudt, || Staaende fast [Aanden nemlig] i sin egen Evighed.

Above or Love, Hope, Hate, or Fear,
It lives all passionless and pure;
An age shall fleet like earthly year;
Its years as moments shall endure.
Away, away, without a wing,
O'er all, through all, its thought shall fly;
A nameless and eternal thing,
Forgetting what it was to die.

Vision Of Belshazzar.

The King was on his throne,
The Satraps throng'd the hall;
A thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival.
A thousand cups of gold,
In Judah deem'd divine —
Jehovah's vessels hold
The godless Heathen's wine.

In that same hour and hall,
The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote as if on sand;
The fingers of a man; —
A solitary hand
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw, and shook,
And bade no more rejoice;
All bloodless wax'd his look,
And tremulous his voice.
„Let the men of lore appear,
The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear,
Which mar our royal mirth."

Chaldea's seers are good,
But here they have no skill;
And the unknown letters stood
Untold and awful still,
And Babel's men of age
Are wise and deep in lore;
But now they were not sage,
They saw — but knew no more,

A captive in the land,
A stranger and a youth,
He heard the king's command,
He saw that writing's truth,
The lamps around were bright,
The prophecy in view;
He read it on that night, —
The morrow proved it true:

„Belshazzar's grave is made,
His kingdom pass'd away,
He, in the balance weigh'd,
Is light and worthless clay,
The shroud, his robe of state,
His canopy the stone:
The Mede is at his gate!
The Persian on his throne!"

Hævet over Kjærlighed, som Haab, Had eller Frygt, || Lever den ganske lidenskabslös og reen: || En Tidsalder skal henflyde som et jordisk Aar; || Dens [Aandens] Aar skulde vare som Öjeblikke. || Afsted, afsted, uden Vinge, || Over Alt, gjennem Alt skal dens Tanke flyve; || En navnlös og udödelig Ting, || Som glemmer hvad det var, at dö.

Belshazzars Syn.

Kongen var paa sin Throne, || Satraperne gjorde Trængsel i Hallen; || Tusinde skjære Lamper skinnede || Over hiin höje Fest. || Et Tusinde Bægere af Guld, || I Judah anseete for guddommelige — || Jehovahs Kar gjemme || Den ugudelige Hednings Viin.

I den samme Time og Hal, || Fingrene af en Haand || Kom frem mod Muren, || Og skrev som [om det var] i Sand: || Fingrene af en Mand; — || En enkelt Haand || Löb langs med Bogstaverne || Og tegnede [ridsede] dem ligesom [med] en Vaand.

Monarchen saa, og rystede, || Og böd at holde op med Glædesfesten; || Ganske blodlöst blev hans Aasyn, || Og bævende hans Stemme || ,,Lad Mændene af Kundskab vise sig, || De viseste paa Jorden, || Og fortolke de Rædsels Ord, || Som fordærve vor kongelige Lystighed."

Chaldeas Seere ere gode, || Men her have de Ingen Klögt; || Og de ukjendte Bogstaver stode || Ulæste og rædselsfulde endnu. || Og Babels Mænd af Alder || Ere vise og dybe i Lærdom; || Men nu vare de ei vise, || De saae — men viste ikke mere.

En Fange i Landet; || En Fremmed og en Yngling, || Han hörte Kongens Befaling || Han saa hiin Skrifts Sandhed, || Lamperne omkring vare lyse, || Spaadommen var ret synlig; || Han læste den i hiin Nat — || Næste Morgen beviiste den at være sand.

,,Belshazzars Grav er gjort, || Hans Kongedömme er forbi, || Han, paa Vægtskaalen vejet, || Er let og værdilöst Leer, || Liiglagenet hans stadselige Klædebon, || Hans Thronhimmel [Liigstenen: || Mederen er ved Porten! || Perseren paa hans Throne.

Sun Of The Sleepless.

Sun of the sleepless! melancholy star!
Whose tearful beam glows tremulously far,
That show'st the darkness thou canst not dispel,
How like art thow to joy remember'd well!
So gleams the past, the light of other days
Which shines, but warms not with its powerless rays;
A night-beam Sorrow watcheth to behold,
Distinct, but distant — clear — but oh, how cold!

Herod's Lament For Mariamne.

Oh, Mariamne! now for thee
The heart for which thou bledst is bleeding;
Revenge is lost in agony,
And wild remorse to rage succeeding.
Oh, Mariamne! where art thou?
Thou canst not hear my bitter pleading
Ah! couldst thou — thou wouldst pardon now
Though Heaven were to my prayer unheeding.

And is she dead? — and did they dare.
Obey my frenzy's jealous raving?
My wrath but doom'd my own despair;
The sword that smote her's o'er me waving. —
But thou art cold, my murder'd love!
And this dark heart is vainly craving
For her who soars alone above,
And leaves my soul unworthy saving.

She's gone, who shared my diadem;
She sunk, with her my joys entombing;
I swept that flower from Judah's stem,
Whose leaves for me alone were blooming;
And mine's the guilt, and mine the hell,
This bosom's desolation dooming;
And I have earn'd those tortures well,
Which unconsumed are still consuming!

On The Day Of The Destruction Of Jerusalem By Titus.

From the last hill that looks on thy once holy dome
I beheld thee, oh Sion! when render'd to Rome:
'T was thy last sun went down, and the flames of thy fall.
Flash'd back on the last glance I gave to thy wall.

I look'd for thy temple, I look'd for my home,
And forgot for a moment my bondage to come;
I beheld but the death-fire that fed on thy fane,
And the fast fetter'd hands that made vengeance in vain.

Du, de Sövnlöses Sol! tungsindige Stjærne! || Hvis taarefulde Straale glöder bævende fjærnt, || Du som viser det Mörke du ei kan adsprede, || Hvor hölligen ligner du Glæde som godt erindres! || Saaledes glimter det Forbigangne, de forrige Dages Lys, || Som skinner, men opvarmer ikke med dets kraftlöse Straaler; || En Nat-Straale Sorgen vaager for at skue, || Distinct, men fjærn — klar — men ach hvor kold!

Herodis Klagesang over Mariamne.

O, Mariamne! nu for dig || Det Hjærte for hvilket du blödte blöder; || Hævn er tabt i Sjæleangst, || Og vild Samvittigheds Nag aflöser Vredens Raseri. || O, Mariamne! hvor er du? || Du kan ei höre min bittre Skranke Tale [Indlæg?] || O! hvis du kunde — du vilde tilgive nu, || Skjönt Himmelen var uagtsom paa min Bön.

Og er hun död? — og vovede de || At adlyde min Afsindigheds skinsyge Raseri? || Min Vrede besegleda kun min egen Fortvivlelse: || Det Sværd som slog hende svæver over mig. — || Men du est kold, min myrdede Elskte! || Og dette mörke Hjærte törster forgjæves || Efter hende som svæver alene der oppe, || Og efterlader min Sjæl uværdig til Frelse [Redning].

Hun er borte, hun som deelte min Krone; || Hun segnede, med sig begravende mine Glæder; || Jeg bortsnappede hiin Blomst af Judahs Stamme, || Hvis Blade kun blomstrede for mig; || Og min er Bröden, mit er Helvedet, || Som besegler denne Barms Ödelæggelse; || Og jeg har vel fortjent disse Qvaler, || Som uforgjængelige blive ved at fortære.

Den Dag Jerusalem blev ödelagt af Titus.

Fra den sidste Höj som skuer paa din forhen hellige Kuppel || Skued' jeg dig, o Sion! da du blev overgiven til Rom: || Det var din sidste Sol som gik ned, og Flammerne af dit Fald || Lyned' tilbage paa det sidste Blik jeg kastede paa din Muur.

Jeg saa efter dit Tempel, jeg saa efter mit Hjem, || Og glemte et Öjeblik min tilkommende Trældom; || Jeg skuede kun den Dödning-Ild som mæskede sig paa dit Tempel, || Og de fast lænkebundne Hænder som gjorde Hævn forgjæves.

On many an eve, the high spot whence I gazed,
Had reflected the last beam of day as it blazed;
While I stood on the height, and beheld the decline
Of the rays from the mountain that shone on thy shrine.

And now on that mountain I stood on that day,
But I mark'd not the twilight beam melting away;
Oh! would that the lightning had glared in its stead,
And the thunderbolt burst on the conqueror's head!

But the Gods of the Pagan shall never profane
Tho shrine where Jehovah disdain'd not to reign;
And scatter'd and scorn'd as thy people may be,
Our worship, oh Father, is only for thee.

By The Rivers Of Babylon We Sat Down And Wept.

We sate down and wept by the waters
  Of Babel, and thought of the day
When our foe, in the hue of his slaughters,
  Made Salem's high places his prey;
And ye, oh her desolate daughters!
  Were scatter'd all weeping away.

While sadly we gazed on the river
  Which roll'd on in freedom below
They demanded the song; but, oh never
  That triumph the stranger shall know!
May this right hand be wither'd for ever,
  Ere it string our high harp for the foe!

On the willow that harp is suspended,
  Oh Salem! its sound should be free;
And the hour when thy glories were ended
  But left me that token of thee;
And ne'er shall its soft tones be blended
  With the voice of the spoiler by me!

The Destruction Of Sennacherib.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

Mangen en Aften det höje Sted hvorfra jeg stirrede || Havde tilbagekastet den sidste Dagstraale som den blussede; || Medens jeg stod paa Höjen, og skuede Neddalingen || Af Straaterne fra Bjærget; som skinnede paa din Helligdom.

Og nu paa samme Bjærg stod jeg paa hiin Dag, || Men jeg mærked' ei Tusmörkets Straale smeltende bort; || O, gid Lynilden havde glimtet i steden for den; || Og Tordenkilen sprunget paa Erobrerens Hoved!

Men Hedningens Guder skulde aldrig vanhellige || Den Helligdom hvor Jehovah ei forsmaaede at regjere; || Og adspredt og foragtet som dit Folk kan være, || Vor Gudsdyrkelse, o Fader, er kun for dig.

Ved Babylons Floder der sadde vi og græd.
(Ps. 137.)

Vi sad ned og græd ved Vandene || Babels, og tænkte paa den Dag || Da vor Fjende, i sine Manddrabs Farve, || Gjorde Salems höje Steder til sit Bytte; || Og I, hendes [Salems] forladte Döttre || Bleve adspredt bortjagede alle grædende.

Medens sörgmodigt vi stirrede paa Floden || Som frit rullede frem nedenfor, || Fordrede de Sangen; men, o, aldrig || Skal den Fremmede kjende den Triumph! || Maatte denne höjre Haand visne for stedse, || För den bestrænger vor höje Harpe for Fjenden!

Paa Pilen den Harpe er ophængt, || O Salem! dens Lyd skulde være fri; || Og den Time da din Hæder var omme || Efterlod mig kun dette Tegn af dig: || Og aldrig skal dens blöde Tone bliVe blandet || Med Ödelæggerens [Plynderens] Röst ved mig.

Sennacheribs Ödelæggelse.

Assyreren kom som Ulven paa Faareflokken, || Og hans Cohorter straalede i Purpur og Guld; || Og Glandsen af hans Spyd var liig Stjærner paa Söen || Naar den blaa Vove ruller natlig paa den dybe Galileer Sö.

Liig Skovens Löv da Sommeren er grön, || Hiin Hær med sine Faner ved Solens Nedgang blev seet: || Liig Skovens Löv naar Höst[vinden] har blæst, || Den Hær næste Morgen laa falmet og adspredt.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heard, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword.
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

A Spirit Pass'd Before Me.

FROM JOB.

A spirit pass'd before me: I beheld
The face of immortality unveil'd —
Deep sleep came down on every eye save mine —
And there it stood, — all formless — but divine:
Along my bones the creeping flesh did quake;
And as my damp hair stiffen'd, thus it spake:

„Is man more just than God? Is man more pure
Than he who deems even Seraphs insecure?
Creatures of clay — vain dwellers in the dust!
The moth survives you, and are ye more just?
Things of a day! you wither ere the night,
Heedless and blind to Wisdom's wasted light!"

Thi Dödens Engel udspredte sin Vinge paa Vinden, ‖ Og aandede i Fjendens Ansigt i det han gik forbi; ‖ Og Sovernes Öjne bleve dödlignende og kolde, ‖ Og deres Hjærter opsvulmede kun een Gang, og bleve stille for stedse!

Og der laa Gangeren med Næseboret gandske vidt, ‖ Men gjennem det strömmede ei dens Stoltheds Aande: ‖ Og Skummet af dens Dödskamp laa hvidt paa Grönsværet ‖ Og koldt som Söfraaden af den mod Klipper slaaende Brænding.

Og der laa Rytteren fortrukken [forvreden?] og bleg, ‖ Med Duggen paa sin Pande og Rust paa sit Staalpantser; ‖ Og Teltene vare alle tause, Fanerne eensomme [d. e. forladte], ‖ Landserne uløftede, Trompeterne ublæste.

Og Ashurs Enker ere lydelige i deres Klager, ‖ Og Afgudbillederne ere itusiagne i Baals Tempel; ‖ Og Hedningens Magt [skjönt han] ei [blev] slagen af Sværdet, ‖ Er smeltet som Snee for Herrens Blik.

Job IV, v. 12—21.

En Aand gik foran mig: Jeg skuede ‖ Udödelighedens Ansigt utilslöret — ‖ Dyb Sövn kom over ethvert Öje undtagen mit — ‖ Og der stod det — ganske formlöst — Men guddommeligt — ‖ Langs ad mine Been bævede det krybende Kjöd; ‖ Og som mit fugtige Haar stivnede; saaledes talte det:

Er Mennesket mere retfærdigt end Gud? Er Mennesket mere reent ‖ „End han som anseer selv Serapher for usikre? ‖ Skabninger af Leer — forfængelige Stövbeboere! ‖ Möllet overlever eder, og ere I mere retfærdige? ‖ I! en Dags Ting! I falme inden Natten, ‖ Uagtpaagivende og blinde for Viisdommens forspildte Lys!"

The prayer of Socrates,

by Dr. Wellesley of Oxford.

Pray we or not, great God! do Thou supply
All good; all harm, e'en to our pray'rs deny.

Socratis Bön.

Hvad enten vi bede eller ei, store Gud! giv Du os ‖ Alt godt: al Ulykke negt Du os, selv naar vi bede derom.

II.
LYRICAL POEMS.

I.
Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte. [1]

„Expende Annibalem: — quot libras in duce summo
Invenies!"
Juvenal Sat. X. [2]

„The Emperor Nepos was acknowledged by the Senate, by the Italians, and by the Provincials of Gaul; his moral virtues, and military talents, were loudly celebrated; and those who derived any private benefit from his governement announced in prophetic strains the restoration of public felicity. . .

. . . .

. . By this shameful abdication, he protracted his life a few years, in a very ambiguous state, between an Emperor and on Exile, till." — — Gibbon's Decline and Fall. Vol. VI, p. 220. [3]

'T is done — but yesterday a King!
And arm'd with Kings to strive —
And now thou art a nameless thing:
So abject — yet alive!
Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strew'd our earth with hostile bones,
And can he thus survive? [4]
Since he, miscall'd the Morning Star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

Ill-minded man! why scourge thy kind
Who bow'd so low the knee?
By gazing on thyself grown blind,
Thou taught'st the rest to see.
With might unquestion'd, — power to save, —
Thine only gift hath been the grave,
To those that worshipp'd thee;
Nor till thy fall could mortals guess
Ambition's less than littleness!

Thanks for that lesson — it will teach
To after-warriors more,
Than high Philosophy can preach,
And vainly preach'd before.
That spell upon the minds of men
Breaks never to unite again,
That led them to adore
Those Pagod things of sabre sway,
With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

The triumph, and the vanity,
The rapture of the strife [5] —
The earthquake voice of Victory,
To thee the breath of life;
The sword, the sceptre and that sway
Which man seem'd made but to obey,
Wherewith renown was rife —
All quell'd! — Dark Spirit! what must be
The madness of thy memory!

1.
En Ode til Napoleon Buonaparte.

Vei Hannibal — hvor mange Pund i den ypperste blandt Hærförere || Finder du vel?
Juvenal. Sat. X.

Keiser Nepos var anerkjendt af Senatet, af Italienerne, og af de Galliske Provincialer: hans moralske Characteer og militaire Talenter berömmedes overalt; og de som opnaaede nogensomhelst privat Fordel af hans Regjering, forkyndte i prophetiske Toner den offentlige Velstands Gjenoprettelse. . . . .

. . . .

Ved denne skammelige Aftakkelse fristede han Livet i nogle faa Aar i en meget tvivlsom Tilstand mellem en Keiser og en Landflygtig indtil — Gibbons Decl. and Fall Vol. VI.

Det er forbi — endnu igaar en Konge! || Og bevæbnet for at kjæmpe med Konger — || Og nu est du en navnlös Ting || Saa foragtet — dog ilive! || Er dette Manden af de Tusinde Throner || Som beströede vor Jord med fjendtlige Been || Og kan han saaledes overleve [sig selv]? || Siden han som urigtigen kaldtes Morgenstjærne [d. e. Lucifer] || Er hverken Menneske eller Djævel falden saa dybt [bogst. langt].

Ildesinde Mand! hvorfor hudflette din Slægt, || Som böjede Knæet saa dybt? || Ved at stirre paa dig selv bleven blind, || Lærte du de övrige at see. || Med Magt utvivlsom — Kraft til at frelse, || Har din eneste Gave kun været Graven, || For dem som tilbad dig; || Og ei indtil dit Fald kunde de Dödelige ahne || Ærgjærrighedens mindre end Lidenhed! [d. e. store Usselhed, dybe Foragtelighed].

Tak for den Lectie — den vil lære || Tilkommende Krigere mere, || End höi Philosophi kan prædike || Og mere end den forgjæves prædikede för. || Hiint Trylleri [Talisman] paa Menneskenes Gemytter || Slaaes itu for aldrig igjen at blive sammenföiet, || Som ledte dem til at tilbede || Hine Sværds-Magtens Pagode-Billeder || Med Messing Pander og Leerfödder.

Triumphen, og Forfængeligheden, || Henrykkelsen over Kampen, || Sejerens Jordskjælvs-Röst, || Som for dig var Livs Aandedræt; || Sværdet, Scepteret, og den Magt || Som Mennesket syntes skabt kun til at adlyde, || Hvorom Rygtet pestagtigen udbredte sig — || Altsammen knust! — Mörke Aand! hvor stort maa være || Din Hukommelses Vanvid!

The Desolator desolate!
The Victor overthrown!
The Arbiter of others' fate
A Suppliant for his own!
Is it some yet imperial hope,
That with such change can calmly cope?
Or dread of death alone?
To die a prince — or live a slave —
Thy choice is most ignobly brave!

He who of old would rend the oak, [6]
Dream'd not of the rebound;
Chain'd by the trunk he vainly broke —
Alone — how look'd he round?
Thou, in the sternness of thy strength;
An equal deed hast done at length,
And darker fate hast found;
He fell, the forest prowlers' prey;
But thou must eat thy heart away!

The Roman, [7] when his burning heart
Was slaked with blood of Rome,
Threw down the dagger — dared depart,
In savage grandeur, home —
He dared depart in utter scorn
Of men that such a yoke had borne,
Yet left him such a doom!
His only glory was that hour
Of self-upheld abandon'd power.

The Spaniard, when the lust of sway
Had lost its quickening spell, [8]
Cast crowns for rosaries away,
An empire for a cell:
A strict accountant of his beads,
A subtle disputant on creeds,
His dotage trifled well; [9]
Yet better had he neither known
A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne. [10]

But thou — from thy reluctant hand
The thunderbolt is wrung —
Too late thou leav'st the high command
To which thy weakness clung;
All Evil Spirit as thou art,
It is enough to grieve the heart
To see thine own unstrung:
To think that God's fair world hath been
The footstool of a thing so mean;

And Earth hath spilt her blood for him
Who thus can hoard his own!
And Monarchs bow'd the trembling limb,
And thank'd him for a throne!
Fair Freedom! we may hold thee dear,
When thus thy mightiest foes their fear
In humblest guise have shown.
Oh! ne'er may tyrant leave behind
A brighter name to lure mankind!

Ödelæggeren ödelagt! ‖ Sejerherren overvunden! ‖ Voldgiftsmanden over andres Skjæbne ‖ En Supplicant for sin egen! ‖ Er det et eller andet Eftertids Keiserhaab, ‖ Som rolig kan möde [d. e. finde sig i] en saadan Forandring? ‖ Eller blot Dödsfrygt? ‖ At dö en Fyrste — eller leve en Slave — ‖ Dit Valg er paa den uædleste Maade tappert!

Han som i gamle Dage vilde sönderrive Eegen, [Milo] ‖ Drömte ei om dens Tilbagespring; [Elasticitet] ‖ Fastbunden til Træstammen han forgjæves [sögte at] bryde — ‖ Alene — O, hvor han saa sig omkring? ‖ Du i din Styrkes Barskhed, ‖ Har tilsidst udfört en lignende Daad, ‖ Og fundet en mörkere Skjæbne: ‖ Han faldt et Rov for Skovens Byttesöger; [vilde Dyr] ‖ Men du maa bortæde dit eget Hjærte.

Rommeren, [Sylla] da hans brændende Hjærte ‖ Havde slukket Törsten med Roms Blod, ‖ Kastede Dolken bort — vovede at tage afsted. ‖ I vild Storhed, hjem — ‖ Han vovede at tage afsted i yderlig Foragt ‖ For Mænd der havde baaret et saadant Aag. ‖ Og dog efterlod ham en saadan Fordömmelse ‖ Hans eneste Hæder var den Time ‖ Af selv-opholdt opgiven Magt.

Spanieren, [Carl V.] da Nydelsen af Magt ‖ Havde tabt sit oplivende Trylleri, ‖ Kastede Kroner bort for Rosenkrandse, ‖ Et Keiserdömme for en Munkecelle; ‖ En stræng Optæller af sine Bede-perler, ‖ En spidsfindig Disputator over Troes-Artikler ‖ Bortfjasede *) han godt sin Gammelmands Barndom; ‖ Dog var det bedre hvis han hverken havde kjendt ‖ En Bigots Helligdom, eller en Despots Throne.

Men du — nu da udaf din gjenstridige Haand ‖ Tordenkilen er vristet — ‖ For silde opgiver du den höje Commando ‖ Hvortil din Svaghed klyngede sig; ‖ En ganske ond Aand som du er ‖ Er det nok til at saare Hjærtet ‖ At see dit [Hjærte] afstrænget: [d. e. berövet sin Kraft]. ‖ At tænke at Guds favre Verden har været ‖ En Fodskammel for en saa nedrig Ting;

Og Jorden har udgydt sit Blod for ham ‖ Som saaledes puger med sit eget! ‖ Og Monarcher böjede det skjælvende Knæ, [bogst. Lem] ‖ Og takkede ham for en Throne! ‖ Favre Frihed! du bör være os kjær ‖ Da saaledes dine mægtigste Fjender deres Frygt ‖ I den ydmygste Skikkelse have viist. ‖ O! maatte aldrig en Tyran efterlade ‖ Et lysere Navn for at lokke Menneskeslægten!

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*) Bortfjasede, *trifled*. *To trifle* er, at beskjæftige sig med, öde Tiden i, Ubetydeligheder.

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,
  Nor written thus in vain —
Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,
  Or deepen every stain:
If thou hadst died as honour dies
Some new Napoleon might arise,
  To shame the world again —
But who would soar the solar height,
To set in such a starless night? [11])

Weigh'd in the balance, hero dust
  Is vile as vulgar clay;
Thy scales, Mortality! are just
  To all that pass away;
But yet methought the living great
Some higher sparks should animate,
  To dazzle and dismay;
Nor deem'd Contempt could thus make mirth
Of these, the Conquerors of the earth.

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,
  Thy still imperial bride;
How bears her breast the torturing hour?
  Still clings she to thy side?
Must she too bend, must she too share
Thy late repentance, long despair,
  Thou throneless Homicide?
If still she loves thee, hoard that gem;
'T is worth thy vanish'd diadem! [12]

Then haste thee to thy sullen Isle,
  And gaze upon the sea;
That element may meet thy smile —
  It ne'er was ruled by thee!
Or trace with thine all idle hand,
In loitering mood upon the sand,
  That Earth is now as free!
That Corinth's pedagogue [13]) hath now
Transferr'd his by-word to thy brow.

Thou Timour! in his captive's cage [14])
  What thoughts will there be thine
While brooding in thy prison'd rage?
  But one — „The world was mine!"
Unless like he of Babylon,
All sense is with thy sceptre gone,
  Life will not long confine
That spirit pour'd so widely forth —
So long obey'd — so little worth!

Or, like the thief of fire from heaven, [15])
  Wilt thou withstand the shock
And share with him, the unforgiven,
  His vulture and his rock!
Foredoom'd by God — by man accurst [16]),
And that last act, though not thy worst,
  The very Fiend's arch mock; [17])
He in his fall preserved his pride,
And, if a mortal, had as proudly died!

Dine onde Bedrifter ere skrevne i Blod, || Og ei forgjæves saa skrevne — || Dine Triumpher fortælle om Ry ei mere, || Eller sværte [gjör dybere] hver Skamplet mere: || Hvis du var död som Æren döer || Kunde en eller anden ny Napoleon kanskee opstaa || For at beskjæmme Verden igjen — || Men hvo vilde opsvæve [selv] til Solens Höide, || For at nedgaa i en saa stjærnelös Nat?

Vejet paa Vægtskaalen, Helte-Stöv || Er af lige saa ringe Værd som Pöbel-Leer; || Dine Vægtskaaler, O Dödelighed! ere rigtige || For alle som fare heden: || Men dog havde jeg troet at de levende Store || Skulde besjæles af nogen höjere Gnister, || For at [kunde] blænde og nedslaa: || Og jeg troede ikke at Foragt saaledes kunde gjöre sig lystig || Over disse Jordens Erobrere.

Og hun, det stolte Österrigs sörgelige Blomst, || Din endnu keiserlige Brud; || Hvorledes bærer hendes Bryst den qvalfulde Time? || Klynger hun sig endnu til din Side? || Maa hun og böjes, maa hun og dele || Din sildige Anger, lange Fortvivlelse. || Du thronlöse Manddraber? || Hvis hun endnu elsker dig, gjem paa den Ædelsteen; || Den er [nok saameget] værd som det forsvundne Diadem!

Da skynd dig til din mutte Ö, [Elba] || Og stir ud paa Havet; || Det Element tör möde dit Smiil, — || Det blev aldrig regjeret af dig! || Eller krads med din ganske ubeskjæftigede Haand, || I örkeslöst Lune paa Sandet, || At Jorden er nu ligesaa fri! || At Corinths Skolemester har nu, || Overfört sit Mundheld [el. Ögenavn?] paa din Pande.

Du Timour! i hans Fanges Buur || Hvilke Tanker vil der være dine, || Medens du ruger i dit fængslede Raseri? || Kun een — ,,Verden var min!" || Med mindre, ligesom hos ham af Babylon, || Al Forstand er gaaet med Sceptret, || Vil Livet ei længe indeslutte || Hiin Aand som blev udgydt saa vidt og bredt — || Som saa længe blev adlydt — som var saa ildet værd!

Eller, ligesom han der stjal Ilden fra Himmelen, || Vil du modstaa Slaget? || Og dele med ham, den Utilgivne || Hans Grib og hans Klippe! || Fordömt af Gud — af Mennesker forbandet, || Og hiin sidste Handling, skjönt ei din sletteste, || Selve Djævelens Erke-Spot; *) || Han i sit Fald bevarede sin Stolthed, || Og havde han været dödelig vilde han have döet ligesaa stolt!

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*) I Londoner Udgaven af 1852 finde vi denne Note: Vi troe der er slet ingen Tvivl om Sandheden af den her antydede Anekdote — at Napoleon fandt Fritimer til at indlade sig i en uværdig Kjærligheds Intrigue, den selv samme Aften som han kom til Fontainebleau.

There was a day — there was an hour,[18])
  While earth was Gaul's — Gaul thine —
When that immeasurable power
  Unsated to resign
Had been an act of purer fame,
Than gathers round Marengo's name,
  And gilded thy decline
Through the long twilight of all time,
Despite some passing clouds of crime.

But thou forsooth must be a king,
  And don the purple vest, —
As if that foolish robe could wring
  Remembrance from thy breast.
Where is that faded garment? where
The gewgaws thou wert fond to wear
  The star — the string — the crest?
Vain froward child of empire! say,
Are all thy playthings snatch'd away?

Where may the wearied eye repose,
  When gazing on the Great [19])
Where neither guilty glory glows
  Nor despicable state?
Yes — one — the first — the last —
  the best —
The Cincinnatus of the West
  Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeath the name of Washington
To make man blush there was but One! [20])

Der var en Dag — der var en Time, ‖ Da Jorden var Galliens — Gallien din — ‖ Da hiin umaalelige Magt ‖ Umættet at opgive ‖ Vilde have været en Handling af ædlere (egentl. renere) Ry, ‖ End der samler sig om Marengos Navn, ‖ Og vilde have forgyldt dit Fald, ‖ Gjennem hele Tidens lange Tusmörke, ‖ Til Trods for nogle forbigaaende Forbrydelses Skyer.

Men du, til Visse, maa være en Konge ‖ Og tage Purpur Klædet paa, — ‖ Som om hiin naragtige Kaabe kunde vride ‖ Erindringen udaf dit Bryst. ‖ Hvor er hiint falmede Klædebon? hvor ‖ Det Flitterstads du holdt af at bære, ‖ Stjærnen, — Kjæden, — Hjelmbusken? ‖ Forfængelige, gjenstridige Keiser-Noer! slig, ‖ Er alt dit Legetöi bortsnappet?

Hvor kan det trætte Öje hvile sig, ‖ Naar det stirrer paa de Store; ‖ Hvor hverken brödefuld Hæder glimrer, ‖ Eller foragtelig Prunk? ‖ Jo — een — den förste — den sidste — den bedste — ‖ Vestens Cincinnatus, ‖ Hvem Misundelsen ei torde hade, — ‖ Han testamentere Navnet Washington ‖ For at bringe Mennesket til at rödme over at der kun var Een!

De af vore Læsere som kjende den Italienske Digter *Manzoni* ville vist finde det Umagen værd at sammenligne hans „*Cinque Maggio*" med denne Ode. De ville finde, at hvorvel Aanden i begge er meget forskjællig; er der dog en stor Lighed i Tanker og i lyrisk Begeistring: men de bör og erindre at den store Engelske Digter skrev den 10de April 1814 paa en Tid da han, som senere vil vise sig, ahnede at Buonaparte vilde bryde lös fra Elba og en Gang endnu optræde paa den Europæiske Skueplads. Manzoni derimod skrev, som Titelen „*Cinque Maggio*" tilkjendegiver, först efterat have modtaget Efterretningen om Buonapartes Död.

For dog fuldkommen at sætte sig ind i *Byron's* Aand i dette Digt, er det for den tænksomme Læser vigtigt at eftersee de Vink angaaende samme, som findes i den ædle Lords Dagbog. Her vil man ofte træffe, ligesom i raa Materie, de Tanker, som i Oden fremtræde fuldendte i Form og Udtryk.

Vi optage fölgende Noter efter Murray's Copyright Edition af 1852.

1) [Lord Byron, when publishing „The Corsair, in January 1814, announced an apparently quite serious resolution to withdraw, for some years at least, from poetry. His letters of the February and Morch following abound in repetition of the same determination. On the morning of the ninth of April, he writes, — „No more rhyme for — or rather from — me. I have taken my leave of that stage, and henceforth will mountebank it no longer." In the evening, a Gazette Extraordinary announced the obdication of Fontainebleau, and the Poet violated his vows next morning, by composing this Ode, which he immediately published, though without his name. His Diary says „April 10. Today I have boxed one hour — written an ode to Napoleon Buonaparte — copied it — eaten six biscuits — drunk four bottles of soda water, and *redde* awoy the rest of my time."]

2) [„Produce the urn that Hannibal contains, And weigh the mighty dust which yet remains: And Is This All!'

I know not that this was ever done in the old world; at least, with regard to Hannibal: but, in the statistical account of Scotland, I find that Sir John Paterson had the curiosity to collect, and weigh, the ashes of o person discovered a few years since in the parish of Eccles; which he was happily enabled to do with great facility, as the inside of the coffin was smooth, and the whole body visible. „Wonderful to relate, he fonnd the whole did not exceed in weight one ounce and a half! And is this all! Alas! the „quot libras" itself is a sotirical exaggeration." — Gifford.]

3) [„I send you on additional motto from Gibbon, which you will find singularly appropriate." — Lord Byron to Mr. Murry, April 12. 1814.]

4) [„I don't know — bnt I think I, even I, (an insect compared with this creature), have set my life on casts not a millionth part of

this man's. But, after all, a crown may not be worth dying for. Yet, to outlive Lodi for this!!! Oh that Juvenal or Johnson could rise from the dead! 'Expende — quot libras in duce summo invenies? I knew they were light in the balance of mortality; but I thought their living dust weighed more carats, Alas! this imperial diamond hath a flaw in it, and is now hardly fit to stick in a glazier's pencil; — the pen of the historian won't rate it worth a ducat. Psha! ,something too much of this.'

But I won't give him up even now; though all his admirers have, like the Thanes, fallen from him;" — Byron Diary, April 9.]

5) ,,Certaminis gaudia" — the expression of Attila in his harangue to his army, previous to the battle of Chalons given in Cassiodorus.

6) [,,Out of town six days. On my return, find my poor little pagod, Napoleon, pushed off his pedestal. It is his own fault. Like Milo, he would rend the oak; but it closed again, wedged his hands, and now the beasts — lion — bear, down to the dirtiest jackall — may all tear him. That Muscovite winter wedged his arms; — ever siuce, he has fought with his feet and teeth. The last may still leave their marks; and I guess now (as the yankees say), that he will yet play them a pass." — Byron Diary April 8.]

7) Sylla. — [We find the germ of this stanza in the Diary of the evening before it was written: — ,,Methinks Sylla did better; for he, revenged, and resigned in the height of his sway, red with the slaughter of his foes — the finest instance of glorious contempt of the rascals upon record. Dioclesian did well too — Amnrath not amiss, had he become aught except a dervise — Charles the Fifth but so so; but Napoleon worst of all. — Byron Diary, April 9.]

8) [,,Alter potent spell' to 'quickening spell: the first (as Polonius says) is a vile phrase, and means nothing, besides being commonplace and Rosa-Matildaish. After the resolution of not publishing, though our Ode is a thing of little length and less consequence, it will be better altogether that it is anonymous." — Lord Byron to Mr. Murray, April 11.]

9) [Charles the Fifth, Emperor of Germany, and King of Spain, resigned, in 1555, his imperial crown to his brother Ferdinand, and the kingdom of Spain to his son Philip, and retired to a monastery in Estremadura, where he conformed, in his manner of living, to all the rigour of monastic austerity. Not satisfied with this, he dressed himself in his shroud, was laid in his coffin with much solemnity, joined in the prayers which were offered up for the rest of his soul, and mingled his tears with those which his attendants shed, as if they had been celebrating a real funeral.]

10) ,,I looked into Lord Kaimes's 'Sketches of the History of Man, and mentioned to Dr. Johnson his censure of Charles the Fifth for celebrating his funeral obsequies in his lifetime, which, I told him, I had been used to think a solemn and affecting act. Johnson: 'Why, Sir, a man may dispose his mind to think so of that act of Charles; but it is so liable to ridicule, that if one man out of ten thousand laughs at it, he 'll make the other nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine laugh too". — Boswell's Johnson.]

11) [,,But who would rise in brightest day
To set without one parting ray?" — M S.]

12) [It is well known that Count Neipperg, a gentleman in the suite of the Emperor of Austria, who was first presented to Maria Louisa within a few days after Napoleon's abdication, became, in the sequel, her chamberlain, and then her husband. He is said to have been a man of remarkably plain appearence. The Count died in 1851.]

13) [Dionysius the Younger, esteemed a greater tyrant than his father, on being for the second time banished from Syracuse, retired to Corinth, where he was obliged to turn schoolmaster for a subsistence.]

14) The cage of Bajazet, by order of Tamerlone.

15) Prometheus.

16) [In first draught —
,,He suffered for kind acts to men,
Who have not seen his like again,
At least of kingly stock;
Since he was good, and thou but great
Thou canst not quarrel with thy fate."]

17) ,,The very fiend's arch mock —
To lip a wanton, and suppose her chaste."
Shakspeare.

[We believe there is no doubt of the truth of the anecdote here alluded to — of Napoleon's having found leisure for an unworthy amour, the very evening of his arrival at Fontainebleau.]

18) [The three last stanzas, which Lord Byron had been solicied by Mr. Murray to write, in order to avoid the stamp duty then imposed upon publications not exceeding a sheet, were not published with the rest of the poem. ,,I don't like them at all", says Lord Byron, ,,and they had better be left out. The fact is I can't do any thing I am asked to do, however gladly I would; and at the end of a week my interest in a composition goes off."]

19) [In one of Lord Byron's M. S. Diaries, begun at Ravenna in May, 1821, we find the following: — ,,What shall I write? — another Journal? I think not. Any thing that comes uppermost, and call it

,,My Dictionary.

Augustus. — I have often been puzzled with his character. Was he a great man? Assuredly. But not one of my Great Men. I have always looked upon Sylla as the greatest character in history, for laying down his power at the moment when it was —

Too great to keep or to resign;

and thus despising them all. As to the retention of his power by Augustus, the thing was already settled. If he had given it up — the commonwealth was gone — the republic was long past all resuscitation. Had Brutus and Cassius gained the battle of Philippi, it would not have restored the republic. Its days ended with the Gracchi; the rest was a mere struggle of parties. You might as well cure a consumption, or restore a broken egg, as revive a state so long a prey to every

II.

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

We think it proper to give this celebrated Ode — however great a masterpiece in itself — with its satirical framework. Thus we conceive justice is most fully done to the great genius of the illustrious Poet. It is quite certain that Byron's object was to be the *Ariosto* of his country, to be an English Ariosto, and he fully attained it. The „Isles of Greece" preceded by the humorous description of the Greek Poet, & followed by the noble Lord's reflections on poetical fame and his thrusts at contemporary bards, strongly exhibit him in this light. Here is the Italian poet's easy flight through every region of thought; here are his bold passages between sentiments & feelings of the most opposite description; but Byron's satire is more pungent, his passion more condensed, his boldness more startling. Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, admired Petrarch and was his imitator. Milton had thoroughly studied Dante, but was not his imitator: Byron had studied Ariosto, & his predecessors in the same description of verse, and he certainly was, of the three English poets here named, furthest from being an imitator; yet he was most successful in accomplishing that which became the object of his ambition after the year 1817 viz. to introduce into, and make indigenous in England the Ariostic stanza, not only in form but also in substance.

The Greek Poet.

(Don Juan Canto III.)

LXXVIII.

And now they were diverted by their suite,
Dwarfs, dancing girls, black eunuchs, and a poet,
Which made their new establishment complete;
The last was of great fame, and liked to show it:
His verses rarely wanted their due feet—
And for his theme — he seldom sung below it,
He being paid to satirise or flatter,
As the psalm says, „inditing a good matter."

Og nu underholdtes de af deres Fölge, || Dværge, Dandse-piger, sorte Eunucher, og en Digter, || Hvorved deres nye Husholdning gjordes fuldstændig; || Den sidstnævnte var i et stort Ry og holdt af at vise det: || Hans Vers sjælden manglede deres tilbörlige Födder — || Og hvad hans Sujet angaaer — saa faldt hans Sang sjælden neden for det, || Da han var betalt for at satyrisere eller smigre, || Som det hedder i Psalmen „at udgyde en god Tale" [Ps. 45 V. 1].

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uppermost soldier, as Rome had long been. As for a despotism, if Augustus could have been sure that all his successors would have been like himself — (I mean *not* as Octavius, but Augustus) or Napoleon could have insured the world that *none* of his successors would have been like himself — the ancient or modern world might have gone on, like the empire of China, in a state of lethargic prosperity. Suppose, for instance, that, instead of Tiberius and Caligula, Augustus had been immediately succeeded by Nerva, Trajan, the Antonines, or even by Titus and his father — what a difference in our estimate of himself! — So far from gaining by the contrast, I think that one half of our dislike arises from his having been heired by Tiberius — and one half of Julius Cæsar's fame, from his having had his empire consolidated by Augustus. — Suppose that there had been *no* Octavius, and Tiberius had 'jumped the life 'between, and at once succeeded Julius? — And yet it is difficult to say whether hereditary right or popular choice produce the worser sovereigns. The Roman Consuls make a goodly show; but then they only reigned for a year, and were under a sort of personal obligation to distinguish themselves. It is still more difficult to say which form of goverment is the worst — all are so bad. As for democracy, it is the worst of the whole; for what is, in fact, democrary? — an aristocrary of blackguards."]

20) [On being reminded by a friend of his recent promise not to write any more for years — „There was", replied Lord Byron, „a mental reservation in my pact with the public, in behalf of anonymes; and, even had there not, the provocation was such as to make it physically impossible to pass over this epoch of triumphant tameness. 'T is a sad business; and after all, I shall think higher of rhyme and reason, and very humbly of your heroic people, till — *Elba becomes a volcano, and sends him out again. I can't think it is all over yet."]*

LXXIX.

He praised the present, and abused the past,
Reversing the good custom of old days,
An Eastern anti-jacobin at last
He turn'd, preferring pudding to *no* praise —
For some few years his lot had been o'ercast
By his seeming independent in his lays,
But now he sung the Sultan and the Pacha
With truth like Southey, and with verse like Crashaw.

LXXX.

He was a man who had seen many changes,
And always changed as true as any needle;
His polar star being one which rather ranges,
And not the fix'd — he knew the way to wheedle;
So vile he 'scaped the doom which oft avenges;
And being fluent (save indeed when fee'd ill),
He lied with such a fervour of intention —
There was no doubt he earn'd his laureate pension.

LXXXI.

But he had genius, — when a turncoat has it,
The „Vates irritabilis" takes care
That without notice few full moons shall pass it;
Even good men like to make the public stare: —
But to my subject — let me see — what was it? —
Oh! — the third canto — and the pretty pair —
Their loves, and feasts, and house, and dress, and mode.
Of living in their insular abode.

Han roste det Nærværende, og udskjældte det Forbigangne || Saaledes handlende tvært imod de gamle Dages gode Vane, || En orientalsk Antijacobin tilsidst || Blev han, foretrækkende Budding for *slet ingen* Roes — || For nogle Aar havde hans Lod været skyfuldt || Fordi han syntes uafhængig (fri) i sine Sange || Men nu sang han Sultanen eller Pashaen || Med Sandhed lig Southeys og i Vers lignende Crashaw's. *)

Han var en Mand som havde seet mange [Lykkens] Omskiftelser || Og [selv] altid omskiftet saa trofast som nogen Magnet-Naal; || Da hans Polar-Stjærne var en saadan som er lidt vankende, || Og ikke en Fixstjærne — Han kjendte Smigre-Vejen: || Saa nedrig at han undgik den Straffedom som ofte hævner; || Og da han var flydende [skrev flydende Vers] — undtagen i Sandhed naar han blev slet betalt — || Saa löj han med en saadan brændende Inderlighed || At der ingen Tvivl er om at han fortjente sin Hofdigters Pension.

Men han havde Geni — og naar dette er Tilfældet med en Vendekaabe || saa sörger *Vates irritabilis* for || At faae faldne Maaner skulle gaae over hans Hoved uden at han bliver lagt Mærke til; || Endog gode Mænd holde af at bringe Publicum til at stirre: — || Men nu til mit Æmne — lad mig see — hvad var det? || Oh! — Tredje Canto — og det smukke Par — || Deres Elskov, deres Fester, deres Huus, og Klæder, og Maaden || At leve i deres Ö-Bolig.

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*) **Crashaw**, Digteren **Cowley's** Ven, blev meget beundret af **Pope**, som endog siges at have laant Tanker og Vers fra ham. Muligt er det, at den Omstændighed, at *Crashaw* gik over til Roman-catholicismen anbefalede ham til **Pope**, som selv var en Catholik. *„Verse like Crashow"* er at opfatte som en Modvægt af Anbefaling, mod Misanbefalingen: *„truth like* ***Southey***". Dog er det næppe uden en dybere Mening, at den imaginaire *Græske* Digter sammenlignes med to Vendekaaber; een politisk, og een religieus, og saaledes indföres som en Forfatter til den meest ophöjede lyriske Digtning som Verden har seet siden Grækernes classiske Tid. Vilde *Byron* maaskee herved betegne det rigtige Forhold mellem det moralske og det intellectuelle Element i den Græske Characteer, som han kjendte særdeles godt?

I Navnet **Crashaw** ligger desuden noget spögefuldt Skjælmeri, som tages med paa Vejen. Det klinger nemlig næsten som **„crack-jaw. Crack-jaw verses"** (Kjævebrækker Vers) ere haarde, knudrede Vers. Et Udtryk som anvendt paa Vers der ere lige saa fuldendte i Form, som ophöjede i Indhold, gjör et pudseerligt Indtryk.

LXXXII.

Their poet, a sad trimmer, but no less
In company a very pleasant fellow,
Had been, the favourite of full many a mess
Of men, and made them speeches when half mellow;
And though his meaning they could rarely guess
Yet still they deign'd to hiccup or to bellow
The glorious meed of popular applause,
Of which the first ne'er knows the second cause.

LXXXIII.

But now being lifted into high society,
And having pick'd up several odds and ends
Of free thoughts in his travels for variety,
He deem'd being in a lone isle among friends,
That without any danger of a riot, he
Might for long lying make himself amends;
And singing as he sung in his warm youth,
Agree to a short armistice with truth.

LXXXIV.

He had travell'd 'mongst the Arabs, Turks, and Franks,
And knew the self-loves of the different nations;
And having lived with people of all ranks
Had something ready upon most occasions —
Which got him a few presents and some thanks.
He varied with some skill his adulations;
To „do at Rome as Romans do", a piece
Of conduct was which he observed in Greece.

LXXXV.

Thus, usually, when he was ask'd to sing,
He gave the different nations something national;
'T was all the same to him — „God save the king",
Or „Ça ira" according to the fashion all:
His muse made increment of any thing,
From the high lyric down to the low rational;
If Pindar sang horse-races, what should hinder
Himself from being as pliable as Pindar?

Deres Digter, en slem Vejrhane, [eller Vendekaabe] men ikke desmindre || I Selskab en meget behagelig Krabbat, || Havde været Yndlingsgjæst ved ret mangt et Lag || Af Mænd, og holdt Taler for dem naar de vare blevne halvfugtige. || Og skjönt de sjælden kunde gjætte sig til hans Mening, || Saa værdigedes de dog at frem-hikke, eller frembröle || Folke-Bifaldets herlige Belönning || Hvis förste Aarssg aldrig kjender den anden. *)

Men nu da han var oplöftet i höjt Selskab || Og havde samlet sig adskillige Stumper og Stykker, || Af frie Tanker paa sine Rejser; for Afvexlings Skyld || Troede han, at da han var paa en eensom Ö, Iblandt Venner, || Han kunde uden at befrygte Oprör || For længe fortsat Lögn tage sig selv Erstatning; || Og syngende som han sang i sin varme Ungdom, || **Give sit Samtykke til en kort Vaabenstilstand med Sandheden.**

Han havde reist blandt Araberne Tyrkerne og Frankerne, || Og kjendte de forskjællige Nationers Egenkjærligheder: || Og da han havde levet med Folk af alle Klasser, || Havde han noget paa rede Haand ved de fleste Lejligheder — || Hvilket forskaffede ham nogle faae Foræringer og nogen Tak. || Han varierede sine Smigrerier med nogen Klögt; || At „handle i Rom som Rommere handle" var et Stykke || Af Fremgangsmaade som han iagttog i Grækenland.

Saaledes, sædvanligen, naar man bad ham om at synge || Gav han de forskjællige Nationer noget Nationalt; || Det var ham altsammen det Samme — „God save the king" || Eller „*Ça ira*", alt efter som Moden var til; || Hans Muse kunde udbrede sig over hvad det skulde være || Fra det Höje Lyriske til det Lave Forstandige: || Dersom Pindar sang om Heste-Veddelöb, hvad kunde hindre || Ham fra at være lige saa smidig som Pindar?

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*) Den *Förste Aarsag* til den „popular applause" som Digteren erholder er Digteren selv: *den anden* Digtets virkelige eller indbildte Fortjeneste. Nu mener **Lord Byron** at i Forholdet mellem en Forfatter og Publicum er der saa lidet klart og selvhevidst, at f. E. Digteren aldrig veed *Hvad* det er i hans Digt som Publicum egentlig tiljubler sit Bifald; ligesom han strax oven for har antydet at Publicum heller ikke veed *Hvad* det egentlig er som det jubler over, thi i Regelen forstaaer det ikke Digtet. Saaledes angiver den ædle Lord i et modereret Coriolanus's Sprog den sande *Værdi* af *„popular applause"*. Det er den falske Mynt som curserer mellem to falske Spillere.

LXXXVI.

In France, for instance, he would write a chanson;
In England a six canto quarto tale;
In Spain, he'd make a ballad or romance on
The last war — much the same in Portugal;
In Germany, the Pegasus he'd prance on
Would be old Goethe's — (see what says De Staël);
In Italy he'd ape the „Trecentisti";
In Greece, he'd sing some sort of hymn like this t'ye.

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace, —
Where Delos rose, and Phoebus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' „Islands of the Blest".

The mountains look on Marathon —
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below
And men in nations; — all were his!
He counted them at break of day —
And when the sun set where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now —
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'T is something, in the dearth of Fame,
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush — for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
Must *we* but blush? — Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

I Frankrig, for Exempel kunde han skrive en *Chanson;* || I England, en sex Canto's Versfortælling i Quartformat; || I Spanien kunde han gjöre en Ballade eller Romance || Om den sidste Krig — omtrent ligesaa i Portugal; || I Tydskland, den Pegasus han vilde spanke paa || Vilde blive gamle Goethes — (See hvad [Madame] de Staël siger;] || I Italien vilde han efterabe „*Trecentisterne*" *) || I Grækenland vilde han synge en eller anden Slags Hymne for Jer lignende denne.

Den græske Digters Sang.

Grækenlands Öer, Grækenlands Öer! || Hvor den brændende Sappho elskede og Sang || Hvor Krigs og Freds Konster voxte — || Hvor Delos reiste sig, og Phoebus blev til! || En evig Sommer forgylder dem endnu, || Men Alt undtagen deres Sol er gaaet ned.

Den Chiiske [Homer] og den Teiske [Anakreon] Muse, || Heltens Harpe, Elskerens Lut || Have fundet det Ry som eders Kyster fornegte (afslaae); || Deres Födested alene er stumt || Mod Lyde som gjenlyde fjærnere Vest-paa || End Eders Forfædres *Saliges-Öer.* **)

Bjærgene skue ned paa Marathon — || Og Marathon skuer ned paa Havet; || Og grublende der en Time alene || Drömte jeg at Grækenland endnu kunde være fri; || Thi staaende paa Persernes Grav || Kunde jeg ikke ansee mig selv for en Træl.

En Konge [Xerxes] sad paa det Klippe-Bryn || Som overskuer sölödte Salamis; || Og Skibe i Tusindviis laae nedenfor || Og Mænd i Nationviis; — alle vare hans || Han talte dem i Daggry || Og inden Solen gik ned hvor *vare* de.

Og hvor **ere** de og hvor er du || Mit Födeland? paa din stemmelöse Kyst || Er Heltequadet tonelöst nu — || Helte-Barmen slaaer ej mere! || Og maa din Lyra saalænge guddommelig || Nedværdiges til saadanne Hænder som mine?

Det er vel noget, i [nærværende] Dyrtid paa Hæder, || Skjönt lænket iblandt en i Fjædder lagt Slægt, || At föle i det mindste en Patriots Skamrödme, || Just i det jeg synger overspredes mit Ansigt; || Thi hvad er levnet Digteren her? || For Grækere en Rödme — for Grækenland en Taare.

Maa **vi** kun græde over mere lykkelige Dage? || Maa **vi** kun rödme? — Vore Fædre blödte. || Jord! giv tilbage udaf dit Bryst || En Levning af vore Spartanske Döde! || Af de tre Hundrede tilsted kun tre, || For at skabe et nyt Thermopylæ.

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*) Det 14de Aarhundreds Digtere — i Italien. —

**) *Νησοι Μακαρων,* eller „*Insulæ Beatorum.* De Saliges Öer, var det vestligste Sted paa Jorden som de Gamle kjendte. De laae uden for Herkulis Söjler, og antages at have været *De Canariske Öer.*

What, silent still? and silent all?
  Ah! no; — the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
  And answer, „Let one living head,
But one arise, — we come, we come!"
'T is but the living who are dumb.

In vain — in vain; strike other chords;
  Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
  And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call —
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet
  Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
  The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave —
Think ye he meant them for a slave.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
  We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine;
  He served — but served Polycrates —
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
  Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
  Oh! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
  On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
  Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown
  The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks —
  They have a king who buys and sells;
In native swords, and native ranks
  The only hope of courage dwells
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
  Our virgins dance beneath the shade —
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
  But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
  Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
  There, swan-like, let me sing and die;
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine —
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine.

Hvad, tause endnu? og alle tause? ‖ Oh! nej; — de Dödes Stemmer ‖ Lyde som en fjærn Ströms Fald, ‖ Og svare: „Lad eet levende Hoved, ‖ Kun eet rejse sig, — vi komme, vi komme!" — ‖ Det er kun de Levende som ere stumme.

Forgjæves — forgjæves: Slaa paa andre Strænge: ‖ Fyld Bægeret höjt med Samisk Viin. ‖ Overlad Feltslag til de Tyrkiske Horder, ‖ Og udgyd den Chiiske Vinrankes Blod! ‖ Lyt! Staaende op ved det uædle Raab — ‖ Hvorledes Enhver af de bolde Bacchanter svare!

I have den Pyrrhiske Dands endnu, ‖ Hvor er eders Pyrrhiske Phalanx bleven af? ‖ Af to saadanne Lectier, hvorfor glemme ‖ Den ædlere og den mandigere? ‖ I have Bogstaverne som Kadmus gav — ‖ Tænke I han bestemte dem for en Slave?

Fyld Bægeret höit med Samisk Viin! ‖ Vi ville ej tænke paa Æmner som disse! ‖ Det gjorde Anakreons Sang guddommelig: ‖ Han var en Træl — men en Træl under Polykrates — ‖ En Despot: Men vore Herrer den Tid ‖ Vare endnu, i det mindste, vore Landsmænd.

Despoten af Chersonesos ‖ Var Frihedens bedste og braveste Ven; ‖ Hin Despot var Miltiades! ‖ Oh! at den nærværende Time vilde laane ‖ Nok en Despot af den Slags! ‖ Saadanne Kjæder som hans vilde sikkert binde.

Fyld Bægeret höjt med Samisk Viin! ‖ Paa Sulis Klippe, paa Pargas Kyst ‖ Er der endnu en Levning af en Slægtlinie ‖ Saadan som de Doriske Mödre födte; ‖ Og der, kanskee, saaes nogen Sæd, ‖ Som Herakliden-Blodet kunde vedkjende sig. — [Eller — Som ejede det Heraklidiske Blod.]

Stol ikke, for Frihed, paa Frankerne — ‖ De have en Konge som kjöber og sælger: ‖ I indfödte Sværd, i indfödte Rækker, ‖ Dvæler Modets eneste Haab; ‖ Men Tyrkisk Vold, og Vesterlandsk Bedrag, ‖ Vilde bryde Eders Skjold hvor bredt det end var.

Fyld Bægeret höjt med Samisk Viin! ‖ Vore Ungmöer dandse henne i Skyggen — ‖ Jeg seer deres herlige sorte Öjne tindre; ‖ Men stirrende paa enhver af de glödende Piger, ‖ Væder den brændende Taaredraabe mit eget [Öje], ‖ Ved at tænke paa at slige Bryster maa give Die til Trælle.

Still mig paa Sunions marmorerede Skrænte — ‖ Hvor Intet uden Bölgerne og Jeg, — ‖ Kan höre vor gjensidige Murmlen feje [forbi]; ‖ Der, liig en Svane, lad mig synge og dö! ‖ Et Trælle-Land skal aldrig blive mit — ‖ **Sqvat ned hiint Bæger med Samisk Viin:**

LXXXVII.

Thus sung, or would, or could, or should have sung,
The modern Greek, in tolerable verse;
If not like Orpheus quite, when Greece was young,
Yet in these times he might have done much worse:
His strain display'd some feeling — right or wrong;
And feeling, in a poet, is the source
Of other's feeling; but they are such liars,
And take all colours — like the hands of dyers.

LXXXVIII.

But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think;
'T is strange, the shortest letter which man uses
Instead of speech, may form a lasting link
Of ages; to what straits old Time reduces
Frail man, when paper — even a rag like this,
Survives himself, his tomb, and all that's his.

LXXXIX.

And when his bones are dust, his grave a blank,
His station, generation, even his nation,
Become a thing, or nothing save to rank
In chronological commemoration,
Some dull MS. oblivion long has sank
Or graven stone found in a barrack' station
In digging the foundation of a closet,
May turn his name up, as a rare deposit.

XC.

And glory long has made the sages smile;
'T is something, nothing, words, illusion, wind —
Depending more upon the historian's style
Than on the name a person leaves behind:
Troy owes to Homer what whist owes to Hoyle:
The present century was growing blind
To the great Marlborough's skill in giving knocks,
Until his late Life by Archdeacon Coxe.

XCI.

Milton's the prince of poets — so we say;
A little heavy, but no less divine:
An independent being in his day —
Learn'd, pious, temperate in love and wine;
But his life falling into Johnson's way,
We're told this great high priest of all the Nine
Was whipt at college — a harsh sire — odd spouse,
For the first Mrs. Milton left his house.

Saaledes sang, eller vilde, eller kunde, eller skulde have sjunget, ‖ Den moderne Græker, i taalelige Vers; Skjönt ikke ganske som Orpheus, da Hellas var ung ‖ Saa kunde han dog i disse Tider have sjunget slettere endda: ‖ Hans Quad viiste nogen Fölelse — riglig eller gal: ‖ Og Fölelse, hos en Digter, er en Kilde ‖ Til en Andens Fölen; men de ere saadanne Lögnhalse ‖ Og *tage* alle Farver — ligesom Hænderne paa (Klæde)-Farveren.

Men Ord ere Ting, og en lille Draabe Blæk, ‖ Faldende, som Dug, paa en Tanke, frembringer ‖ Det som bringer Tusinder, maaskee Millioner til at tænke; ‖ Det er besynderligt, det korteste Bogstav Mennesket bruger ‖ Isteden for Tale, kan danne en varig Kjæde ‖ Mellem Tidsaldere: i hvilken Knibe gamle Chronos bringer ‖ Det skröbelige Menneske, naar Papir — netop en Lase som denne ‖ Overlever ham selv, hans Gravminde, og Alt hvad hans er.

Og naar hans Been ere Stöv, hans Grav et Öde ‖ Hans Stilling, Slægt, ja endog hans Nation, ‖ Bleven til en Ting, eller Ingenting, undtagen [Noget] til at opstilles ‖ I en chronologisk Mindetale, ‖ [Saa kan det hændes at] et eller andet tossed Ms. [Manuscript] som Forglemmelsen længe har sænket tilbunds ‖ Eller en Steen med Indskrift funden i en Caserne-Grundvold, ‖ I det man gravede Grunden for et Lillehuus, ‖ Kan bringe hans Navn for Lyset som en sjælden Skat.

Og Hæder har længe bragt de Vise til at smile; ‖ Den er Noget, Intet, Ord, Sandsebedrag, Vind — ‖ Beroende mere paa Historikerens Stiil ‖ End paa det Navn en Person efterlader sig: ‖ Troja skylder **Homer** hvad Whist [Spillet] skylder **Hoyle**: ‖ Det nærværende Aarhundred var i Færd med at blive blindt ‖ For den store **Marlboroughs** Klögt i at give [Folk] paa Hov'det ‖ Indtil hans Levnets-Beskrivelse [blev udgiven] af Erkedlacon **Coxe**.

Milton er Digternes Fyrste — det sige vi [det Engelske Folk] ‖ En Smule svær, men ikke desmindre guddommelig ‖ Et uafhængigt Væsen i sin Tid ‖ Lærd, gudsfrygtig, maadeholden i Elskov og Viin; ‖ Men da det traf sig at hans Levnetsbeskrivelse faldt paa Johnson's Vej. ‖ Saa faae vi at höre at denne store Ypperste Præst af alle Ni ‖ Fik Prygl i Skolen — var en haard Fader — sær Ægtemand, ‖ Thi den förste Fru Milton foriod hans Huus.

XCII.

All these are, certes, entertaining facts,
Like Shakspeare's stealing deer, Lord Bacon's bribes;
Like Titus' youth, and Cæsar's earliest acts;
Like Burns (whom Doctor Currie well describes);
Like Cromwell's pranks, — but although truth exacts
These amiable descriptions from the scribes,
As most essential to their hero's story.
They do not much contribute to his glory.

XCIII.

All are not moralists, like Southey, when
He prated to the world of „Pantisocrasy";
Or Wordsworth unexcised, unhired, who then
Season'd his pedlar poems with democracy;
Or Coleridge, long before his flighty pen
Let to the Morningpost its aristocracy;
When he and Southey, following the same path,
Espoused two partners (milliners of Bath).

XCIV.

Such names at present cut a convict figure,
The very Botany Bay in moral geography;
Their loyal treason, renegado rigour,
Are good manure for their more bare biography;
Wordsworth's last quarto, by the way, is bigger
Than any since the birthday of typography;
A drowsy frowzy poem, call'd the „Excursion",
Writ in a manner which is my aversion.

XCV.

He there builds up a formidable dyke
Between his own and others' intellect;
But Wordsworth's poem, and his followers, like
Joanna Southcote's Shiloh, and her sect,
Are things which in this century don't strike
The public mind, — so few are the elect;
And the new births of both their stale virginities
Have proved but dropsies, taken for divinities.

Alle disse ere tilvisse, underholdende Facta || Ligesom at Shakspeare stjal (Kron)dyr, og Lord Bacon tog Bestikkelser, || Ligesom Titus's Ungdom, og Cæsars tidligste Handlinger || Ligesom Burns (hvem Doctor Currie beskriver godt;) || Ligesom Cromwell's Streger; men skjönt Sandheden fordrer || Disse elskværdige Beskrivelser af Skribenterne, || Som [om de vare] i höjeste Grad væsentlige til deres Helts Historie || Saa bidrage de dog ikke meget til hans Glorie.

Alle ere ikke Moralister, som Southey, da || Han vrövlede for Verden om „Pantisokratiet" || Eller Wordsworth usiseret; *) uhyret, som da || Krydrede sine Bissekræmmer-Digte med Demokrati; || Eller Coleridge, længe förend hans flygtige Pen || Laante „Morning Post" sit Aristokrati; || Da han og Southey, fölgende den samme Sti || Ægtede to Interessentinder (Modehandlersker i Bath).

Saadanne Navne gjöre for nærværende Tid en Forbryder-Figur, || Den moralske Geographis virkelige Botany-Bay; || Deres loyale Forræderi, Renegat-Strænghed, || Ere en god Gjödning for deres mere ufrugtbare Biographi; || Wordsworths sidste Quarto, i Parenthese sagt, er tykkere || End nogen anden siden Bogtrykkerkonstens Födselsdag: || Et dösigt muggent Digt som kaldes „The Excursion" [Udflugten] || Skrevet i en Maneer som jeg afskyer.

Der opförer han et forfærdeligt Dige || Mellem sin egen og Andres Forstand; || Men *Wordsworths* Digt, og hans Tilhængere, ligesom || Johanne Southcote's Shilo, og hendes Sect || Ere Ting som i dette Aarhundred ikke gjöre stærkt Indtryk || Paa Publicums Gemyt, saa faae ere de Udvalgte: || Og de nye Födsler af begges golde Jomfrudomme || Ere fundne at være kun Vattersot, som man tog for Guddomme.

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*) „*Unexcised*", *usiseret*, skal betegne den Tid da Wordsworth endnu ikke havde faaet det Embede han senere fik i *Excise-Office*, (Siseboden), en Tid da han var en liberal *Whig*, i Modsætning til *Toryismen* som han gik over til da Tory-Regjeringen havde skaffet ham det omtalte Embede ved Consumtions-Contoiret.

XCVI.

But let me to my story; I must own,
If I have any fault, it is digression —
Leaving my people to proceed alone,
While I soliloquize beyond expression;
But these are my addresses from the throne,
Which put off business to the ensuing session:
Forgetting each omission is a loss to
The world, not quite so great as Ariosto.

XCVII.

I know that what our neighbours call „longueurs",
We 've not so good a word, but have the thing,
In that complete perfection which ensures
An epic from Bob Southey every spring —
Form not the true temptation which allures
The reader; but 't would not be hard to bring
Some fine examples of the epopée,
To prove its grand ingredient is ennui.

XCVIII.

We learn from Horace, „Homer sometimes sleeps";
We feel without him, Wordsworth sometimes wakes
To show with what complacency he creeps,
With his dear „Waggoners", around his lakes,
He wishes for „a boat" to sail the deeps —
Of the ocean? — No, of air; and then he makes
Another outcry for „a little boat",
And drivels seas to set it well afloat.

XCIX.

If he must fain sweep o'er the ethereal plain
And Pegasus runs restive in his „Waggon",
Could he not beg the loan of Charles's Wain?
Or pray Medea for a single dragon?
Or if too classic for his vulgar brain,
He fear'd his neck to venture such a nag on,
And he must needs mount nearer to the moon,
Could not the blockhead ask for a balloon?

Men lad mig nu komme til min Historie: Jeg maa tilstaa || Hvis jeg har nogen Feil, saa er det Udskejelse; || I det jeg lader mine Folk fortsætte Reisen alene, || Medens jeg monologiserer over al Beskrivelse; || Men disse ere mine Thron-Taler || Hvilke udsætte Sagerne til den næstfölgende Session: || Og jeg glemmer at hver Udeglemmelse er et Tab for || Verden, ikke fuldt saa stort som Ariosto *).

Jeg veed at hvad vore Naboer kalde *„Longeurs"* || Vi have ikke saa godt et Ord, men vi have Tingen || I den fuldstændige Fuldkommenhed som garanterer || Et episk Digt fra Bob Southey hvert Foraar —) || Danne ikke den virkelige Fristelse som lokker || Læseren; men det vilde ikke være vanskeligt at bringe || En Deel smukke Exempler paa Epopeen, || For at bevise at dens Hoved-Ingredients er *ennui*.

Vi lære af Horats, „Homer undertiden sover", || Vi föle uden ham at Wordsworth undertiden vaager — || For at vise med hvilken Selvtilfredshed han kryber || Med sine kjære „Fragtvognsmænd" (Fuhrmænd) rund om sine Söer. || Han önsker sig „en Baad" for at befare Dybene || Af Oceanet? | Nei, af Luften; og da gjör han || Et andet gewaltigt Skrig efter „en lille Baad" || Og vrævler hele Verdens Have fulde for at faa den rigtig flot.

Dersom han saa gjærne vil feje over den ætheriske Slette || Og Pegasus löber löbsk for hans „Fragtvogn", || Kunde han ikke udbede sig Karls-Vognen til Laans? || Eller forlange en eneste Drage af Medea? || Eller hvis altfor classisk for hans gemene Pöbel-Hjærne || Han frygter sin Hals at vove paa slig en Plag, || Og han nödvendig maa stige höjere op mod Maanen, || Kunde ikke Klodshovedet forlange en Ballon?

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*) See Indledningen til The Isles of Greece (S. 22).

C.

„Pedlars”, and „Boats”, and „Waggons”! Oh! ye shades
Of Pope and Dryden, are we come to this?
That trash of such sort not alone evades
Contempt, but from the bathos' vast abyss
Floats scumlike uppermost, and these Jack Cades
Of sense and song above your graves may hiss —
The „little boatman” and his „Peter Bell”
Can sneer at him who drew „Achitophel”!

III.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON
A FABLE.

Sonnet on Chillón.

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart —
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd —
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar — for it was trod
Until his very steps had left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard! — May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

„Bissekræmmere” og „Baade” og „Fragtvogne”! Oh! I Skygger ‖ Af Pope og Dryden, ere vi komne til dette? ‖ At Jux af en saadan Slags ikke alene undgaaer ‖ Foragt, men fra den gemene Sletheds *(bathos)* uhyre Svælg ‖ Flyder fraadeagtig överst, og disse Jack Cader*) ‖ Af Menneske-Forstand og Sang over eders Grave tör hysse— ‖ Den „lille-Baads Mand” og hans „Peter Bell” ‖ Kan haanligt smile over ham som tegnede „Achitophel”.

Sonnet om Chillon.

Det lænkelöse Sinds evige Aand: ‖ Lysest i mörke Fængsler, o Frihed! Du er, ‖ Thi der din Bolig er Hjærtet — ‖ Hjærtet som Kjærlighed til dig alene kan binde; ‖ Og naar dine Sönner til Fjædder ere overgivne — ‖ Til Fjædder, og den fugtige Hvælvings daglöse Dunkelhed. ‖ Erobrer deres Fædreland, ved deres Martyrdom, ‖ Og Friheds Ry finder Vinger paa enhver Vind. ‖ Chillon! Dit Fængsel er et helligt Sted, ‖ Og dit triste Gulv et Alter — thi det blev betraadt, ‖ Indtil selve Fodsporene havde efterladt et Mærke ‖ Opslidt, som om din kolde Brolægning var Grönsværd ‖ Af Bonnivard! — Maatte ingen disse Mærker udslette! ‖ Thi de appellere fra Tyranniet til Gud.

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*) Jack Cade, en Oprörer i *Henry VItes* Tid. Mere om denne ubehövlede Oprörs Anförer kan læses i Shakspeares Henry VI. II Part, IVde Act og her kommer vistnok Shakespeares Fremstilling den virkelige Historie meget nær. Fjerde Acts 6te Scene lyder som fölger:

Cade. Nu er Mortimer Herre over denne Stad (London). Og her siddende paa Londons Steen, byder og befaler jeg, at, paa denne Byges Bekostning skal i dette vort förste Regjerings Aar intet andet end Rodviin flyde igjennem Rendestenene. Og nu efter denne Time skal det være Höjforræderi for enhver somhelst at kalde mig noget andet end Lord Mortimer.

En Soldat kommer löbende.

Soldat. Jack Cade! Pack Cade!

Cade. Hug ham ned, I der henne. (De dræbe ham).

Smith. Hvis denne Knös er fornuftig saa vil han aldrig kalde Dem Jack Cade mere; jeg synes De har varsgoet ham ganske ordentlig.

Dick. My Lord, der er en Armee samlet i Smithfield.

Cade. Kom da, lad os afsted og kjæmpe med dem; Men först sæt dog Ild paa London-Broen; og hvis I kan saa brænd Tower ogsaa ned. Kom af Sted. (De gaae).

The Prisoner of Chillon.

I.

My hair is grey, but not with years,
Nor grew it white,
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears:
My limbs are bowed tho' not with toil
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are bann'd, and barr'd — forbidden fare.
But this was for my father's faith
I suffered chains and courted death;
That father perish'd at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake;
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling place;
We were seven — who now are one,
Six in youth, and one in age,
Finish'd as they had begun
Proud of Persecution's rage;
One in fire and two in field,
Their belief with blood have sealed;
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied;
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

II.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,
There are seven columns, massy and grey,
Dim with a dull imprisoned ray,
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left;
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp:
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain;
That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away,
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun so rise
For years — I cannot count them oer,
I lost their long and heavy score,
When my last brother droop'd and died,
And I lay living by his side.

III.

They chain'd us each to a column stone,
And we were three — yet, each alone;
We could not move a single pace,
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight;
And thus together — yet apart,
Fetter'd in hand but pined in heart;
'T was still some solace in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech,

Chillons Fange.

I.

Mit Haar er graat, men ei af Aar, ‖ Og ei blev det hvidt ‖ I en eneste Nat, ‖ Som Mænd's [Haar] er blevet af pludselig Frygt ‖ :Mine Lemmer ere böjede, skjönt ei af Arbeide, ‖ Men rustede i fæl Hvile, ‖ Thi de have været et mörkt Fængsels Rov, ‖ Og min Skjæbne har været som deres ‖ For hvem den herlige Jord og Luft ‖ Er banlyst, og afskaaren — en forbuden Föde; ‖ Men dette var for min Faders Tro ‖ Jeg taalte Lænker og beilede til Döden; ‖ Den [Fader omkom ved [Baal]-Stagen ‖ For Grundsætninger han ei vilde fornegte; ‖ Og for de samme hans nedstammende Slægt ‖ Fandt i Mörke sin Bolig; ‖ Vi vare syv — som nu ere een, ‖ Sex i Ungdom, og een i Alderdom, ‖ Endte som de hävde begyndt ‖ Stolte af Forfölgelsens Raseri; ‖ Een i Ild, og to paa [Slag?] Marken ‖ Deres Tro med Blod havde beseglet; ‖ Döende som deres Fader döde, ‖ For den Gud deres Fjender negtede; ‖ Tre bleve i det mörke Fængsel kastede, ‖ Af hvilke dette Vrag er efterladt som den sidste.

II.

Der ere syv Söiler af Gothisk Form, ‖ I Chillons dybe, og gamle, Mörke-Fængsel, ‖ Der ere syv Kolonner, massive og graa, ‖ Dunkle ved en mat indesluttet Straale, ‖ En Solstraale som har tabt sin Vej, ‖ Og igjennem Sprækken og Klöften ‖ Af den tykke Muur er falden og tilbageladt; ‖ Krybende over Gulvet saa fugtigt ‖ Liig Moradsets Meteor-Lampe: ‖ Og i hver Söile er der en Ring, ‖ Og i hver Ring er der en Kjæde; ‖ Det Jern er en gnavende [fortærende] Ting, ‖ Thi i disse Lemmer forblive dets Tænder, ‖ Med Mærker som ei ville bortslides [forsvinde], ‖ Indtil jeg er færdig med denne nye Dag, ‖ Som nu er smertelig for disse Öine, ‖ Som ei have seet Solen saaledes opstaa ‖ I [mange] Aar — Jeg kan ei optælle dem, ‖ Jeg tabte deres lange og tunge Regning, ‖ Da min sidste Broder segnede og döde, ‖ Og jeg laa levende ved hans Side.

III.

De lænkede enhver af os til en Kolomnesteen, ‖ Og vi vare tre, — dog, hver [for sig] alene; ‖ Vi kunde ikke bevæge os et eneste Skridt, ‖ Vi kunde ei see hinandens Ansigt, ‖ Uden i det blege og blaaagtige Lys ‖ Som gjorde os til fremmede for hinandens Syn; ‖ Og saaledes samlede — dog adskilte, ‖ Fjæddrede [d. e. lænkede] paa Haand, men beængstede i Hjærte, ‖ Det var [dog] endnu nogen Tröst, i Dyrtiden ‖ Paa Jordens rene Elementer, ‖ At lytte til hinandens Tale, ‖ Og hver [for sig]

And each turn comforter to each
With some new hope or legend old,
Or song heroically bold;
But even these at length grew cold.
Our voices took a dreary tone,
An echo of the dungeon stone
A grating sound — not full and free.
As they of yore were wont to be:
It might be fancy, but to me
They never sounded like our own.

IV.

I was the eldest of the three,
And to uphold and cheer the rest
I ought to do — and did my best —
And each did well in his degree.
The Youngest whom my father loved,
Because our mother's brow was given
To him — with eyes as blue as heaven,
For him my soul was sorely moved:
And truly might it be distress'd
To see such bird in such a nest;
For he was beautiful as day —
(When day was beautiful to me
As to young eagles being free) —
A polar day, which will not see
A sunset till its summer's gone,
Its sleepless summer of long light,
The snow-clad offspring of the sun:
And thus he was as pure and bright,
And in his natural spirit gay,
With tears for nought but other's ills,
And then they flowed like mountain rills,
Unless he could assuage the woe
Which he abhorred to view below.

V.

The other was as pure of mind,
But formed to combat with his kind;
Strong in his frame, and of a mood
Which gainst the world in war had stood,
And perish'd in the foremost rank
With joy: — but not in chains to pine:
His spirit withered with their clank,
I saw it silently decline —
And so perchance in sooth did mine
But yet I forced it on to cheer
Those relics of a home so dear.
He was a hunter of the hills,
Had followed there the deer and wolf;
To him this dungeon was a gulf
And fettered feet the worst of ills.

VI.

Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls:
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow;
Thus much the fathom line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlements,
Which round about the wave enthralls:
A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made — and like a living grave.
Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay,

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at blive Tröster for hinanden || Med et eller andet nyt Haab eller gammelt Sagn, || Eller Sang paa Helte-Maneer dristig; || Men selv disse tilsidst bleve kolde, || Vore Stemmer antog en sörgelig Tone, || En Echo fra det Mörke Steen-Fængsel, || En skurrende Lyd — ikke fulde og frie || Som de tilforn plejede at være: || Det kunde være Indbildning — men for mig || Löd de aldrig som vore egne.

IV.

Jeg var den ældste af de tre, || Og for at holde oppe og opmuntre de andre || Burde jeg gjöre — og jeg gjorde mit Bedste — Og enhver opförte sig godt i sin Stilling. || Den yngste, som min Fader elskede. || Fordi vor Moders Bryn [Aasyn] var givet || Ham — med Öjne saa blaa som Himmelen, || For ham blev min Sjæl smertelig rört; || Og sandelig maatte den blive sorrigfuld || Ved at see en saadan Fugl i en saadan Rede; || Thi han var skjön som Dagen — || Da Dagen var skjön for mig || Som for unge Örne der ere frie) — || En Polar-Dag, som ei skal see || En Sol-Nedgang inden dens Sommer er omme || Dens sövnlöse Sommer af langvarigt Lys, || Solens sneeklædte Afkom: [neml. Polar-Dagen] || Og saaledes var han ligesaa reen og lys [skjær], || Og i sit naturlige Sind munter, || Med Taarer for Intet uden for Andres Smærter, || Og da flöd de som Bjærg-Bække, || Medmindre han kunde lindre den Kummer || Som han afskyede at skue hernede.

V.

Den Anden var lige reen i Sind, || Men dannet for at kjæmpe med sin Slægt; || Stærk i sin Bygning, og af et Sind [Characteer] || Som mod Verden i Krig (vilde) have staaet, || Og omkommet i den forreste Række || Med Glæde: — men ei for at hensmægte i Lænker: || Hans Aand visnede hen ved deres Klang, || Jeg saa den i Taushed svinde hen — || Og det gjorde maaskee, i Sandhed, min ogsaa: || Dog drev jeg den [Aanden] frem for at opmuntre || Disse Levninger af et saa kjært Hjem. || Han var en Jæger paa Höjene, || Han forfulgte der Raadyret og Ulven; || For ham var dette Mörke-Fængsel en Afgrund || Og fjæddrede Födder det værste af Onder.

VI.

Leman-Söen ligger ved Chillons Mure: || I et Tusind Fods Dybde neden for || Möde og flyde dens svære Vande: || Saa langt blev Favne-Linen sendt || Fra Chillons snehvide Tinde, || Som rundt omkring Voven indespærrer [holder i Fængsel]. || Et dobbelt Mörkt Fængsel Muur og Vove || Have gjort (dannet) — og som det var en levende Grav. || Under Söens Overflade || Den mörke Hvælving ligger hvori

We heard its ripple night and day;
  Sounding over our heads it knock'd;
And I have felt the winter's spray
Wash through the bars when winds were high
And wanton in the happy sky;
  And then the very rock hath rock'd,
  And I have felt it shake unshock'd,
Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free.

VII.

I said my nearer brother pined,
I said his mighty heart declined,
He loathed and put away his food;
It was not that 't was coarse and rude,
For we were used to hunter's fare,
And for the like had little care:
The milk drawn from the mountain goat
Was changed for water from the moat,
Our bread was such as captives tears
Have moistened many a thousand years,
Since man first pent his fellow men
Like brutes within an iron den;
But what were these to us or him?
These wasted not his heart or limb;
My brother's soul was of that mould
Which in a palace had grown cold,
Had his free breathing been denied
The range of the steep mountains side;
But why delay the truth? — he died.
I saw, and could not hold his head,
Nor reach his dying hand — nor dead —
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
He died — and they unlocked his chain,
And scooped for him a shallow grave
Even from the cold earth of our cave.
I begg'd them, as a boon, to lay
His corse in dust whereon the day
Might shine — it was a foolish thought,
But then within my brain it wrought,
That even in death his freeborn breast
In such a dungeon could not rest.
I might have spared my idle prayer —
They coldly laugh'd — and laid him there,
The flat and turfless earth above
The being we so much did love;
His empty chain above it leant,
Such murder's fitting monument.

VIII.

But he, the favourite and the flower,
Most cherish'd since his natal hour,
His mother's image in fair face.
The infant love of all his race,
His martyr'd father's dearest thought,
My latest care, for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that his might be
Less wretched now and one day free;
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired —
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was wither'd on the stalk away.

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vi laae, ‖ Vi hörte dens Bölge-Slag Nat og Dag; ‖ Lydende over vore Hoveder bankede det; ‖ Og jeg har fölt Vinterens Söskum ‖ Skylle igjennem Gitter-Stængerne naar Vinde vare stærke ‖ Og kaade i den lykkelige frie Luft; ‖ Og da har selve Klippen rokket ‖ Og jeg har fölt den ryste ubevæget (uforfærdet), ‖ Fordi jeg kunde have smilet ved at see ‖ Den Död som vilde have sat mig paa fri Fod.

VII.

Jeg sagde min nærmere Broder hensmægtede, ‖ Jeg sagde sans mægtige Hjærte svandt hen, ‖ Han afskyede og satte til Side sin Föde; ‖ Det var ei fordi den var grov og simpel, ‖ Thi vi vare vante til Jægers Föde, ‖ Og om saadant bröd os kun lidet: ‖ Mælken dragen fra Bjærg-Geden ‖ Var ombyttet med Vand fra Voldgraven, ‖ Vort Bröd var saadant som Fangers Taarer ‖ Have befugtiget mangt et Tusind Aar, ‖ Siden Mennesket först indesluttede sit Medmenneske ‖ Som vilde Dyr i en Jærn-Hule [d. e. Buur]; ‖ Men hvad vare disse for os eller ham? ‖ Disse fortærede ei hans Hjærte eller Lemmer; ‖ Min Broders Sjæl var af den Form ‖ Som i et Palads vilde være bleven kold ‖ Hvis (man) hans frie Aandedræt havde negtet ‖ Omvankning paa den stelle Bjærg-Side; ‖ Men hvorfor nöle med Sandheden? — han døde, — ‖ Jeg saa, og kunde ei holde hans Hoved ‖ Eller naa hans döende Haand — ei heller död, — ‖ Skjönt haardt jeg stræbte, men stræbte forgjæves ‖ At rive og bide mine Baand itu. ‖ Han döde — og de oplukkede hans Lænke, ‖ Og skovlede for ham en lidet dyb [grund] Grav, ‖ Just i vor Hules kolde Jord. ‖ Jeg bad dem, som en Velgjerning, at lægge ‖ Hans Liig i Stöv hvorpaa Dagen ‖ Kunde skinne — det var en daarlig Tanke, ‖ Men da arbeidede den i min Hjærne, ‖ At selv i Döden hans frifödte Bryst ‖ I et saadant Mörkt-Fængsel ei kunde hvile. ‖ Jeg kunde have sparet min unyttige Bön — ‖ De loe koldt — og lagde ham der: ‖ Den flade og grönsværlöse Jord over ‖ Det Væsen som vi saa meget elskede; ‖ Hans tomme Kjæde laa ovenpaa, ‖ Et passende Minde om et saadant Mord.

VIII.

Men han Yndlingen og Blomsten ‖ Mest elsket fra sin Föde-Stund, ‖ Sin Moders Billed i skjont Ansigt ‖ Vor hele Slægts barnlige Kjærlighed[s Gjenstand], ‖ Sin martyr [kron]ede Faders kjæreste Tanke, ‖ Min sidste Omsorg, for hvem jeg sögte, ‖ At opspare mit Liv, at hans kunde blive ‖ Mindre elendigt nu og en Dag frit; ‖ Han, ogsaa, som hidtil havde bevaret uudmattet ‖ En Aand (d. e. Mod) naturlig eller inspireret — ‖ Han, ogsaa, blev slaaet, (d. e. lagt paa Sygelejet) og Dag efter Dag ‖ Visnede han paa Stilken hen. ‖ Oh,

Oh, God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood: —
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of sin delirious with its dread:
But these were horrors — this was woe
Unmixed with such — but sure and slow;
He faded and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender — kind,
And grieved for those he left behind;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb.
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray —
An eye of most transparent light
That almost made the dungeon bright,
And not a word of murmur — not
A groan o'er his untimely lot, —
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence — lost
In this last loss of all the most;
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less:
I listen'd but I could not hear —
I call'd for I was wild with fear;
I knew'twas hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonished;
I call'd, and thought I heard a sound —
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rush'd to him: — I found him not,
I only stirred in this black spot,
I only lived — *I* only drew
The accursed breath of dungeon dew;
The last — the sole — the dearest link
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race
Was broken in this fatal place.
One on the earth, and one beneath —
My brothers — both had ceased to breathe:
I took that hand which lay so still
Alas! my own was full as chill;
I had not strength to stir or strive,
But felt that I was still alive —
A frantic feeling when we know
That what we love shall never be so.
I know not why
I could not die,
I had no earthly hope — but faith,
And that forbade a selfish death.

IX.

What next befell me then and there
I know not well — I never knew —
First came the loss of light and air,
And then of darkness too:
I had no thought no feeling — none —
Among the stones I stood a stone,
And was, scarce conscious what I wist,

Gud! det er en frygtelig Ting || At see den menneskelige Sjæl tage Vinge || I enhver Skikkelse, i enhver Stemning: — || Jeg har seet den styrtende ud i Blod, || Jeg sar seet den paa Bölgebruds Havet || Kjæmpe med en svulmende krampeagtig Bevægelse, || Jeg har seet den syge og gjenfærdlignende Seng || Af Synden vild af dets Frygt: [Subjectet er: at see Menneskets Sjæl tage Vinge] || Men disse vare Rædsler — dette var Kummer || Ublandet af saadanne — men sikker og langsom; || Han falmede og saa rolig og sagtmodig, || Saa sagte udtæret, saa yndigt [saa indtagende] svag, || Saa taarelös, dog saa öm — [saa] mild, || Og bekymret over dem han efterlod; || Hele Tiden med en Kind hvis Blomstren || Var som Gravens Spot, || Hvis Farveskjær ligesaa sagte döde hen || Som en forsvindende Regnbues Straale — || Et Öje af det meest gjennemsigtige [d. e. klareste] Lys, || Som næsten gjorde det Mörke-Fængsel lyst, || Og ikke et Ord af Murmlen — ikke || En Stönnen over hans ubetimelige Lod, — || En Smule Tale om bedre Dage, || En Smule Haab for at reise [ophjælpe] mit, || Thi jeg var hensjunken i Taushed — tabt || I dette sidste Tab, det störste af alle; || Og da, de Suk som han vilde undertrykke || Af den vansmægtende Naturs Kraftlöshed, || Mere langsomt dragne, bleve mindre og mindre: || Jeg lyttede men jeg kunde ei høre — || Jeg raabte, thi jeg var vild af Skræk; || Jeg vidste det var haablöst, men min Frygt || Vilde ikke lade sig saaledes tilrettevise; || Jeg raabte, og troede jeg hörte en Lyd — || Jeg sprængte min Lænke med eet stærkt Spring, || Og styrtede hen til ham: — Jeg fandt ham ei, || *Jeg* kun rörte mig paa dette sorte Sted, || Kun *jeg* levede — Kun *jeg* drog || Det forbandede Aandedrag af Mörke-Fængsels Duggen; || Den sidste — den eneste — den kjæreste Lænke || Mellem mig og den evige Bred, || Som bandt mig til min bortsvindende Slægt, || Blev brudt paa dette ulykkelige Sted. || Een paa Jorden, og een under [den] — || Mine Brödre — begge havde ophört at drage Aande: || Jeg tog den Haand som laa saa stille, || Ach! min egen var fuld saa kold; || Jeg havde ingen Kraft til at röre mig eller anstrænge mig, || Men fölte at jeg var endnu ilive — || En rasende Fölelse, naar vi vide || At Det som vi elske aldrig skal blive det. || Jeg veed ei hvorfor || Jeg ei kunde dö, || Jeg havde intet jordisk Haab — men Tro, || Og den forböd en selvisk Död.

IX.

Hvad der næst hændte sig med mig da og der || Veed jeg ei rigtig — Jeg vidste det aldrig — || Först kom Tabet af Lys og Luft, || Og da af Mörke ogsaa: || Jeg havde ingen Tanke, Ingen Fölelse — ingen — || Iblandt Stenene stod jeg en Steen || Og var mig næppe bevidst

As shrubless crags within the mist;
For all was blank, and bleak, and grey,
It was not night — it was not day,
It was not even the dungeon-light,
So hateful to my heavy sight,
But vacancy absorbing space,
And fixedness — without a place;
There were no stars — no earth — no time —
No check — no change — no good — no crime —
But silence, and a stirless breath
Which neither was of life nor death;
A sea of stagnant idleness,
Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless!

X.

A light broke in upon my brain, —
It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased, and then it came again,
The sweetest song ear ever heard,
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery;
But then by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track,
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before,
I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done,
But through the crevice where it came
That bird was perch'd, as fond and tame,
And tamer than upon the tree;
A lovely bird, with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
And seemed to say them all for me!
I never saw its like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more:
It seemed like me to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate,
And it was come to love me when
None lived to love me so again,
And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know, not if it late were free,
Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
But knowing well captivity,
Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine!
Or if it were in winged guise,
A visitant from Paradise;
For — Heaven forgive that thought! the while
Which made me both to weep and smile;
I sometimes deem'd that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 't was mortal — well I knew,
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone —
Lone — as the corse within its shroud,
Lone — as a solitary cloud,
A single cloud on a sunny day,
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That had no business to appear
When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

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hvad jeg vidste, ‖ Som busklöse Klipper i Taagen; ‖ Thi alt var öde, og gustent og graat, ‖ Det var ei Nat — det var ei Dag ‖ Der var ei en Gang Mörke-Fængsels Lyset, ‖ Som var mit tunge Syn saa forhadt, ‖ Men [der var] Tomhed opslugende Rummet ‖ Og Stillestaaen — uden en Plads; ‖ Der vare ingen Stjærner — ingen Jord — ingen Tid — ‖ Ingen Standsning (?) — ingen Forandring — intet Godt — ingen Forbrydelse — ‖ Men Taushed, og en bevægelseslös Aande ‖ Som hverken var af Liv eller Död; ‖ En Sö af stagnerende (stillestaaende) Örkeslöshed, ‖ Blind, grændselös, stum, og bevægelseslös!

X.

Et Lys bröd ind paa min Hjærne, — ‖ Det var en Fugls Quldren; ‖ Den hörte op, og da kom den igjen, ‖ Den södeste Sang (som) Öre nogensinde hörte, ‖ Og mit var taknemmeligt Indtil mine Öjne ‖ Flöde over ved den glade Overraskelse, ‖ Og de i det Öjeblik kunde ei see ‖ (At) jeg var Elendighedens Fælle; ‖ Men da ved slöve Grader kom tilbage ‖ Mine Sandser til deres vante Spor, ‖ Jeg saa det Mörke Fængsels Mure og Gulv ‖ Lukke sig langsomt rundt om mig som för, ‖ Jeg saa Glimtet af Solen ‖ krybende som det för havde kröbet ‖ Men igjennem Revnen hvor det kom ‖ Havde hiin Fugl nedladt sig, kjælen og tam, ‖ Og tammere end paa Træet; ‖ En elskelig Fugl, med azurblaa Vinger, ‖ Og Sang som sagde Tusinde Ting, ‖ Og syntes at sige dem alle for mig! ‖ Jeg saa aldrig dens Lige för ‖ Jeg skal aldrig see dens Lignelse mere: ‖ Den syntes som jeg at mangle en Mage, ‖ Men var ei halv saa forladt, ‖ Og den var kommen for at elske mig da ‖ Ingen levede for at elske mig saaledes igjen ‖ Og jublende fra mit Mörke-Fængsels Rand ‖ Havde bragt mig tilbage til at föle og tænke. ‖ Jeg veed ei om den nylig havde været fri ‖ Eller havde brudt sit Buur for at nedlade sig paa mit, ‖ Men da jeg vel kjendte Fangenskab ‖ Söde Fugl! kunde jeg ei önske dit! [Fangensk.] ‖ Eller om det var, i vinged Skikkelse, ‖ En Besöger fra Paradiis; ‖ Thi — Himmelen tilgive den Tanke! den Gang ‖ Som bragte mig baade til at græde og smile; ‖ Jeg tænkte sommetider at den kunde være ‖ Min Broders Sjæl kommen ned til mig; ‖ Men da til sidst flöj den bort, ‖ Og da var den dödelig — det vidste jeg vel, ‖ Thi han vilde aldrig saaledes være flöjen, ‖ Og have efterladt mig to Gange saa dobbelt ensom, — ‖ Ensom, som Liget i sit Liiglagen, Ensom — som en enkelt Sky, ‖ En eneste Sky, paa en Solskinsdag, ‖ Naar hele den övrige Himmel er klar, ‖ En Pande-Rynke paa Atmosphæren, ‖ Som slet ikke havde nödig at vise sig ‖ Naar Himlene ere blaa, og Jorden fro.

XI.

A kind of change came in my fate,
My keepers grew compassionate;
I know not what had made them so,
They were inured to sights of woe,
But so it was — my broken chain
With links unfastened did remain,
And it was liberty to stride
Along my cell from side to side,
And up and down and then athwart
And tread it over every part;
And round the pillars one by one,
Returning where my walk begun,
Avoiding only, as I trod,
My brother's graves without a sod
For if I thought with heedless tread
My step profaned their lowly bed,
My breath came gaspingly and thick,
And my crush'd heart fell blind and sick.

XII.

I made a footing in the wall,
It was not therefrom to escape,
For I had buried one and all
Who loved me in a human shape;
And the whole earth would henceforth be
A wider prison unto me:
No child — no sire — no kin had I,
No partner in my misery;
I thought of this, and I was glad,
For thought of them had made me mad;
But I was curious to ascend
To my barr'd windows, and to bend
Once more, upon the mountains high,
The quiet of a loving eye.

XIII.

I saw them — and they were the same,
They were not changed like me in frame;
I saw their thousand years of snow
On high — their wide long lake below,
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channell'd rock and broken bush;
I saw the white-wall'd distant town,
And whiter sails go skimming down;
And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view;
A small green isle, it seem'd no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
But in it there were three tall trees,
And over it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing,
Of gentle breath and hue.
The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seem'd joyous each and all;
The eagle rode the rising blast
Methought he never flew so fast
As then to me he seemed to fly,
And then new tears came in mine eye,
And I felt troubled — and would fain
I had not left my recent chain;

XI.

En Slags af Forandring kom i min Skjæbne || Mine Vogtere bleve medlidende; || Jeg veed ei hvad der havde gjort dem det, || De vare hærdede mod Kummers Syner, || Men saaledes var det: — min brudte Kjæde || Forblev med ubefæstede Lænker, || Og det var Frihed at skræve ud || Hen ad Cellen fra Side til Side, || Og op og ned, og da tvers over, || Og træde over hver Deel deraf. || Og rundt om Söjlerne den ene efter den anden, || Og vende tilbage hvor min Spadseregang begyndte || Kun undgaaende, i det jeg gik || Mine Brödres Grave uden Grönsvær; || Thi hvis jeg tænkte ved uagtsom Træden, || Mine Trin havde vanhelliget deres lave Leje, || Mit Aandedræt blev gispende og tykt, || Og mit knuste Hjærte faldt blindt og vansmægtende.

XII.

Jeg gjorde Fodtrin i Muren, || Det var ei for at undslippe derfra, || Thi jeg havde begravet een og alle (d. e. ënhver) || Som elskede mig i menneskelig Skikkelse; || Og hele Jorden vilde herefter blive || Et videre Fængsel for mig: || Intet Barn — ingen Fader — ingen Slægt havde jeg, || Ingen Deltager (Fælle) i min Elendighed; || Jeg tænkte paa dette og jeg var glad [derover]. || Thi Tanke om dem vilde have gjort mig afsindig; || Men jeg var nysgjerrig efter at stige op || Til mine gittrede Vinduer, og at rette || En Gang endnu paa de höje Bjærge, || Det rolige (Blik) af et elskende Öje.

XIII.

Jeg saa dem — og de vare de samme || De vare ei som jeg forandrede i Skikkelse; || Jeg saa deres Tusind Aar af Snee || Oventil — deres vide lange Indsö nedenfor, || Og den blaa Rhoneflod i fuldeste Ström; || Jeg hörte Bjergströmmene springe og sprudle || Over udhulede Klipper og [gjennem]brudt Busk; || Jeg saa den hvid-murede fjærne By, || Og hvidere Seil gaa strygende ned; || Og saa var der en lille Ö, || Som smilede mig lige i Ansigtet, || Den eneste i Sigte; || En lille grön Ö, den syntes ei större, || Neppe bredere end mit Mörke-Fængsels Gulv, || Men paa den vare tre höje Træer, || Og over dem blæste Bjærg-Kulingen, || Og forbi den flöd der Vande, || Og paa den vare unge Blomstre voxende, || Af mild Aande (d. e. Duft) og Farve. || Fiskene svömmede ved Kastels Muren, || Og de syntes glade enhver og alle; || Örnen reed paa den stigende Blæst, || Jeg tænkte den aldrig flöi saa fast || Som da for mig den syntes at flyve, || Og da kom nye Taarer i mit Öie, || Og jeg fölte (mig) forurolliget (forstyrret) — og önskede gjærne || (At) jeg ei havde forladt min

And when I did descend, again,
The darkness of my dim abode
Fell on me as a heavy load;
It was as is a new-dug grave
Closing o'er one we sought to save, —
And yet my glance too much oppress'd
Had almost need of such a rest.

XIV.

It might be months, or years, or days,
I kept no count — I took no note,
I had no hope my eyes to raise,
And clear them of their dreary mote;
At last men came to set me free,
I ask'd not why, and reck'd not where,
It was at length the same to me,
Fetter'd or fetterless to be,
I learn'd to love despair.
And thus when They appear'd at last
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage — and all my own!
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a second home:
With spiders I had friendship made,
And watch'd them in their sullen trade,
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
And why should I feel less than they?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill — yet, strange to tell!
In quiet we had learn'd to dwell —
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are: — even I
Regain'd my freedom with a sigh.

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nys(baarne) Kjæde; || Og da jeg steeg ned igjen, || Faldt min dunkle Vaanings Mörke || Paa mig som en tung Byrde; || Det var som en nylig gravet Grav er || Der lukker sig over een vi sögte at redde, — || Og dog mit Blik (Syn), for meget overvældet, || Trængte næsten til en saadan Hvile

XIV.

Det kunde være Maaneder, Aar, eller Dage, || Jeg holdt ingen Regning — jeg lagde intet Mærke (dertil), || Jeg havde intet Haab om at oplöfte mine Öjne || Og klare udaf dem deres triste Stöv; || Tilsidst kom der Mænd for at sætte mig paa fri Fod, || Jeg spurgte ei hvorfor, og bröd mig ei om hvor, || Det var nu endelig mig det samme || Fjædderet eller fjædderlös at være. || Jeg lærte at elske Fortvivlelsen. || Og saaledes da de vilste sig tilsidst, || Og alle mine Baand bleve kastede tilside, || Vare disse svære Mure for mig blevne || En Eneboers Vaaning || og ganske mine egne! || Og halv fölte jeg som de vare komne || For at rive mig bort fra mit andet Hjem. || Med Ædderkoppe havde jeg stiftet Venskab, || Og passet paa dem ved deres uhyggelige Haandværk, || Havde seet Musene lege i Maaneskinnet, || Og hvi skulde jeg föle [mig?] mindre end de [m?]? || Vi vare alle Indbyggere af eet Sted, || Og jeg Monarchen over hver Slægt, || Havde Kraft [Magt] til at dræbe — dog sært at fortælle! || I Ro (Fred) havde vi lært at bo — || Selv mine Lænker (Fjædre) og jeg bleve Venner, || Saameget bidrager et langvarigt Fælledskab || Til at gjöre os hvad vi ere. — selv jeg || Gjenvandt min Frihed med et Suk.

Although the preceding is a narrative poem, and the subject elegiack; still it is here advisedly classed with Lyrical Poems. We have here the sublimity of woe painted in a language, and with a feeling truly lyrical. There is in this Poem, epos, drama, elegy and ode all concentrated in one: here is a serious and sad story told with epic dignity; but the teller of the story is like The Ancient Mariner of Coleridge, an eminently dramatic person presupposing one or two persons, and not a large audience, that are listening to him; the subject is one of deep affliction and still deeper affection and accordingly thoroughly elegiack; but the vividness of the colouring, the force of description, the depth of feeling is lyrical: The noble poet has also sometimes varied the metre after a lyrical fashion: There are lyrical passages of an analogous description to be found in Homer: thus e. g. in the Iliad B. XVI. v. 7—10 where the lyrical strength mainly depends on the vividness, the appropriateness, the deep truth of the description. Byron's motto seems, also here, to have been: Difficile est proprie communia dicere, and surely his Lordship overcame that difficulty better than most poets, whether of ancient or of modern times.

IV.

FROM MOORE'S NATIONAL MELODIES.

Reason, Folly and Beauty.
(Italian Air).

Reason, and Folly, and Beauty, they say,
Went on a party of pleasure one day:
Folly play'd
Around the maid,
The bells of his cap rung merrily out;
While Reason took
To his sermon book —
Oh! which was the pleasanter no one need doubt,
Which was the pleasanter no one need doubt.

Beauty, who likes to be thought very sage,
Turn'd for a moment to Reason's dull page,
Till folly said,
„Look here, sweet maid!" —
The sight of his cap brought her back to herself;
While Reason read
His leaves of lead,
With no one to mind him, poor sensible elf!
No — no one to mind him, poor sensible elf!

Then Reason grew jealous of Folly's gay cap;
Had he that on, he her heart might entrap —
„There it is,"
Quoth Folly, „old quiz!"
(Folly was always good-natured, 'tis said,)
„Under the sun
„There's no such fun,
„As Reason with my cap and bells on his head,
„Reason with my cap and bells on his head!"

But Reason the head-dress so awkwardly wore
That Beauty now lik'd him still less than before
While Folly took
Old Reason's book,
And twisted the leaves in a cap of such *ton*,
That Beauty vow'd
(Though not aloud)
She lik'd him still better in that than his own
Yes, — lik'd him still better in that than his own.

Fornuft, Daarskab og Skjönhed.

Fornuft og Daarskab og Skjönhed, sige de || Gik (ud) paa en Lyst-Tour en Dag: || Daarskab legede || Rundt om Pigen. || Bjælderne paa hans Hue ringede lystigt höit; || Medens Fornuft tog || Sin Forelæsnings-Bog — || Oh, hvilken der var den behageligere behöver ingen at tvivle om, || Hvilken der var den behageligere behöver ingen at tvivle om.

Skjönhed, som holder af at ansees for meget viis, || Vendte sig et Öjeblik til Fornufts dösige Blad || Indtil Daarskab sagde, || "See her, söde Pige!" — || Synet af hans Hue bragte hende tilbage til sig selv; || Medens Fornuft læste, || Sine Blade af Bly, [d. e. tunge, kjædsommelige] || Og ingen bröd sig om ham stakkels forstandige Alf! || Nei — ingen bröd sig om ham stakkels forstandige Alf!

Da blev Fornuft skinsyg paa Daarskabs muntre Hue; || Havde han den paa, kunde han fange hendes Hjærte — || "Der er den" || Sagde Daarskab, "du gamle Gjæk!" || (Daarskab var altid godmodig, siger man,) || "Under Solen || "Der er ingen saadan Spas || "Som Fornuft med min Hue og Bjælder paa sit Hoved, || "Fornuft med min Hue og Bjælder paa sit Hoved!"

Men Fornuft bar dette Hovedpynt saa keitet, || At Skjönhed nu kunde lide ham endnu mindre end för; || Medens Daarskab tog || Gamle Fornufts Bog, || Og snoed Bladene til en Hue af en saadan *Ton* (Mode) || At Skjönhed svor || (Skjönt ikke höit), || Hun holdt mere af ham med den paa end hans egen, || Ja, — holdt mere af ham med den paa end hans egen.

All That's Bright Must Fade.
(Indian Air).

All that's bright must fade, —
  The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made,
  But to be lost when sweetest.
Stars that shine and fall; —
  The flower that drops in springing; —
These, alas! are types of all
  To which our hearts are clinging.
All that's bright must fade, —
  The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made,
  But to be lost when sweetest.

Who would seek or prize
  Delights that end in aching?
Who would trust to ties
  That every hour are breaking?
Better far to be
  In utter darkness lying
Than to be bless'd with light and see
  That light for ever flying,
All that's bright must fade, —
  The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made,
  But to be lost when sweetest.

Those Evening Bells.
(Air. — The Bells of St. Petersburgh.)

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,
When last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are pass'd away;
And many a heart that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone;
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

A Temple To Friendship.
(Spanish Air.)

„A temple to Friendship", said Laura enchanted
  „I will build in this garden, — the thought is divine!"
Her temple was built, and she now only wanted
  An image of Friendship to place on the shrine.
She flew to a sculptor, who set down before her
  A Friendship, the fairest his art could invent;
But so cold and so dull, that the youthful adorer
  Saw plainly this was not the idol she meant.

Alt hvad der er lyst maa falme, — ‖ Det lyseste endog hurtigst; ‖ Alt hvad der er södt, blev gjort, ‖ Kun for at tabes naar (det er) södest. ‖ Stjærner som skinne og falde; — ‖ Blomsten som falder af i det den udspringer; — ‖ Ach! disse ere Sindbilleder paa alt, ‖ Hvortil vore Hjærter klynge sig. ‖ Alt hvad der er lyst maa falme, — &c.

Hvo vilde söge eller skatte ‖ Glæder som ende i Smerte? ‖ Hvo vil forlade sig paa Baand ‖ Som hver Time sönderbrydes? ‖ Langt bedre at være ‖ I fuldkomment Mörke liggende, ‖ End at være velsignet med Lys og see ‖ Det Lys bestandig flygtende. ‖ Alt hvad der er lyst maa falme, — &c.

Disse Aftenklokker! disse Aftenklokker! ‖ Hvor mangen en Historie deres Musik fortæller, ‖ Om Ungdom, og Hjem, og den söde Tid, ‖ Da sidst jeg hörte deres tröstende Kimen.

Disse glade Timer ere forbi; ‖ Og mangt et Hjærte, som da var muntert, ‖ Boer nu mörkt i Graven, ‖ Og hörer ei mere disse Aftenklokker.

Og saaledes bliver det, naar jeg er borte; ‖ Den melodiske Klang vil ringe fort, ‖ Medens andre Skjalde vil spadsere i disse Dale, ‖ Og synge eders Priis söde Aftenklokker.

Venskabs-Templet.

„Et Tempel for Venskab," sagde Laura, henrykt, ‖ „Vil jeg bygge i denne Have — Tanken er guddommelig!" ‖ Hendes Tempel blev bygget, og nu fattedes hende kun ‖ Et Billed af Venskab at sætte paa Pjedestalen. ‖ Hun iilte hen til en Billedhugger, som satte ned for hende ‖ En Venskab[s Gud], den skjönneste hans Konst kunde opfinde; ‖ Men saa kold og saa slöv, at den unge Tilbederske ‖ Saa klart det ei var det Billede hun meente.

„Oh! never," she cried, „could I think of enshrining
„An image whose looks are so joyless and dim; —
„But yon little God upon roses reclining,
„We'll make, if you please, Sir, a Friendship of him."
So the bargain was struck; with the little God laden,
She joyfully flew to her shrine in the grove;
„Fare well", said the sculptor, „you are not the first maiden
„Who came but for Friendship, and took away Love.

Love And Hope.
(Swiss Air.)

At morn, beside yon summer sea
Young Hope and Love reclined;
But scarce had noontide come, when he
Into his bark leap'd smilingly,
And left poor Hope behind.

„I go" said Love, „to sail a while,
Across this sunny main;"
And then so sweet his parting smile,
That Hope, who never dreamt of guile,
Believ'd he'd come again.

She lingered there till evening's beam
Along the waters lay;
And o'er the sands in thoughtful dream,
Oft trac'd his name, which still the stream
As often wash'd away.

At length a sail appears in sight,
And tow'rd the maiden moves!
'Tis Wealth that comes, and gay and bright,
His golden bark reflects the light,
But Ah! it is not Love's.

Another sail — 'twas Friendship show'd
Her night-lamp o'er the sea;
And calm the light that lamp bestow'd;
But Love had lights that warmer glowed,
And where, alas! was he?

Now fast around the sea and shore
Night threw her darkling chain;
The sunny sails were seen no more,
Hope's morning dreams of bliss were o'er, —
Love never came again.

When Love was a Child.
(Swedish Air.)

When, Love was a child, and went idling round,
'Mong flowers, the whole summer's day,
One morn in the valley a bower he found,
So sweet it allured him to stay.

„Oh! aldrig," raabte hun, „kunde jeg tænke paa at sætte paa Piedestalen ‖ „Et Billed, hvis Blikke ere saa glædelöse og dunkle; — ‖ „Men hiin lille Gud, hvilende paa Roser, ‖ „Vi vil gjöre, hvis De behager, Herre, en Venskab[s Gud] af ham" ‖ Saa Kjöbet blev sluttet; med den lille Gud belæsset ‖ Flöi hun glad til sin Piedestal i Lunden. ‖ „Farvel", sagde Billedhuggeren, „du er ei den förste Pige ‖ „Som kom kun for *Venskab* og tog bort *Amor*."

Amor og Spes.

I Morgenstunden, ved hiin Sommer-Sö, ‖ Unge Spes og Amor hvilte (sig); ‖ Men næppe var Middagsstunden kommen da han ‖ I sin Baad sprang smilende, ‖ Og lod stakkels Spes (blive) tilbage.

„Jeg gaaer" sagde Amor „at seile en Stund ‖ „Over dette Solskins Hav;" ‖ Og da (var) hans Afskeds-Smiil saa södt, ‖ At Spes, som aldrig drömte om Svig, ‖ Troed' han vilde komme igjen.

Hun tövede der til Aftenens Straale ‖ Langs henad Vandene laa; ‖ Og over Sandene, i tankefuld Dröm, ‖ Ofte skrev (hun) hans Navn, som dog Strömmen ‖ Ligesaa ofte vadskede bort.

Tilsidst kommer der et Seil i Sigte, ‖ Og hen til Pigen bevæger sig! ‖ Det er Plotus som kommer, og prunkende og lys ‖ Hans gyldne Baad kaster Lyset tilbage, ‖ Men, ach! det er ei Amors.

Nok et Seil — det var Venskab som viste ‖ Sin Natlampe over Söen; ‖ Og roligt [var] det Lys som den Lampe ydede, ‖ Men Amor havde Lys som varmere glödede, ‖ Og hvor, ach! var han?

Nu hurtigt rundt om Sö og Strande ‖ kastede Nat sin mörknende Kjæde; ‖ De besolede Seil saaes ei mere, ‖ Spes's Morgendrömme om Lyksalighed vare forbi, ‖ Amor kom aldrig tilbage.

Da Amor var et Barn, og gik örkeslös omkring ‖ Blandt Blomstre, den hele Sommerdag, ‖ En Morgen i Dalen et Lysthuus han fandt, ‖ Saa yndigt at det lokkede ham til at blive (der).

O'erhead from the trees, hung a garland fair,
A fountain ran darkly beneath; —
'Twas Pleasure had hung up the flow'rets there;
Love knew it, and jump'd at the wreath.

But Love did not know — and, at his weak years,
What urchin was likely to know? —
That Sorrow had made of her own salt tears
The fountain that murmur'd below.

He caught at the wreath — but with too much haste,
As boys when impatient will do —
It fell in those waters of briny taste
And the flowers were all wet through.

This garland he now wears night and day;
And though it all sunny appears
With Pleasure's own light, each leaf, they say,
Still tastes of the Fountain of Tears.

Who'll buy My Love-Knots?
(Portugnese Air.)

Hymen, late, his Love-knots selling,
Call'd at many a maiden's dwelling,
None could doubt, who saw or knew them,
Hymen's call was wel come to them.
„Who'll buy my love-knots?
„Who'll buy my love-knots?"
Soon as that sweet cry resounded,
How his baskets were surrounded!

Maids, who now first dreamt of trying
Those gay knots of Hymen's tying;
Dames who long had sat to watch him
Passing by, but ne'er could catch him; —
Who'll buy my love-knots?
Who'll buy my love-knots?
All at that sweet cry assembled;
Some laugh'd, some blush'd, and some trembled.

Foroven fra Træerne hang en fager Krands, || En Kilde randt dunkelt nedenfor; — || Det var **Vellyst** som havde ophængt Smaablomstrene der; || Amor vidste det, og sprang efter Krandsen.

Men Amor vidste ei — og i hans spæde Aar, || Hvilken Rolling kunde væntes at vide?— || At **Sorg** havde dannet af sine egne salte Taarer || Kilden som murmlede nedenfor.

Han greb efter Krandsen — men alt for ilfærdigt, || Som Drenge naar [de ere] utaalmodige let gjöre — || Den faldt i hine Vande af Saltvands Smag, || Og Blomstrene bleve ganske gjennemvaade.

Denne Krands bærer han nu Nat og Dag; || Og skjönt den viser sig ganske bestraalet || Med **Vellysts** eget Lys, hvert Blad, sige de || Smager bestandig af Taarernes Kilde.

Hymen nylig ved at sælge sine Kjærligbed-Slöifer, *) || Besögte mangen en Piges Bolig, || Ingen kunde betvivle som saa eller kjendte dem, || (At) Hymens Besög var dem velkomment, || :|: Hvo vil kjöbe mine Kjærligheds-Slöifer? :|: || Saasnart det söde Raab gjenlöd || Hvor hans Kurve bleve omgivne!

Piger som nu förs dromte om at forsöge || Hine muntre Slöifer som Hymen bandt; || Damer som længe havde siddet og passet paa ham || Gaaende forbi, men aldrig kunde fange ham; || :|: Hvo vil kjöbe mine Kjærligheds-Slöifer? :|: || Alle ved det söde Raab forsamledes; || Nogle lo, nogle rödmede, og nogle skjalv.

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*) *Love-knots*, forkortet for *True love-knots* er det samme som *Bride favours:* det er en Slöife af Silkebaand, meest hvidt Atlask, som i forrige Tider i England og Frankrig med rund Haand uddeltes til alle Bryllups Gjæster og andre Venner; de som saaledes udmærkedes skulde bære denne Slöife i Hatten nogle Uger. Dette er Hovedsagen ved *Sand-Kjærligheds Knuden* eller *Slöifen*. Men med denne Skik ere desuden forbundne Varsler, Spaadomme og megen Symbolik, hvorom Oplysning kan söges i *Brand's Popular Antiquities* (Sir H. Ellis's Udg.) under *Bride Favours*. Den Skik paa St. Valentins-Dag (den 14de Februar) at overraske sine Venner med anonyme Valentins-Breve med indlagte *True-love-knots* bruges endnu af den Britiske Ungdom af begge Kjön.

„Here are knots", said Hymen, taking
Some loose flowers, „of Love's own making;
„Here are gold ones — You may trust 'em" —
„These of course found ready custom).
„Come buy my love-knots!
„Come buy my love-knots!"
„Some are label'd: 'Knots to tie men —
„Love the maker — Bought of Hymen."

Scarce their bargains were completed
When the nymphs all cried, „We are cheated!
„See these flowers — they're drooping sadly;
„This gold-knot, too, ties but badly —
„Who'd buy such love-knots?
„Who'd buy such love-knots?
„Even this tie with Love's name round it —
„All a sham — He never bound it."

Love, who saw the whole proceeding,
Would have laugh'd, but for good-breeding;
While old Hymen, who was used to
Cries like that these dames gave loose to —
„Take back our love-knots!
„Take back our love-knots!"
Coolly said, „There's no returning
„Wares on Hymen's hands — Good morning!"

Nets & Cages *).

(Swedish Air.)

Come, listen to my story, while
Your needle's task you ply;
At what I sing some maids will smile,
While some, perhaps, may sigh.
Though Love's the theme, and Wisdom blames
Such florid Songs as ours,
Yet Truth sometimes, like eastern Dames,
Can speak her thoughts by flowers.
Then listen, maids, come listen, while
Your needle's task you ply;
At what I sing there's some may smile,
While some, perhaps, will sigh.

Young Cloe bent on catching Loves,
Such nets had learned to frame,
That none in all our vales and groves
E'er caught so much small game:
But gentle Sue, less given to roam,
While Cloe's nets were taking
Such lots of Loves, sat still at home,
One little Love-cage making.
Come, listen, maids &c.

„Her ere Slöifer" sagde Hymen, tagende ‖ Nogle löse Blomstre, „som Amor selv har forfærdiget; ‖ „Her ere nogle af Guld — I kan lide paa dem" — ‖ (For disse vare der naturligviis Kunder paa rede Haand). ‖ :|: Kom kjöb mine Kjærligheds-Slöifer! :|: ‖ „Nogle med den Etiquette: Slöifer til at binde Mænd — ‖ „Forfærdigede af Amor — kjöbte af Hymen!"

Næppe var deres Handel afsluttet ‖ Da Nympherne alle raabte: „Vi ere snydte, ‖ „See disse Blomstre — de hænge ynkeligt med Hovedet; ‖ „Og saa denne Guld-Slöife, den hæfter kun daarligt. ‖ :|: „Hvo vilde kjöbe saadanne Kjærligheds-Slöifer? :|: ‖ „Selv dette Baand med Amors Navn rundt om, ‖ „Altsammen Bedrag — Han har aldrig bundet det."

Amor, som saa hele Affairen, ‖ Vilde have leet hvis han ei havde været altfor dannet, ‖ Medens gamle Hymen, som var vant til ‖ Saadanne Skrig som disse Damer udbröd i — ‖ :|: „Tag vore Kjærligheds-Slöifer tilbage!" :|: ‖ Sagde ganske koldsindigt: „Der kan ei retourneres ‖ Varer paa Hymens Hænder — God Morgen!"

Net og Bure.

Kom, lyt til min Historie, medens ‖ Eders Naals Opgave I rögter; ‖ Over det jeg synger vilde nogle Piger smile, ‖ Medens nogle kanskee vil sukke. ‖ Skjönt Kjærlighed er Æmnet og Visdom dadler ‖ Saadanne blomstrende Sange som vore, ‖ Saa kan dog *Sandhed* undertiden, liig österlandske Damer, ‖ Udtale sine Tanker ved Blomstre: ‖ Derfor lytter Piger, kom lytter medens ‖ Eders Naals Opgave i rögter; ‖ Over det jeg synger ere der nogle som kunne smile, ‖ Medens andre, kanskee, vil sukke.

Den unge Cloe, oplagt til at fange Amorer, ‖ Saadanne Net havde lært at danne, ‖ At ingen i alle vore Dale og Lunde, ‖ Nogensinde fangede saa meget Smaa-Vildt. ‖ Men den blide Susannah, mindre tilböjelig til at föite omkring ‖ Medens Cloes Net tog ‖ Saadan en Mængde Amorer, sad stille hjemme ‖ Arbeidende paa et lille Kjærligheds Buur. ‖ Kom lytter Piger &c.

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*) Suggested by the following remark of Swift: — „The reason why so few marriages are happy, is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages."

Much Cloe laugh'd at Susan's task;
But mark how things went on:
These light caught Loves ere you could ask
Their name and age, were gone!
So weak poor Cloe's nets were wove,
That, though she charm'd into them
New game each hour, the youngest Love
Was able to break through them.
Come, listen, maids &c.

Meanwhile, Young Sue, whose cage was wrought
Of bars too strong to sever,
One Love with golden pinions caught,
And cag'd him there for ever;
Instructing, thereby, all coquettes
Whate'er their looks or ages,
That, though 'tis pleasant weaving Nets
'Tis wiser to make Cages.

Thus, maidens, thus do I beguile
The task your fingers ply: —
May all who hear like Susan smile,
And not, like Cloe, sigh!

From The Irish Melodies.
(by MOORE.)

Go where glory waits thee.

Go where glory waits thee,
But, while fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me;
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh then remember me.
Other arms may press thee
Dearer friends caress thee
All the joys that bless thee
Sweeter far may be;
But when friends are nearest
And when joys are dearest
Oh! then remember me!

When at eve thou rovest
By the star thou lovest
Oh! then remember me,
Think, when, home returning
Bright we've seen it burning,
Oh! thus remember me.
Oft as summer closes,
When thy eye reposes
On its ling'ring roses,
Once so loved by thee;
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them,
Oh! then remember me.

When around thee dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
Oh! then remember me.
And, at night when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing
Oh! still remember me.
Then should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee;
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee, —
Oh! then remember me.

Meget lo Cloe over Susannahs Arbeide || Men mærker hvorledes Tingene gik siden: || Disse letfangede Amorer, inden i kunde spörge || Om deres Navn og Alder, vare borte! || Saa svagt vare stakkels Cloes Net vævede, || At, skjönt hun fortryllede indi dem || Nyt Vildt hver Time, den yngste Amor || Var istand til at bryde igjennem dem. || Kom, lytter, Piger &c.

Imidlertid unge Susannah, hvis Buur var gjort || Af Stænger for stærke til at bryde, || Fangede een Amor med gyldne Vinger || Og indesluttede ham i Buret for stedse: || Belærende derved alle Coquetter, || Hvordan deres Udseende og Alder end er, || At skjönt det er behageligt at væve Net, || Er det visere at forfærdige Bure.

Saaledes, Piger, saaledes forkorter jeg || Det Arbeide eders Fingre rögte: — || Maatte alle som höre smile som Susannah, || Og ei som Cloe, sukke!

Gaa hvor Hæder vænter dig, || Men mens Ryet gjör dig stolt, || Oh! alligevel erindre mig. || Naar den Roes du möder || For dit Öre er södest || Oh! da erindre mig. || Andre Arme kunne trykke dig, || Kjærere Venner kjærtegne dig, || Alle de Glæder som lyksaliggjöre dig, || Kunne være langt södere: || Men naar Venner ere nærmest, || Og naar Glæder ere kjæreste || Oh! da erindre mig!

Naar om Aftenen du vanker || Ved den Stjærne du elsker, || Oh! da erindre mig. || Tænk paa, da vendende tilbage hjem, || Klart vi have seet den brænde, || Oh! saaledes erindre mig. || Ofte i Sommerens Slutning, || Naar dit Öje hviler sig || Paa dens nölende Roser, || Engang saa [meget] elskede af dig, || Tænk paa hende som vævede dem, || Hende som bragte dig til at elske dem, || Oh! da erindre mig.

Naar rundt om dig, döende || Höstblade ligge, || Oh! da erindre mig || Og om Aftenen, naar du stirrer || Paa den muntre Arne blussende, || Oh! stedse erindre mig. || Da, dersom Musik skulde, stjælende || Hele Fölelsens Sjæl, || Til dit Hjærte talende, || Lokke en Taare fra dig; || Da lad Hukommelsen bringe dig || Toner jeg pleiede at synge dig, — || Oh! da erindre mig.

Ill Omens.

When daylight was yet sleeping under the billow,
And stars in the heavens still lingering shone,
Young Kitty, all blushing, rose up from her pillow,
The last time she e'er was to press it alone;
For the youth whom she treasured her heart and her soul in
Had promised to link the last tie before noon;
And when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
The maiden herself will steal after it soon.

As she look'd in the glass, which a woman ne'er misses,
Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or two,
A butterfly fresh from the night flower's kisses,
Flew over the miror and shaded her view.
Enrag'd with the insect for hiding her graces,
She brush'd him — he fell alas! never to rise:
„Ah! such," said the girl, „is the pride of our faces,
„For which the soul's innocence too often dies."

While she stole thro 'the garden where heart's-ease was growing
She cull'd some and kiss'd off its nightfall'n dew;
And a rose, farther on look'd so tempting and glowing
That spite of her haste she must gather it too:
But while o'er the roses too carelessly leaning
„Her zone flew in two and hearts-ease was lost:
„Ah! this means," said the girl (and she sigh'd at its meaning)
„That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost!"

The Origin of the Harp.

'Tis believ'd that this Harp, which I wake now for thee,
Was a Syren of old, who sung under the sea;
And who often, at eve, thro 'the bright waters rov'd,
To meet, on the green shore, a youth whom she lov'd.

But she lov'd him in vain, for he left her to weep,
And in tears, all the night, her gold tresses to steep;
Till heav'n look'd with pity on true love so warm,
And chang'd to this soft Harp the sea-maiden's form.

Onde Varsler.

Da Dagslyset endnu sov under Bölgen || Og Stjærnen paa Himmelen endnu nölende skinnede, || Unge Kilty, ganske rödmende stod op fra sin Pude, || Den sidste Gang hun nogensinde skulde trykke den alene || Thi den Yngling hun opbevarede sit Hjærte og sin Sjæl i || Havde lovet at knytte det sidste Baand inden Middag; || Og naar engang en Möes unge Hjærte er stjaalet, || Vil Ungmöen selv stjæle sig efter det snart.

Som hun saa i Speilet, hvilket en Qvinde aldrig glemmer, || Og aldrig mangler Tid for et listigt Blik eller to, || En Sommerfugl frisk fra Natblomstrenes Kys || Flöi over Speilet og beskyggede hendes Syn. || Opbragt paa Insectet for at det skjulte hendes Yndigheder, || Börstede hun det [væk] — det faldt, ach! for aldrig at staae op. || ,,Ach! saadan," sagde Pigen, ,,er vore Ansigters Stolthed, || ,,For hvilken Sjælens Uskyldighed altfor ofte döer."

Medens hun listede sig gjennem Haven hvor Hjertens-Fryd voxte, || Plukkede hun nogle (deraf) og bortkyssede den om Natten faldne Dug; || Og en Rose længere henne, saae saa fristende og glödende ud, || At tiltrods for hendes Hast hun maa plukke den ogsaa. || Men medens over Roserne for skjödeslöst hun böjede sig, || Brast hendes Belte itu og Hjertensfryd tahtes. || ,,Ach! dette betyder" sagde Pigen (og sukkede ved Betydningen) || ,,At Amor næppe er værd den [Sinds]ro, som han koster.

Harpens Oprindelse.

Man antager at den Harpe, som jeg vækker nu for dig, || Var en Syreue i gamle Dage, som sang under Söen; || Og som ofte i Aftenstunden, gjennem de lyse Vande vandrede, || For at möde, paa den grönne Strandbred, en Yngling hun elskede.

Men hun elskede ham forgjæves, thi han overlod hende til sin Graad, || Og (til) i Taarer, hele Natten, sine Guldlokker at væde; || Indtil Himmelen saa med Medynk paa hendes Kjærlighed saa varm, || Og forvandlede til denne blöde *Harpe* Hav-Möens Skikkelse.

Still her bosom rose fair — still her cheeks smil'd the same —
While her sea-beauties gracefully form'd the light frame;
And her hair, as, let loose, o'er her white arm it fell
Was chang'd to bright chords utt'ring melody's spell.

Hence it came that this soft Harp so long hath been known,
To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone
Till *thou* didst divide them, and teach the fond lay
To speak love when I'm near thee, and grief when away.

Oh banquet not.

Oh banquet not in those bowers
Where Youth resorts, but come to me:
For mine's a garden of faded flowers,
More fit for sorrow, for age, and thee.
And there we shall have our feast of tears,
And many a cup in silence pour;
Our guests, the shades of former years;
Our toasts to lips that bloom no more.

There, while the myrtle's withering boughs
Their lifeless leaves around us shed,
We'll brim the bowl to broken vows,
To friends long lost, the changed, the dead.
Or, while some blighted laurel waves
Its branches o'er the dreary spot,
We'll drink to those neglected graves
Where valour sleeps, unnam'd, forgot.

Oh! the Shamrock.

Through Erin's Isle,
To sport awhile,
As Love and Valour wander'd
With Wit, the sprite,
Whose quiver bright
A thousand arrows squander'd.
Where'er they pass
A triple grass
Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,
As softly green
As emeralds seen
Through purest crystal gleaming,
Oh the Shamrock, the green immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf,
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

Endnu hævede hendes Barm sig fagert — endnu hendes Kinder smilede som för, || Medens hendes Söskjönheder yndigt dannede den lette Ramme [d. e. Figur]; || Og hendes Haar, da, udslaget, over hendes hvide Arm det faldt, || Blev forvandlet til lyse Strænge yttrende Melodiens Fortryllelse.

Heraf kom det at denne blöde Harpe saalænge har været bekjendt for || At blande Kjærligheds Sprog med Sorrigs bedrövelige Tone, || Indtil *du* deelte dem, og lærte den kjærlige Sang || At tale Kjærlighed naar jeg er nær dig, og Sorg naar jeg er borte [fra dig]?

Oh! hold ei Gjæstebud i hine Lysthuse || Hvor Ungdom tyer hen, men kom til mig: || Thi min er en Have af falmede Blomstre, || Mere skikket for Sorg, for Alderdom, og dig. || Og der skal vi have vort Festmaaltid af Taarer, || Og mangt et Bæger i Taushed skjænke; || Vore Gjæster, de forrige Aars Skygger, || Vore Skaaler til Læber som blomstre ei mere.

Der, medens Myrthens falmende Grene || Deres livlöse Blade rundt om os gyde, || Vil vi randskjænke Skaalen til brudte Löfter, || Til Venner længe tabte, de forandrede, de döde. || Eller, i det et visnet Laurbærtræ vifter || Sine Grene over det melancholske Sted, || Ville vi drikke til hine forsömte Grave, || Hvor Tapperhed sover, unævnet, glemt.

Shamrock-en)*

Igjennem Erins Ö || For at more sig en Tid || Som *Amor* og *Tapperhed* vandrede || Med *Viid*, den Aand || Hvis lyse Kogger || Et Tusind Pile bortödsled; || Hvor de end passere || Et tredobbelt Græs || Skyder op med Dugdraaber flydende over, || Saa blödt grönt || Som Smaragd at see || Gjennem den reneste Krystal glimtende. || Oh! Shamrocken (Sjamrokken), den grönne udödelige Shamrock! || Det udvalgte Blad, || For Skjald og Hövding || Gamle Erins indfödte Shamrock!

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*) *Shamrock* er et keltisk Ord (paa Gaelisk skrives det *Seamrag*) som betegner en Art Græs eller Klöver (*Trifolium?* eller *Medicago?*) den er Irlands sindbilledlige Vaabenmærke — ligesom Tidselen er Skotlands og Rosen Englands — og Attribut til Irlands Skyts-Patron St. Patrick. Sagnet fortæller at da denne Helgen, som omvendte Irland fra Hedendom til Christendom, prædikede over Treenigheden for de Irske Hedninger, tog han sin Tilflugt til Shamrocken for at anskueliggjöre det guddommelige Mysterium; derved blev da Shamrocken Irlands Sindbilled, og derefter kaldes det ogsaa *Smaragd-Öen* (Emerald Isle). *Erin* er Irlands keltiske Navn.

„Says Valour," See
„They spring for me,
„Those leafy gems of morning!" —
Says Love, „No, no,
„For me they grow,
„My fragrant path adorning."
But Wit perceives
The triple leaves
And cries, „Oh! do not sever
„A type, that blends
„Three godlike friends
„Love, Valour, Wit for ever.
Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf,
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

So firmly fond
May last the bond
They wove that morn together,
And ne'er may fall
One drop of gall
On Wit's celestial feather.
May Love, as twine
His flowers divine,
Of thorny falsehood weed 'em;
May Valor ne'er
His standard rear
Against the cause of Freedom!
Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf,
Of Bard and chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock

WAR SONG.

Remember. The Glories of Brien The Brave [1].

Remember the glories of Brien the brave,
Tho' the days of the hero are o'er;
Tho' lost to Mononia [2] and cold in the grave,
He returns to Kinkora [3] no more.
That star of the field which so often hath poured
Its beam on the battle, is set;
But enough of its glory remains on each sword,
To light us to victory yet.

Mononia! when Nature embellish'd the tint
Of thy fields, and thy mountains so fair,
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
The footstep of slavery there?
No! Freedom, whose smile we shall never resign,
Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,
Than to sleep but a moment in chains.

Tapperhed siger, ,,see || ,,De udspringe for mig || Disse Morgenens bladede Ædelstene!" — || Amor siger: ,,Nei, nei || ,,For mig voxe de, || Min duftende Vej forskjönnende." || Men Viid bemærker || De tredobbelte Blade || Og raaber ,,Oh! adskil ikke || Et Sindbilled som forener || Tre guderlignende Venner || Amor, Tapperhed, Viid for stedse!" || Oh! Shamrocken &c.

(Gid) saa ulöselig kjærligt || Maa vedligeholdes det Baand || Som de den Morgen vævede tilsammen, || Og gid aldrig der maa falde || En Draabe Galde || Paa Viids himmelske Fjæder || Maa Amor, som der udfolde sig || Hans guddommelige Blomstre, || Luge udaf dem den tornede Usandhed; || Maa Tapperhed aldrig || Sin Fane reise || Imod Frihedens Sag! || Oh! Shamrocken &c.

En Krigs-Sang.

Erindrer Brien den tappres Hæder || Skjönt Heltens Dage ere forbi, || Skjönt tabt for Mononia og kold i Graven, || Han vender ei mere tilbage til Kinkora, || Hin Slagmarkens Stjærne, som saa ofte har udgydt || Sin Straale paa Kampen er gaaet ned, || Men nok af dens Hæder er tilbage paa hvert Sværd, || For at lyse os til Sejer endnu.

Mononia! da *Naturen* forskjönnede Farven || Af dine Marker og dine saa skjönne Bjerge, || Havde hun i Sinde at en Tyran skulde trykke || Trældommens Fodspor der? || Nei! Frihed, hvis Smiil vi skal aldrig opgive || Gaa, fortæl vore Angribere, de Danske, || At det er södere at blöde et Aarhundred ved dit Alter, || End at sove, kun et Öjeblik, i Lænker.

We subjoin the Poets own notes to this War-Song:

[1] Brien Borombe, the great monarch of Ireland, who was killed at the Battle of Clontarf, in the beginning of the eleventh century, after having defeated the Danes in twenty five engagements.

[2] Munster.

[3] The palace of Brien.

Forget not our wounded companions who stood [4])
  In the day of distress by our side;
While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood,
  They stirr'd not, but conquer'd and died.
That Sun which now blesses our arms with his light
  Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain; —
Oh! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,
  To find that they fell there in vain.

Wreath the Bowl.

  Wreath the bowl.
  With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
  We'll take a flight
  Tow'rds heaven to night
And leave dull earth behind us.
  Should Love amid
  The wreaths be hid,
That Joy, the enchanter brings us,
  No danger fear,
  While wine is near,
We'll drown him if he stings us;
  Then wreath the bowl
  With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
  We'll take a flight
  Tow'rds heaven to night
And leave dull earth behind us.

  'Twas nectar fed
  Of old, 'tis said,
Their Junos, Joves, Apollos;
  And man may brew
  His nectar too,
The rich receipt's as follows:
  Take wine like this,
  Let looks of bliss
Around it well be blended,
  Then bring Wit's beam
  To warm the stream,
And there's your nectar splendid!
  So wreath the bowl
  With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
  We'll take a flight
  Tow'rds heaven to night
And leave dull earth behind us.

  Say, why did Time,
  His glass sublime,
Fill up with sands unsightly,
  When wine he knew,
  Runs brisker through
And sparkles far more brightly?
  Oh! lend it us,
  And, smiling thus,
The glass in two we'll sever,
  Make pleasure glide
  In double tide,
And fill both ends for ever!
  Then wreath the bowl
  With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
  We'll take a flight
  Tow'rds heaven to night
And leave dull earth behind us.

Glem ei vore saarede Kamerader som stode || I Nödens Tid ved vor Side; || Medens Dalens Moss blev rödt af deres Blod, || De rörte dem ei men seirede og döde. || Den Sol som nu velsigner vore Vaaben med sit Lys, || Saa dem falde paa Ossorys Slette, || Oh! lad den ei rödme naar den forlader os iaften, || Ved at finde de faldt der forgjæves.

En Irsk Drikkevise.

Bekrands Bolden || Med Sjælens Blomstre, || De lyseste Viid kan finde for os; || Vi vil tage en Flugt || Mod Himlen i Aften || Og lade den dösige Jord blive tilbage, || Hvis Amor skulde iblandt || Krandsene skjules, || Som Glæden, den Troldmand, bringer os, || Frygt ingen Fare || Saalænge Viin er i Nærheden, || Vil vi drukne ham hvis han stikker os; || Bekrands da Bolden. &c.

Det var Nectar som nærede || I gamle Dage siger man || Deres Juno'r, Jupitere, Apoloer: || Og Mennesket kan brygge || Sin Nectar ogsaa, || Den rige Recept er som fölger: || Tag Viin som denne, || Lad Lyksaligheds Blikke || Rundt omkring den vel blive sammenblandede, || Bring saa Vildets Straale || Til at varme Strömmen, || Og der have I eders Nectar splendid! || Saa bekrands Bollen &c.

Sig, hvorfor Kronos || Sit ophöjede Glas, || Opfyldte med Sand som ei tog sig godt ud, || Da Viin som han vidste || Löber rappere igjennem, || Og funkler langt mere brillant? || Oh! giv os det, || Og, smilende saaledes, || Ville vi adskille Glasset i to, || Lade Glæden glide || I dobbelt Ström || Og fylde begge Ender for bestandig! || Bekrands da Bolden &c.

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[4]) This alludes to an interesting circumstance related of the Dalgais, the favourite troops of Brien, when they were interrupted in their return from the battle of Clontarf, by Fitzpatrick, prince of Ossory. The wounded men entreated, that they might be allowed to fight with the rest. — ,,*Let stakes* (they said) *be stuck in the ground, and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by one of these stakes, to be placed in his rank by the side of a sound man.*" ,,Between seven and eight hundred wounded men (O'Halloran adds) pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops; — never was such another sight exhibited', — History of Ireland, book XII. chap. I.

V.

FROM MOORE'S LEGENDARY BALLADS.

The high-born Ladye.

In vain all the Knights of the Underwald woo'd her,
Though brightest of maidens, the proudest was she;
Brave chieftains they sought, and young minstrels they sued her.
But worthy were none of the high born Ladye.

„Whomsoever I wed", said this maid, so excelling,
„That Knight must the conqu'ror of conquerors be;
„He must place me in halls fit for monarchs to dwell in; —
„None else shall be Lord of the high born Ladye!"

Thus spoke the proud damsel, with scorn looking round her
On Knights and on Nobles of highest degree;
Who humbly and hopelessly left as they found her,
And worshipp'd at distance the high-born Ladye.

At length came a Knight, from a far land to woo her,
With plumes on his helm like the foam of the sea;
His vizor was down — but, with voice that thrill'd through her,
He whisperd his vow's to the high born-Ladye.

„Proud maiden! I come with high spousals to grace thee,
„In me the great conqu'ror of conquerors see;
„Enthroned in a hall fit for monarchs I'll place thee,
„And mine thou art for ever, thou high born-Ladye."

The maiden she smil'd, and in jewels array'd her,
Of thrones and tiaras already dreamt she;
And proud was the step, as the bridegroom convey'd her
In pomp to his home, of that high born Ladye.

„But whither", she starting exclaims, „have you led me?
„Here's nought but a tomb and a dark cypress tree;
„Is this the bright hall in which thou wouldst wed me?"
With scorn in her glance, said the high born Ladye.

Den Höibaarne Dame.

Forgjæves alle Ridderne fra Unterwald friede til hende, || Skjönt den favreste af Möer, den stolteste var hun; || Tappre Hövdinger, sögte, og unge Skjalde de beilede til hende, || Men ingen var værdig til den höibaarne Dame.

,,Hvosomhelst jeg ægter", sagde denne Mö, saa fortrinlig, || ,,Den Ridder maa en Sejerherre over Sejerherrer være; || ,,Han maa sætte mig i Sale skikkede for Monarcher at bo i; — || ,,Ingen anden skal blive Herre over den höibaarne Dame!"

Saaledes talte den stolte Ungmö, med Foragt seende rundt om sig, || Paa Riddere og Adelsmænd af höjeste Rang; || Som ydmygt og haablöst forlod som de fandt hende, || Og tilbad i Afstand den höibaarne Dame.

Endelig kom en Ridder fra et fjærnt Land at frie til hende, || Med Fjædre paa Hjælmen som Skum paa Söen; || Hans Visir var nede — men med en Stemme som dirrede igjennem hende, || Hviskede han sit Frieri til den höibaarne Dame.

,,Stolt Mö! jeg kommer med höi Formæling at hædre dig, || ,,I mig den store Sejerherre over Sejerherrer see; || ,,Paa en Throne i en Sal skikket for Monarcher vil jeg sætte dig, || ,,Og min er du for stedse, du höibaarne Dame!"

Möen hun smilte, og i Juveler pyntede sig, || Om Thronen og Tiarer allerede drömte hun; || Og stolt var Skridtet (da Brudgömmen förte hende || Med Pragt til sit Hjem) den höjbaarne Dame.

,,Men hvorhen" raaber hun overrasket ,,har I fört mig? || ,,Her er Intet andet end en Grav, og et mörkt Cypressus Træ, || ,,Er dette den lyse Hal i hvilken du vilde ægte mig?" || Med Foragt i sit Öje, sagde den höibaarne Dame.

„'Tis the home", he replied, „of earth's
loftiest creatures" —
Then lifted his helm for the fair one to
see;
But she sunk on the ground — 't was
a skeleton's features
And Death was the Lord of the high
born Ladye!

The Leaf and the Fountain.

„Tell me, kind Seer, I pray thee,
„So may the stars obey thee,
„So may each airy
„Moon-elf and fairy
„Nightly their homage pay thee!
„Say, by what spell, above, below,
„In stars that wink or flow'rs that blow,
„I may discover,
„Ere night is over,
„Whether my love loves me or no,
„Whether my love loves me."

„Maiden, the dark tree nigh thee
„Hath charms no gold could buy thee;
„Its stem enchanted,
„By moon-elves planted,
„Will all thou seek'st supply thee,
„Climb to yon boughs that highest grow,
„Bring thence their fairest leaf below;
„And thou'lt discover
„Ere night is over
„Whether thy love loves thee or no,
„Whether thy love loves thee."

„See, up the dark tree going
„With blossoms round me blowing,
„From thence, oh Father
„This leaf I gather,
„Fairest that there is growing.
„Say, by what sign I now shall know
If in this leaf lie bliss or woe;
And thus discover
„Ere night is over,
„Whether my love loves me or no,
„Whether my love loves me."

„Fly to yon fount that is welling,
„Where moonbeam ne'er had dwelling,
„Dip in its water
„That leaf, oh Daughter,
„And mark the tale 'tis telling.
„Watch thou if pale or bright it grow,
„List thou,the while, that fountain's flow,
„And thou'lt discover
„Whether thy lover,
„Lov'd as he is, loves thee or no,
„Lov'd as he is, loves thee."

„Forth flew the nymph, delighted
„To seek that fount benighted;
But scarce a minute
The leaf lay in it,
When, lo, its bloom was blighted!
And as she ask'd with voice of woe —
List'ning, the while, that fountain's
flow —
„Shall I recover
„My truant lover?"
The fountain seem'd to answer, „No";
The fountain answered, „No".

,,Det er Hjemmet," gjensvarede han, ,,for Jordens höjeste Skabninger". ‖ Og löfted' da Hjælmen for den Skjönne at see; ‖ Men hun segned' til Jorden — det var et Skelets Træk, ‖ Og *Döden* var Herre over den höibaarne Dame.

Bladet og Kilden.

,,Sig mig kjære Seer jeg beder dig, ‖ ,,Saa sandt være Stjærnene dig lydige, ‖ ,,Saa sandt maatte hver luftig ‖ ,,Maane-Alf og Fæ ‖ ,,Natly yde dig Hylding! ‖ ,,Sig ved hvilket Trylleri, oppe, nede, ‖ ,,I Stjærner som vinke, eller Blomstre som udspringe, ‖ ,,Jeg kan opdage, ‖ ,,Inden Natten er omme, ‖ ,,Om min Kjæreste elsker mig eller ei, ‖ ,,Om min Kjæreste elsker mig."

,,Ungmö, det mörke Træ nær ved dig ‖ ,,Har Tryllerier som intet Guld kunde kjöbe Dig; ‖ ,,Dets fortryllede Stamme ‖ ,,Plantet af Maane-Alfer ‖ ,,Vil alt hvad du söger forskaffe dig, ‖ ,,Klavre op til hine Grene som höjest voxe, ‖ ,,Bring derfra deres favreste Blad ned; ‖ ,,Og du vil opdage, ‖ ,,Inden Natten er omme, ‖ ,,Om din Kjæreste elsker dig eller ei, ‖ ,,Om din Kjæreste elsker dig."

See, op ad det mörke Træ gaaende ‖ Med Blomstre rundt om mig udspringende ‖ ,,Derfra, oh Fader, ‖ ,,Plukker jeg dette Blad, ‖ ,,Det favreste som der voxer, ‖ ,,Sig, ved hvilket Tegn jeg nu kan vide ‖ ,,Om i dette Blad der er Lyksalighed eller Kummer, ‖ ,,Og saaledes opdage ‖ ,,Inden Natten er omme, ‖ ,,Om min Kjæreste elsker mig eller ei ‖ ,,Om min Kjæreste elsker mig.

,,Flyv til hin Kilde som vælder, ‖ ,,Hvor Maane-Straale aldrig havde Bolig, ‖ ,,Dyp i dens Vand ‖ ,,Det Blad o Datter, ‖ ,,Og mærk (dig) den Historie det fortæller; ‖ ,,Pass paa om blegt eller lyst det bliver, ‖ ,,Lyt med det Samme, til den Kildes Ström, ‖ ,,Og du vil opdage ‖ ,,Om din Elsker, ‖ ,,Elsket som han er, elsker dig eller ei ‖ ,,Elsket som han er elsker dig.

Afsted flöi Nymphen frydefuld, ‖ For at söge den mörke Kilde; ‖ Men næppe et Minut ‖ Laa Bladet deri, ‖ Förend, see, dets friske Farve var ödelagt! ‖ Og som hun spurgte, med bedrövet Stemme ‖ Lyttende med det samme til Kildens Ström ‖ ,,Skal jeg gjenvinde ‖ ,,Min skulkende Elsker?" ‖ Syntes Kilden at svare ,,Nei"; ‖ Kilden svarede ,,Nei.'

III.
SATIRICAL POEMS.

I.
Fables For The Holy Alliance.

Tu Regibus alas
Eripe Virgil, Georg. lib. IV.
Clip the wings
Of these high-flying arbitrary Kings. Dryden's Translation.

To Lord Byron.

Dear Lord Byron,

Though this Volume should possess no other merit in your eyes, than that of reminding you of, the short time we passed together at Venice, when some of the trifles which it contains were written, you will, I am sure, receive the dedication of it with pleasnre, and believe that I am,

My dear Lord,
Ever faithfully yours,
T. B.

Preface.

Though it was the wish of the Members of the Poco-curante Society (who have lately done me the honour of electing me their Secretary) that I should prefix my name to the following Miscellany, it is but fair to them and to myself to state, that, except in the „painful pre-eminence" of being employed to transcribe their lucubrations, my claim to such a distinction in the title-page is not greater than that of any other gentleman, who has contributed his share to the contents of the volume.

I had originally intended to take this opportunity of giving some account of the origin and objects of our Institution, the names and characters of the different members, &c. &c. — but, as I am at present preparing for the press the First Volume of the „Transactions of the Poco-curante-Society," I shall reserve for that occasion all further details upon the subject; and content myself here with referring, for a general insight into our tenets, to a Song which will be found at the end of this work, and which is sung to us on the first day of every month, by one of our oldest members, to the tune of (as far as I can recollect, being no musician,) either „Nancy Dawson" or „He stole away the Bacon."

It may be as well also to state, for the information of those critics, who attack with the hope of being answered, and of being, thereby, brought into notice, that it is the rule of this Society to return no other answer to such assailants, than is contained in the three words „Non curat Hippoclides," (meaning, in English, „Hippoclides does not care a fig,") which were spoken two thousand years ago by the first founder of Poco-curantism, and have ever since been adopted as the leading *dictum* of the sect

THOMAS BROWN.

Fables for the Holy Alliance.

Fable I.
The Dissolution Of The Holy Alliance.
A Dream.

I've had a dream that bodes no good
Unto the Holy Brotherhood.
I may be wrong, but I confess —
As far as it is right or lawful
For one, no conjurer, to guess —
It seems to me extremely awful.

1ste Fabel.
Den Hellige Alliances Oplösning, en Dröm.
Jeg har havt en Dröm som behuder Intet godt || For det Hellige Broderskab. || Jeg kan tage Feil, men jeg tilstaaer — || Saavidt som det maatte være ret og lovligt || For mig, som ingen Hexemester er, at gjætte — || Den synes mig at være overmaade forfærdelig.

Methought, upon the Neva's flood
A beautiful Ice Palace stood,
A dome of frost-work, on the plan
Of that once built by Empress Anne,
Which shone by moonlight — as the tale is —
Like an Aurora Borealis.

In this said Palace, furnish'd all
And lighted as the best on land are,
I dreamt there was a splendid Ball,
Given by the Emperor Alexander,
To entertain with all due zeal,
Those holy gentlemen, who've shown a
Regard so kind for Europe's weal,
At Troppau, Laybach, and Verona.

The thought was happy — and design'd
To hint how thus the human Mind
May, like the stream imprison'd there,
Be check'd and chill'd, till it can bear
The heaviest Kings, that ode or sonnet
E'er yet be-prais'd, to dance upon it.

And all were pleas'd, and cold, and stately,
Shivering in grand illumination —
Admir'd the superstructure greatly,
Nor gave one thought to the foundation.

Much too the Czar himself exulted,
To all plebeian fears a stranger,
For, Madame Krudener, when consulted,
Had pledg'd her word there was no danger.
So, on he caper'd fearless quite,
Thinking himself extremely clever,
And waltz'd away with all his might,
As if the Frost would last for ever

Just fancy how a bard like me,
Who reverence monarchs, must have trembled
To see that goodly company,
At such a ticklish sport assembled.

Nor were the fears, that thus astounded
My loyal soul, at all unfounded —
For, lo! ere long, those walls so massy
Were seiz'd with an ill-omen'd dripping,
And o'er the floors, now growing glassy,
Their Holinesses took to slipping.
The Czar, half through a Polonaise,
Could scarce get on for downright stumbling;
And Prussia, though to slippery ways
Well used, was cursedly near tumbling.

Mig syntes at paa Nevas Flod || Et skjönt Iis-Pallads stod, || En Kuppel-Hvælving af Frost-Værk efter samme Plan || Som det der engang blev bygget af Keiserinde Anna, || Som skinnede ved Maanelys — som Historien fortæller — || Ligesom et Nordlys.

I det bemeldte Pallads, som var ganske meubleret || Og oplyst som de bedste paa Land[jorden] ere, || Drömte jeg at der var et splendid Ball, || Som blev givet af Keiser Alexander, || For at underholde med al tilbörlig Iver, || Disse hellige Gentlemen, som have udvist en || Saa kjærlig Omhu for Europas Bedste, || I Troppau, Laybach og Verona.

Tanken var heldig || og var bestemt || Til at give Vink om hvorledes den menneskelige Aand || Kan, ligesom Strömmen som der var fængslet, || Holdes tilbage og afkjöles, indtil den kan bære || De sværeste Konger, som Ode eller Sonnet || Nogensinde endnu bepriste, saa at de kunne dandse derpaa.

Og alle vare veltilfreds, og kolde, og stadselige (stive, || Rystende i en storartet Illumination — || De beundrede Overbygningen meget || Og gave ikke (saameget som) een Tanke til Grundvolden. || Meget triumpherede ogsaa Tsaren selv, || En Fremmed for al plebejisk Frygt, || Thi, Madame Krüdener da man spurgte hende tilraads || Havde pantsat sit [Æres]Ord at der ikke var nogen Fare. || Saa fremad cabriolerede han ganske uden Frygt || Anseende sig selv for en udmærket Dandser, || Og valzede fort af alle Kræfter || Som om Frosten vilde vedvare for stedse.

Tænk eder bare hvorledes en Skjald som jeg || Der har Ærefrygt for Monarcher, maa have skjælvet || Ved at see et saa skjönt Selskab || Ved en saa kilden Forlystelse forsamlet.

Ei heller var den Frygt, som saaledes overvældede || Min loyale Sjæl, i mindste Maade ugrundet — || Thi, see! inden kort Tid, disse saa massive Mure || Bleve grebne af en ondt varslende Dryppen || Og over Gulvene som nu blive glasagtige || Begyndte deres Helligheder at glide. || Tsaren som var halvt igjennem en Polonaise, || Kunde næppe komme videre for ligefrem Snublen; || Og Preussen skjönt til slibrige Veje || Vel vant, var forbandet nær ved at stöbe kolbytter.

Yet still 'twas, *who* could stamp the floor most,
Russia and Austria 'mong the foremost —
And now, to an Italian air,
This precious brace would, hand in hand, go;
Now — while old Louis, from his chair
Intreated them his toes to spare —
Call'd loudly out for a Fandango.

And a Fandango, 'faith, they had,
At which they all set to, like mad!
Never were Kings (though small the expense is
Of wit among their Excellencies)
So out of all their princely senses.
But, ah, that dance — that Spanish dance —
Scarce was the luckless strain begun,
When, glaring red, as 'twere a glance
Shot from an angry Southern sun,
A light through all the chambers flam'd,
Astonishing old Father Frost,
Who, bursting into tears, exclaimed,
„A thaw, by Jove — we're lost, we're lost;
„Run, France — a second Waterloo
„Is come to drown you—*sauve qui peut!*"

Why, why will monarchs caper so
In palaces without foundations? —
Instantly all was in a flow,
Crowns, fiddles, scepters, decorations —
Those Royal Arms, that look'd so nice
Cut out in the resplendent ice —
Those Eagles, handsomely provided
With double heads for double dealings —
How fast the globes and sceptres glided
Out of their claws on all the ceilings!
Proud Prussia's double bird of prey
Tame as a spatch cock, slunk away;
While — just like France herself, when she
Proclaims how great her naval skill is —
Poor Louis' drowning fleurs-de-lys
Imagin'd themselves *water*-lilies.

And not alone rooms, ceiling, shelves
But — still more fatal execution —
The Great Legitimates themselves
Seem'd in a state of dissolution.
The' indignant Czar — when just about
To issue a sublime Ukase,
„Whereas all light must be kept out" —
Dissolv'd to nothing in its blaze.
Next Prussia took his turn to melt,
And, while his lips illustrious felt
The influence of this southern air,
Some word, like „Constitution" — long
Congeal'd in frosty silence there —
Came slowly thawing from his tongue.
While Louis, lapsing by degrees,
And sighing out a faint adieu
To truffles, salmis, toasted cheese
And smoking *fondus*, quickly grew,
Himself, into a *fondu* too; —
Or like that goodly King they make

Dog, bestandig gjaldt det, *hvo* der kunde stampe i Gulvet bedst, || Rusland og Österrig i blandt de forreste. — || Og nu, til en Italiensk Melodi || Kunde dette kostbare Par gaa Haand i Haand; || Nu — i det gamle Louis fra sin Stol || Bönfaldt dem om at skaane hans Tæer — || Fordrede det med höi Röst en Fandango.

Og en Fandango, min Tro, fik de, || Hvilken de alle gave dem i Kast med som om de vare gale! || Aldrig vare Konger (skjönt Consumtionen er ringe || Af Viid iblandt deres Excellencer) || Saa [ganske] ud af alle deres fyrstelige Sandser. || Men ach, den Dands, — den Spanske Dands || Næppe var den ulykkelige Tour begyndt, || Da gloende rödt, (som om det var et Blik || Affyret af en vred sydlig Sol), || Lys blussede igjennem alle Værelserne; || Forbausende gamle Fader Frost, || Som bristende udi Taarer udraabte: || ,,Töveir! ved Jupiter — vi ere tabte, vi ere tabte; || ,,Löb, Frankrig — et andet Waterloo || ,,Er kommet for at drukne dig — *sauve qui peut,* || Ih, hvorfor ville Monarcher saaledes capriolere || I Paladser uden Grundvolde? — || Paa Öjeblikket var Alt i en Ström, || Kroner, Fiolliner, Sceptre, Decorationer — || Disse kongelige Vaaben, som tog sig saa pænt ud, || Udskaarne i den skinnende Is — || Disse Örne smukt forsynede || Med dobbelte Hoveder for dobbelt Handel [d. e. Bedrag] || Hvor hurtigt Rigsæblerne og Sceptrene gleed || Udaf deres Klöer paa alle Lofterne! || Det stolte Preussens dobbelte Rovfugl || Tam som en beskaaren Hane (Kapun) sneg sig bort; || Medens — accurat lige som Frankrig selv, naar det || Proclamerer hvor stor dets Sövæsens Klögt er — || Stakkels Louis's druknede *fleurs-de-lys* || Bildte sig ind at være **Vand**-Lilier.

Og ikke alene Værelser, Lofter, Hylder, || Men — en endnu fatalere Execution — || Selve de store Legitimater [d. e. legitime Potentater] || Syntes [at være] i en Oplösnings Tilstand. || Den opbragte Tzar — da han var just ifærd med || At udstæde en ophöiet Ukas! || ,,Efter som alt Lys maa holdes ude" — || Oplöstes til intet i dets Blus. || Næst kom Touren til Preussen at smelte, || Og, medens hans durchlauchtige Læber fölte || Indflydelsen af denne sydlige Luft, || Kom et eller andet Ord, lignende ,,Constitution" — længe || Störknet i frossen Taushed der — Langsomt töende fra hans Tunge. || Medens Louis, gradvils indsvindende || Og fremsukkende et svagt *Adieu* || Til Tröffler, Salmagundier, ristet Ost || Og rygende *fondus* hurtigt blev || Selv til et *fondu* ogsaa; — || Eller lig den herlige Konge

Of sugar for a Twelfth-night cake,
When, in some urchin's mouth, alas,
It melts into a shapeless mass!

In short, I scarce could count a minute,
Ere the bright dome, and all within it,
Kings, Fiddlers, Emperors, all were gone —
And nothing now was seen or heard
But the bright river, rushing on,
Happy as an enfranchis'd bird,
And prouder of that natural ray,
Shining along its chainless way —
More proudly happy thus to glide
In simple grandeur to the sea,
Than when, in sparkling fetters tied,
'Twas deck'd with all that kingly pride
Could bring to light its slavery!
Such is my dream — and I confess,
I tremble at its awfulness.
That Spanish Dance — that southern beam —
But I say nothing — there's my dream —
And Madame Krudener, the she-prophet,
May make just what she pleases of it.

Fable II.
The Looking-Glasses.

Proem.

Where Kings have been by mob-elections
Rais'd to the Throne, 'tis strange to see
What different and what odd perfections
Men have requir'd in Royalty.
Some, liking monarchs large and plumpy,
Have chos'n their Sovereigns by the weight; —
Some wish'd them tall some thought your dumpy,
Dutch-built, the true Legitimate.
The Easterns in a Prince, 'tis said,
Prefer what's called a jolter-head;
The' Egyptians wer'n't at all particular,
So that their Kings had *not* red hair —
This fault not even the greatest stickler
For the blood royal well could bear.
A thousand more such illustrations
Might be adduc'd from various nations;
But, 'mong the many tales they tell us,
Touching the' acquir'd or natural right
Which some men have to rule their fellows,
There's one, which I shall here recite; —

Fable.

There was a land — to name tho place
Is neither now my wish nor duty —
Where reign'd a certain Royal race,
By right of their superior beauty.

What was the cut legitimate
Of these great persons' chins and noses,
By right of which they rul'd the state,
No history I have seen discloses.

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som de lave || Af Sukker for en Julekage [bogst. Helligtre-Kongers-Kage] || Naar, ach, den i en eller anden Pogs Mund, || Smelter til en formlös Masse!

Kort sagt, jeg kunde næppe tælle en Minut, || Inden den skinnende Kuppel, og alt hvad der var i den, || Konger, Fiolinspillere, Keisere, Alt var borte — || Og intet nu blev seet eller hört || Undtagen den lyse Flod, styrtende frem, || Lykkelig som en frigiven Fugl, || Og stoltere af den naturlige Straale || Skinnende hon ad dens lænkelöse Vej — || Mere stolt lykkelig saaledes at glide || I simpel Storhed til Söen, || End da, i funklende Lænker bunden, || Den var prydet med Alt hvad kongeligt Overmod || kunde bringe for at belyse dens Trældom! || Saaledes er min Dröm — og, jeg tilstaaer, || Jeg skjælver over dens Forfærdelighed. || Hiin Spanske Dands — hiin sydlige Straale — || Men jeg siger intet — der er min Dröm — || Og Madame Krüdener, Hun-Propheten || Kan gjöre just hvad hun behager af den.

Fabel II.
Speilene.
Indledning.

Hvor Konger ere blevne ved Pöbel-Valg || Oplöftede paa Thronen, er det besynderligt at see || Hvor forskjællige og hvilke sære Fuldkommenheder || Menneskene have fordret i Kongens Person. || I det nogle, som holdt af Monarcher brede og tykke, || Have valgt deres Souverainer efter Vægt; — || Nogle önskede dem höje, andre ansaa Eders buttede, || Hollansk-byggede, for de virkelig Legitime. || De Orientalske hos deres Fyrste, siger man || Foretrække det som kaldes et Tyk-hovede. || Ægypterne vare slet ikke vanskelige || Naar deres Konger kun *ikke* havde rödt Haar — || Den Feil kunde selv den störste Forfægter || Af det kongelige Blod ikke vel taale. || Et Tusinde flere saadanne oplysende Exempler || Kunde blive fremförte fra forskjellige Nationer. || Men iblandt de mange Historier de fortælle os, || Angaaende erhvervet eller naturlig Ret || Som visse Mænd have til at regjere deres Medmennesker, || Er der een, som jeg vil her recitere.

Fabel.

Der var et Land — at *nævne* Stedet || Er nu hverken mit Önske eller min Pligt — || Hvor der regjerede en vis kongelig Slægt, || Ifölge Rettighed af deres overordentlige Skjönhed.

Hvad der var det legitime Snit || Af disse höje Personers Hager og Næser, || I Rettighed af hvilket de regjerede Staten, || Aabenbarer ingen Historie som jeg har seet.

But so it was — a settled case —
Some Act of Parliament, pass'd snugly,
Had voted *them* a beauteous race,
And all their faithful subjects ugly.

As rank, indeed, stood high or low,
Some change it made in visual organs;
Your Peers were decent — Knights, so so —
But all your common people, gorgons!

Of course, if any knave had hinted
That the King's nose was turned awry,
Or that the Queen (God bless her!) squinted —
The judges doom'd that knave to die.

But rarely things like this occurr'd,
The people to their King were duteous,
And took it, on his Royal word,
That they were frights, and He was beauteous.

The cause whereof, among all classes,
Was simply this — these island elves
Had never yet seen looking-glasses,
And, therefore, did not know themselves.

Sometimes, indeed, their neighbours' faces
Might strike them as more full of reason,
More fresh than those in certain places —
But, Lord, the very thought was treason!

Besides, howe'er we love our neighbour,
And take his face's part, 'tis known
We ne'er so much in earnest labour,
As when the face attack'd's our own.

So, on they went — the crowd believing —
(As crowds well govern'd always do)
Their rulers, too, themselves deceiving
So old the joke, they thought 'twas true.

But jokes, we know, if they too far go,
Must have an end — and so, one day
Upon that coast there was a cargo
Of looking-glasses cast away.

'Twas said, some Radicals somewhere,
Had laid their wicked heads together,
And forc'd that ship to founder there, —
While some believe it was the weather.

However this might be, the freight
Was landed without fees or duties;
And from that hour historians date
The downfall of the Race of Beauties.

Men saaledes var det — en afgjort Sag — || En Parlamentsact hyggeligen igjennemfört, || Havde voteret *dem* en skjön Slægt, || Og alle deres tro Undersaatter hæslige.

Efter som Rangen, i Sandhed, var höj eller lav, || Saa gjorde det nogen Forandring i Syns Organerne, || Eders Pairer vare anstændige — Riddere, saa, saa — || Men alle *menige* Folk Gorgoner [d. e. Skræmsler].

Det forstaaer sig at hvis nogen Slyngel havde givet Vink om || At Köngens Næse var dreiet skjæv, || Eller at Dronningen (Gud velsigne hende) skelede — || Saa fordömte Dommerne den Slyngel til Döden.

Men saadanne Ting som denne indtraf sjælden, || Folkene var pligtfölende mod deres Konge, || Og antog paa hans Kongelige Ord, || At de (selv) vare Skræmsler, og Han var kjön.

Hvortil Aarsagen, iblandt alle Klasser || Var ligefrem denne — at disse Ö-Alfer || Havde endnu aldrig seet Speile, || Og derfor, *kjendte ei sig selv.*

Undertiden, i Sandhed deres Naboers Ansigter || Kunde frappere dem som mere fulde af Fornuft, || Mere friske end Ansigterne paa visse [höje] Steder — || Men, bevares! den blotte Tanke var Höiforræderi!

Desuden, hvormeget vi endog elske vor Nabo, || Og tage hans Ansigt i Forsvar, saa er det bekjendt || At vi aldrig anstrænge os saa alvorligt [for den Ting], || Som naar det angrebne Ansigt er vort eget.

Saaledes bleve de ved — Mængden troende — || (Som vel regjerede Mængder altid gjöre) || Deres Regjenter, ogsaa, sig selv bedragende — || Denne Spög var saa gammel, de tænkte den var Sandhed.

Men Spög, vide vi, naar den Slags gaaer for vidt, || Maa faa en Ende — og saaledes, en Dag, || Paa hiin Kyst der blev en Ladning || Af Speile strandet.

Man sagde at nogle Radicaler et eller andet Sted || Havde stukket deres ugudelige Hoveder sammen, || Og tvunget hiint Skib til at kæntre der. — || Medens andre tro at det var Veiret.

Hvorledes det nu end kunde være, Ladningen || Blev landet uden Sportler eller Told; || Og fra den Time datere Historieskriverne || Omstyrtelsen af Skjönhedernes Slægt.

The looking-glasses got about,
And grew so common through the land,
That scarce a tinker could walk out,
Without a mirror in his hand.

Comparing faces, morning, noon,
And night, their constant occupation —
By dint af looking-glasses, soon,
They grew a most reflecting nation.

In vain the Court, aware of errors
In all the old, establish'd mazards,
Prohibited the use of mirrors,
And tried to break them at all hazards; —

In vain — their laws might just as well
Have been waste paper on the shelves;
That fatal freight had broke the spell;
People had look'd — and knew themselves.

If chance a Duke, of birth sublime,
Presum'd upon his ancient face,
(Some calf-head, ugly from all timo)
They popp'd a mirror to his Grace: —

Just hinting, by that gentle sign,
How little Nature holds it true,
That what is call'd an ancient line
Must be the line of Beauty too.

From Duke's they pass'd to regal phizzes,
Compar'd them proudly with their own,
And cried, „How could such monstrous quizzes
„In Beauty's name usurp the throne!" —

They then wrote essays, pamphlets, books,
Upon Cosmetical Oeconomy,
Which made the King try various looks,
But none improv'd his physiognomy.

And satires at the Court were levell'd,
And small lampoons, so full of slynesses,
That soon, in short, they quite bedevil'd
Their Majesties and Royal Highnesses.

At length — but here I drop the veil,
To spare some loyal folks' sensations;
Besides, what follow'd is the tale
Of all such late enlighten'd nations;

Of all to whom old Time discloses
A truth they should have sooner known —
That Kings have neither rights nor noses
A whit diviner than their own.

Speilene kom omkring, || Og bleve saa almindelige over [hele] Landet, || At, næppe en Kjædelflikker kunde gaae ud, || Uden et Speil i sin Haand.

At sammenligne Ansigter, Morgen, Middag, || Og Aften, (blev) deres bestandige Beskjæftigelse — || I Kraft af Speile, snart, || Bleve de en særdeles reflecterende Nation.

Forgjæves Hoffet, som vidste der vare Feil || I alle de gamle etablerede Kindbakker, || Forböd Brugen af Speile, || Og forsögte at slaa dem itu hvad det end kostede.

Forgjæves — deres Love kunde ligesaa godt || Have været Maculatur paa Hylderne; || Den fatale Ladning havde brudt Trylleriet; || Folkene havde skuet, — Og kjendte sig selv.

Traf det sig at en Hertug, af ophöjet Byrd, || Brystede sig af sit classiske (bedagede) Ansigt || (Et eller andet Kalvehoved hæsligt fra Arilds Tid,) || Stak de et Speil [op i Ansigtet] paa hans Naade.

Just givende Vink om ved det sagte Tegn, || Hvorlidet Naturen anseer det for sandt, || At hvad der kaldes en gammel (Slægt) Linie, || Maa være Skjönhedens Linie ogsaa.

Fra Hertugers gik de til Kongelige Fjæser, || Sammenlignede dem stolt med deres egne || Og raabte: ,,Hvorledes kunde slige forfærdelige Skabilken-Hoveder || I Skjönhedens Navn usurpere Thronen!"

Og saa skrev de Afhandlinger, Brochurer, Böger, || Om den kosmetiske Oekonomi, || Som bragte Kongen til at forsöge adskillige Udseender || Men intet forbedrede hans Physiognomi.

Og Satirer bleve der rettede mod Hoffet || Og smaa Smædeskrifter saa fulde af Underfundigheder, || At de snart, kort sagt, ganske bedjævlede || Deres Majestæter og Kongelige Höiheder.

Tilsidst — men her lader jeg Slöret falde || For at skaane visse loyale Folks Fölelser; || Desuden, det som paafulgte er Historien, || Af alle saadanne silldigt oplyste Nationer.

Af alle for hvem gamle Kronos aabenbarer || En Sandhed som de burde have tidligere kjendt — || At Konger have hverken Rettigheder eller Næser || Den ringeste Smule guddommeligere end deres egne.

Fable III.
The Torch Of Liberty.

I saw it all in Fancy's glass —
Herself, the fair, the wild magician,
Who bid this splendid day-dream pass,
And nam'd each gliding apparition.

'Twas like a torch-race — such as they
Of Greece perform'd, in ages gone,
When the fleet youths, in long array,
Pass'd the bright torch triumphant on.

I saw th' expectant nations stand
To catch the coming flame in turn; —
I saw, from ready hand to hand,
The clear, though struggling, glory burn.

And, oh, their joy, as it came near,
'Twas, in itself, a joy to see; —
While Fancy whisper'd in my ear,
„That torch they pass is Liberty!"

And, each, as she receiv'd the flame,
Lighted her altar with its ray;
Then, smiling, to the next who came,
Speeded it on its sparkling way.

From Albion first, whose ancient shrine
Was furnish'd with the fire already,
Columbia caught the boon divine,
And lit a flame, like Albion's, steady.

The splendid gift then Gallia took,
And, like a wild Bacchante, raising
The brand aloft, its sparkles shook,
As she would set the world a-blazing!

Thus kindling wild, so fierce and high
Her altar blaz'd into the air,
That Albion, to that fire too nigh,
Shrunk back, and shudder'd at its glare!

Next, Spain, so new was light to her,
Leap'd at the torch — but, ere the spark,
That fell upon her shrine, could stir,
'Twas quench'd — and all again was dark.

Yet, no — *not* quench'd — a treasure, worth
So much to mortals, rarely dies:
Again her living light look'd forth,
And shone, a beacon, in all eyes.

Who next receiv'd the flame? alas,
Unworthy Naples — shame of shames,
That ever through such hands should pass
That brightest of all earthly flames!

Fabel III.
Friheds-Fakkelen.

Jeg saa det altsammen i Phantasiens Glas— ‖ Hun selv (var) den skjönne, den vilde Hexemester, ‖ Som böd denne herlige Dagdröm at passere (forbi), ‖ Og nævnede hvert (forbi) glidende Syn.

Det lignede et Fakkel-Veddelöb — saadan som de ‖ I Grækenland opförte, i forsvundne Tidsaldere ‖ Da de hurtige Ynglinge i lang Række, ‖ Lod den lyse Fakkel passere triumpherende frem. *)

Jeg saa de forventende Nationer staa, ‖ For at gribe den kommende Flamme efter Tour; — ‖ Jeg saa fra den beredvillige Haand til Haand, ‖ Den klare, skjönt kjæmpende Herlighed brænde.

Og, ah! deres Fryd, da den kom nær, ‖ Det var, i sig selv, en Fryd at see; — ‖ Medens Phantasien hvidskede mig i Öret: ‖ „Den Fakkel (som) de lade passere er Frihed!"

Og hver (Nation) som den modtog Flammen, ‖ Oplyste sit Alter med dens Straale; ‖ Derpaa, smilende, til den næste som kom ‖ Befordrede den paa dens funklende Vei.

Fra **Albion** först, hvis gamle Alter ‖ Var allerede forsynet med denne Ild, ‖ Fangede **Columbia** den guddommelige Gave, ‖ Og antændte, ligesom Albions, en stadig Flamme.

Den herlige Gave tog **Gallia** da ‖ Og lig en vild Bacchantinde, löftende ‖ Branden i Veiret, rystede dens Gnister, ‖ Som om hun (Gallia) vilde stikke Verden i Brand!

Da hun saaledes antændte vildt, saa forfærdelig og höit ‖ Blussede hendes Alter op i Luften ‖ At Albion som var for nær ved den Ild, ‖ Trak sig tilbage og gjös ved dens Opblussen!

Dernæst **Spanien**, saa nyt var Lys for hende, ‖ Sprang til Fakkelen — men förend Gnisten ‖ Som faldt paa hendes Alter kunde bevæge sig, ‖ Var den slukket — og alt var mörkt igjen.

Dog, nei — *ikke* slukket — en Skat, (som er) værd ‖ Saa meget for de Dödelige, döer sjælden ‖ Igjen skinnede hendes (Spaniens) levende Lys frem, ‖ Og lyste som et Fyr for Alles Öjne.

Hvo modtog Flammen næst? ach, ‖ Uværdige **Neapel** — Skjændsels Skjændsel ‖ At nogensinde gjennem saadanne Hænder skulde passere ‖ Hiin den lyseste af alle jordiske Flammer!

*) See Indledningen til Platos Republik.

Scarce had her fingers touch'd the torch,
When, frighted by the sparks it shed,
Nor waiting even to feel the scorch,
She dropp'd it to the earth — and fled.

And fall'n it might have long remain'd;
But Greece, who saw her moment now,
Caught up the prize, though prostrate, stain'd,
And wav'd it round her beauteous brow.

And Fancy bade me mark where, o'er
Her altar, as its flame ascended,
Fair, laurell'd spirits seem'd to soar,
Who thus in song their voices blended: —

„Shine, shine for ever, glorious Flame,
„Divinest gift of Gods to men!
„From Greece thy earliest splendour came,
„To Greece thy ray returns again.

„Take, Freedom, take thy radiant round,
„When dimm'd, revive, when lost, return,
„Till not a shrine through earth be found,
„On which thy glories shall not burn!"

Fable IV.

The Fly And The Bullock.

Proem.

Of all that, to the sage's survey,
This world presents of topsy-turvy,
There's nought so much disturbs one's patience,
As little minds in lofty stations.
'Tis like that sort of painful wonder
Which slender columns, labouring under
Enormous arches, give beholders; —
Or those poor Caryatides,
Condemn'd to smile and stand at ease,
With a whole house upon their shoulders.

If, as in some few royal cases,
Small minds are born into such places —
If they are there, by Right Divine,
Or any such sufficient reason,
Why — Heav'n forbid we should repine! —
To wish it otherwise were treason;
Nay, ev'n to see it in a vision,
Would be what lawyers call misprision.

Næppe havde hendes Fingre rört ved Fakkelen, || Da forskrækket over de Gnister den udgjöd || Og ikke oppebiende Fölelsen af Branden, || Hun lod den (Fakkelen) falde paa Jorden — og flygtede.

Og falden kunde den længe være forbleven; || Da **Hellas**, som saa sit Öjeblik nu, || Opfangede Skatten, skjönt liggende, tilsölet, || Og viftede den rundt om sin skjönne Pande.

Og Phantasien bad mig mærke, at, over || Hendes Alter, som dens (Fakkelens) Flamme opsteg, || Fagre, laurbærkronede Aander syntes at svæve, || Som saaledes i Sang blandede deres Stemmer.

,,Skinn, skinn for stedse, herlige Flamme, || ,,(Du) Gudernes guddommeligste Gave til Menneskene. || ,,Fra Grækenland kom din tidligste Glands || ,,Til Grækenland vender din Straale igjen tilbage.

,,Gaa **Frihed**, gaa din straalende Kredsgang, || ,,Naar du fordunkles, bliv oplivet igjen, naar du tabes, vend tilbage, || ,,Indtil ikke et Alter paa Jorden skal findes, || ,,Paa hvilket dine Herligheder ei brænde!"

Tabel IV.

Fluen og Oxen.

Indledning.

Af alt det som for den Vises Betragtning || Denne Verden fremstiller af Endevendt, || Er der intet som saa meget forstyrrer eens Taalmodighed, || Som smaa Sjæle i höje Stillinger. || Det ligner den Slags af smertelig Forundring || Som tynde Söiler arbeidende under || Uhyre Buer, foraarsage Beskuerne; — || Eller disse stakkels Karyatider, || Som ere fordömte til at smile og staa ugenert, || Med et heelt Huus paa deres Skuldre.

Dersom, som i nogle faae kongelige Tilfælde, || Smaa Sjæle blive *födte* til saadanne Pladse || Hvis de ere der i fölge Guddommelig Ret, || Eller nogen saadan tilstrækkelig Grund, || Oh! — Saa forbyde Himmelen at vi skulde klage! — || At önske det anderledes vilde være Höiforræderi; || Ja, selv at see det i et Syn || Vilde være hvad Juristerne kalde *Misprision.**)

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*) *Misprision of treason.* — Urigtigt Forhold ved Forræderi — er i Engelsk Lov den politiske Forbrydelse, at undlade at angive for rette Vedkommende det Forræderi, forrædersk Anslag, eller Sammensværgelse hvis Tilværelse er Een bekjendt — en Forbrydelse som vel ei straffes med Döden, men dog med den nærmeste Straf dertil.

Sir Robert Filmer saith — and he,
Of course, knew all about the matter —
„Both men and beasts love Monarchy;"
Which proves how rational — the latter.
Sidney, we know, or wrong or right,
Entirely differ'd from the Knight!
Nay, hints a king may lose his head,
By slipping awkwardly his bridle: —
But this is treasonous, ill-bred,
And (now-a-days, when Kings are led
In patent snaffles) downright idle.
No, no — it isn't right-line Kings,
(Those sovereign lords in leading-strings
Who, from their birth, are Faith-Defenders,)
That move my wrath — 'tis your pretenders,
Your mushroom rulers, sons of earth,
Who — not, like t'others, bores by birth,
Establish'd *gratia Dei* blockheads,
Born with three kingdoms in their pockets —
Yet, with a brass that nothing stops,
Push up into the loftiest stations,
And, though too dull to manage shops,
Presume, the dolts, to manage nations!

This class it is, that moves my gall,
And stirs up bile, and spleen, and all.
While other senseless things appear
To know the limits of their sphere —
While not a cow on earth romances
So much as to conceit she dances —
While the most jumping frog we know of,
Would scarce at Astley's hope to show off —
Your...s, your...s dare,
Untrain'd as are their minds, to set them
To any business, any where,
At any time that fools will let them.
But leave we here these upstart things —
My business is, just now, with Kings;
To whom, and to their right-line glory,
I dedicate the following story.

Fable.

The wise men of Egypt were secret as dummies;
And, ev'n when they most condescended to teach,
They pack'd up their meaning, as they did their mummies,
In so many wrappers, 'twas out of one's reach.

They were also, good people, much given to Kings —
Fond of craft and of crocodiles, monkeys and mystery;
But blue-bottle flies were their best belov'd things —
As will partly appear in this very short bistory.

Sir **Robert Filmer** sagde — og han ‖ Naturligviis vidste Alt om den Sag — ‖ ,,Baade Mennesker og Dyr elske Monarchi"; ‖ Hvilket beviser hvor fornuftige — de *sidste* (ere). ‖ **Sidney**, vide vi, enten med Uret eller Ret, ‖ Var af ganske afvigende Mening fra Ridderen! ‖ Ja giver Vink om at en Konge kan tabe sit Hoved, ‖ Ved at give Slip paa sit Bidsel paa en keitet Maade. ‖ Men dette er höiforrædersk, nopdragent, ‖ Og (i disse Dage da Konger ledes ‖ Ved Patent-Trendser) ligefrem unyttigt. ‖ Nei, nei — det er ei den rette Linies Konger, ‖ (Disse souveraine Herrer i Ledebaand ‖ Som, fra deres Födsel, ere Troes-Forsvarere) ‖ Som ophidse min Vrede — det er Eders Prætendenter, ‖ Eders Padehatte Regenter, *terræ filii*, ‖ Som — ikke som de andre Plageaander af Födsel. ‖ Etablerede *Dei gratia* Klodshoveder, ‖ Födte med tre Kongeriger i deres Lommer — ‖ Dog med Messing (d. e. Uforskammenhed) som Intet standser, ‖ Trænge sig op i de höjeste Stillinger, ‖ Og, skjönt for slöve til at forestaa Boutiquer, ‖ Fordriste sig, de Dumrianer, til at forestaa Nationer!

Denne Klasse er det som bevæger min Galde ‖ Som ophidser min Lever, min Milte og det Hele. ‖ Medens andre sandseslöse Tingester, synes ‖ At kjende deres Sphæres Grændser — ‖ Medens ikke en Ko paa Jorden er saa meget romantisk ‖ At den skulde indbilde sig at den dandser — ‖ Medens den meest springende Frö vi kjende til, ‖ Turde næppe i Astleys gjöre sig Haab om at vise sig — ‖ Eders . . . s, eders . . . s tör ‖ Uövede som deres Sjæle ere, sætte dem ‖ Til enhversomhelst Forretning paa ethvertsomhelst Sted, ‖ Til enhver somheist Tid Daarer vil tillade dem. ‖ Men lad os her forlade disse Padehatte Tingester ‖ Jeg har just nu med Konger at bestille, ‖ Til hvilke og til deres Rette-Linies Hæder, ‖ Jeg dedicerer den fölgende Historie.

Fabelen.

De vise Mænd af Ægypten var tause som stumme Mænd: ‖ Og selv naar de meest nedlod sig til at lære, (Folk) ‖ Indpakkede de deres Mening som de indpakkede deres Mumier, ‖ I saa mange Svöb, at man ei kunde naa den.

De vare og, de gode Folk, meget hengivne til Konger — ‖ Holdt af List og af Krokodiller, Abekatte og Mysterier. ‖ Men Blaafluer vare de Ting de yndede meest — ‖ Som tildeels vil vise sig i denne meget korte Historie.

A Scythian philosopher (nephew), they say,
To that other great traveller, young Anacharsis),
Stept into a temple at Memphis one day,
To have a short peep at their mystical farces.

He saw a brisk blue-bottle Fly on an altar,
Made much of, and worshipp'd, as something divine;
While a large, handsome Bullock, led there in a halter,
Before it lay stabb'd at the foot of the shrine.

Surpris'd at such doings, he whisper'd his teacher
„If 'tisn't impertinent, may I ask why
„Should a Bullock, that useful and powerful creature,
„Be thus offer'd up to a blue-bottle Fly?"

„No wonder" — said t'other — „you stare at the sight,
„But we as a Symbol of Monarchy view it —
„That Fly on the shrine is Legitimate Right,
„And that Bullock, the People, that's sacrific'd to it."

Fable V.

Church And State.

Proem.

„The moment any religion becomes national, or established, its purity must certainly be lost, because it is then impossible to keep it unconnected with men's interests; and, if connected, it must inevitably be perverted by them."
Soame Jenyns.

Thus did Soame Jenyns — though a Tory,
A Lord of Trade and the Plantations;
Feel how Religion's simple glory
Is stain'd by State associations.

When Catherine, ere she crush'd the Poles,
Appeal'd to the benign Divinity;
Then cut them up in protocols,
Made fractions of their very souls —
All in the name of the bless'd Trinity.
Or when her grandson, Alexander,
That mighty Northern salamander,
Whose icy touch, felt all about,
Puts every fire of Freedom out —
When he, too, winds up his Ukases

En Skythisk Philosoph (en Neveu) siger man) || Af den anden store Reisende den unge Anacharsis) || Trodte indi et Tempel i Memsohis en Dag || For at see et lille Glimt af deres mystiske Farcer.

Han saa en livlig Blaa-flue paa et Alter, || Meget gjort af, og dyrket, som noget (der var) guddommeligt; || Medens en stor smuk Oxe fört did ved en Strikke, || Foran den laa gjennemboret ved Alterets Fod.

Overrasket ved en saadan Daad hviskede han til sin Lærer: — || ,,Hvis det ei er impertinent maa jeg spörge hvorfor || Skulde en Oxe, den nyttige og stærke Skabning || Saaledes opoffres for en Blaaflue?"

,,Intet Under" — sagde den anden — at I stirrer paa dette Syn, || ,,Men *vi* betragte det som et Symbol paa Monarchiet || ,,Denne Flue paa Alteret er den *Legitime Ret,* || ,,Og denne Oxe, (er) Folket, som bliver offret til den."

Fabel V.
Kirke og Stat.
Indledning.

,,Det Öjeblik nogensomhelst Religion bliver national, eller etableret, maa dens Reenhed visselig blive tabt fordi det bliver da umueligt at forebygge at den bliver forbunden med Menneskenes Interesser; og bliver den forbunden dermed er det uundgaaeligt at den derved forvandskes." — SOAME JENYNS.

Saaledes fölte **Soame Jenyns** — skjönt en Tory || En Lord over Handelen og (Sakker) Plantagerne;*) || Hvorledes Religionens simple Hæder || Beplettes ved Forbindelser med Staten.

Da Katharina inden hun knuste Polakkerne || Appellerede til den veldædige Guddom; || Derpaa skar dem op i Protocoller, || Gjorde Brök endog af deres Sjæle **) — || Altsammen i den velsignede Treenigheds Navn; || Eller naar hendes Sönnesön, **Alexander,** || Denne mægtige nordiske Salamander ***) || Hvis iisagtige Berörelse, der föles over alt, || Udslukker enhver Friheds Ild — || Naar han ogsaa, slutter

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*) d. e. Colonierne.
**) *Ames, demi-âmes &c.*
***) Salamanderen antages at have Kraft til at slukke Ild ved sin egen naturlige Kulde og Fugtighed.

With God and the Panagia's praises —
When he, of royal Saints the type,
In holy water dips the spunge,
With which, at one imperial wipe,
He would all human rights expunge;
When Louis (whom as King, and eater,
Some name *Dix-huit* and some *Des-huîtres,*)
Calls down „St. Louis' God" to witness
The right, humanity, and fitness
Of sending eighty thousand Solons,
Sages, with muskets and lac'd coats,
To cram instruction, nolens volens,
Down the poor struggling Spaniards' throats —
I can't help thinking, (though to Kings
I must, of course, like other men, bow,)
That when a Christian monarch brings
Religion's name to gloss these things —
Such blasphemy out-Benbows Benbow!

Or — not so far for facts to roam,
Having a few much nearer home —
When we see Churchmen, who, if ask'd,
„Must Ireland's slaves be tith'd, and task'd,
„And driv'n like Negroes or Croats,
„That you may roll in wealth and bliss?"
Look from beneath their shovel hats
With all due pomp, and answer„ Yes!"
But then, if question'd, „Shall the brand
„Intolerance flings throughout that land, —
„Shall the fierce strife now taught to grow
„Betwixt her palaces and hovels,
„Be ever quench'd?" — from the same shovels
Look grandly forth, and answer „No." —
Alas, alas! have these a claim
To merciful Religion's name?
If more you seek, go see a bevy
Of bowing parsons at a levee —
(Choosing your time, when straw's before
Some apoplectic bishop's door,)
Then, if thou canst, with life, escape
That rush of lawn, that press of crape,
Just watch their rev'rences and graces,
As on each smirking suitor frisks,
And say, if those round shining faces
To heav'n or earth most turn their disks?

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sine Ukaser ‖ Med Gud og Panagias*) Lov og Priis — ‖ Naar han, en Typus af kongelige Helgener, ‖ Dypper den Svamp i Vievand ‖ Hvormed i een keiserlig Visken ‖ Han vilde alle menneskelige Rettigheder udslette. ‖ Naar **Louis** (hvilken som Konge og Æder, ‖ Nogle kalde *Dix-huit* og nogle *Des-huitres***) ‖ Kalder „St. Louis's Gud" ned for at være Vidne til ‖ Retfærdigheden, Menneskeligheden, og Hensigtsmæssigheden ‖ Af at sende firsindstyve Tusinde Soloner; ‖ Vise-mænd med Musketter og broderede Kjoler ‖ For at drive Opbyggelsen, *nolens volens,* ‖ Ned i de stakkels kjæmpende Spanieres Halse — ‖ Saa kan jeg ei gjöre for det at jeg tænker (skjönt for Konger ‖ Jeg maa, naturligviis, som andre Mænd, bukke) ‖ At naar en Christen Monarch bringer ‖ Religionens Navn for at besmykke slige Ting — ‖ At en saadan Blasphemi over-Benbower Benbow.***)

Eller — for ei saa langt efter Facta at vandre ‖ Da vi have nogle faae langt nærmere Hjemmet — ‖ Naar vi see Geistlige, som, hvis de spörges: ‖ „Maa Irlands Slaver yde Tiende og arbeide, ‖ „Og drives som Negre eller Croater ‖ „For at I kan gynge i Rigdom og Herlighed?" ‖ Blikke frem under deres Skovle Hatte ‖ Med al tilbörlig Höitidelighed og svare „Ja!" ‖ Men saa, der som de spörges: „Skal den Brandfakkel ‖ „Som Intolerancen kaster heelt igjennem over hiint Land, — ‖ „Skal den vilde Strid som man nu opelsker ‖ „Mellem hendes (Irlands) Paladser og Hytter, ‖ „Nogensinde udslukkes?" — fra de samme Skovler ‖ Skue stormodigt frem, og svare „Nei" — ‖ Ach, ach! have disse en Fordring ‖ Paa den barmhjærtige Religions Navn? ‖ Söger I mere, gaa og see en Skare ‖ Af bukkende Præster ved en Cour — ‖ (Vælgende eders Tid, naar der ligger Straa foran ‖ En apoplectisk Biskops Dör) ‖ Da, hvis du kan, levende undslippe ‖ Fra den Strõm af Mousseline****) (Netteldug?) den Trængsel af Flor ‖ Saa pass kun paa deres Höjærværdigheder og Naader, ‖ Som hver af de grinende Supplikanter hopper frem, ‖ Og sig om disse runde skinnende Ansigter ‖ Mod Himmel eller Jord meest vende deres runde Flade?

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*) *Panagia* betyder fuldkommen Renhed og Hellighed, men betegner her en Person, — Den fuldkommen hellige (Qvinde) — d. e. den hellige Jomfru — Men, denne Benævnelse, saaledes udtrykt paa Græsk, er vist usædvanlig. I ethvert Tilfælde kommer dog den velsignede Jomfru her utilpas, da Keiser Alexander hörte til den östlige, den Græske Kirke, i hvilken hun ikke er Gjenstand for religieus Dyrkelse.

) Nogle kalde den *attende* **Louis, andre *Östers* **Louis**.

***) *It out-herods Herod* er en velbekjendt Engelsk Talemaade, naar f. Ex. Talen er om en uhyre grusom Handling. I Analogi hermed siger **Moore** *It out- Benbows Benbow,* om en meget grov Blasphemi; thi *Benbow* var i sin Tid en velbekjendt Londonsk Forlægger af ugudelige Skrifter.

****) Den höiere Engelske Geistlighed bærer hvide Mousselins Ærmer over Præstekjolen.

This, this it is — Religion, made,
'Twixt Church and State, a truck, a trade —
This most ill-match'd, unholy Co,
From whence the ills we witness flow;
The war of many creeds with one —
The 'extremes of too much faith, and none —
Till, betwixt ancient trash and new,
'Twixt Cant and Blasphemy — the two
Rank ills with which this age is curst —
We can no more tell which is worst,
Than erst could Egypt, when so rich
In various plagues, determine which
She thought most pestilent and vile,
Her frogs, like Benbow and Carlisle,
Croaking their native mud-notes loud,
Or her fat locusts like a cloud
Of pluralists obesely lowring,
At once benighting and devouring.

This — this it is — and here I pray
  Those sapient wits of the Reviews
Who make us poor dull authors say
  Not what we mean but what they choose
Who to our most abundant shares
Of nonsense add still more of theirs,
And are to poets just such evils
  As caterpillars find those flies,
Which not content to sting like devils,
  Lay eggs upon their backs likewise.
To guard against such foul deposits
  Of other's meaning in my rhymes
(A thing more needful here because it 's
  A subject ticklish in these times) —
I, here, to all such wits make known
  Monthly and Weekly Whig and Tory
'Tis this religion — this alone
I aim at in the following story.

Fable.

When Royalty was young and bold
  Ere touch'd by Time he had become
If 'tis'n't civil to say old
  At least a *ci-devant jeune homme;*

One evening on some wild pursuit
  Driving along he chanced tó see
Religion passing by on foot
  And took him in his vis-a-vis.

This said Religion was a Friar,
  The humblest and the best of men,
Who ne'er had notion or desire
  Of riding in a coach till then.

Dette, dette er det — Religionen, gjort ‖ Mellem Kirke og Stat til en Tusk-Artikel, til en Handels-Vare — ‖ Dette meest ilde assorterede uhellige Co., ‖ Hvorfra de Onder som vi ere Vidner til flyde; ‖ Mange Credoers Krig mod een — ‖ Extremerne af alt for megen Tro, og slet ingen — ‖ Indtil, mellem gammelt Jux og nyt, ‖ Mellem Hykleri og Gudsbespottelse — de to ‖ Yppige Onder hvormed denne Tidsalder forbandes (hjemsöges) — ‖ Vi kunne ei mere skjælne hvilket er det værste ‖ End i gamle Dage Ægypten, da (det var) saa rigt ‖ Af forskjællige Plager (kunde) afgjöre ‖ Hvilken det ansaa for meest ödelæggende og fordærvelig, ‖ Sine Fröer, liguende Benbow og Carliste *) ‖ Qvækkende sine medfödte Muddertoner höit, ‖ Eller sine fede Græshopper, lig en Sky ‖ Af Pluralister (Accumulatorer) paa en velmæsket Maade sammentrækkende sig ‖ Paa en Gang formörkende og opslugende!

Dette — dette er det — og her beder jeg ‖ Hine Qvartalskrifternes vise Genier, ‖ Som lade os stakkels Forfattere sige ‖ Ikke hvad vi mene, men hvad de finde for godt; ‖ Som til vore overmaade rigelige Portioner ‖ Af Nonsens (Daarskab) föje endnu mere af deres (eget) ‖ Og ere for Digtere just saadanne Onder (Plager) ‖ Som Oldenborrene finde hine Fluer at være, ‖ Der, ei tilfreds med at stikke som Djævle ‖ Lægge sine Æg paa deres Rygge ogsaa — ‖ For at beskytte mig mod slige smudsige Aflæssninger ‖ Af andres Mening i mine Riim, ‖ (En Ting som er mere nödvendig her, fordi dette er ‖ Et Æmne som er kildent i disse Tider) — ‖ Saa gjör jeg herved for alle slige Genier bekjendt, ‖ Maanedlige, Ugentlige **) Whigger og Toryer, ‖ (At) det er *denne* Religion — denne alene ‖ Som jeg sigter til i den fölgende Historie.

Fabelen.

Da Kongemagt var ung og dristig, ‖ Förend, rört af Tidens Haand den var bleven ‖ Hvis det ikke er artigt at sige *gammel,* ‖ I det mindste, en *ci-devant jeune homme.*

En Aften (da han var ude) i et vildt Erinde ‖ Kjörende henad (Vejen), traf det sig at han saae ‖ Religion, passerende tilfods, ‖ Og han tog ham op i sin vis-a-vis ***).

Bemeldte Religion var en Munk ‖ Den ydmygste og den bedste af Mænd ‖ Som aldrig havde et Begreb eller Önske ‖ Efter at kjöre i en Kareth indtil da.

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*) En anden Gudsbespotter, som sad flere Aar i Fængsel for Blasphemi.

**) Magaziners Titler.

***) Et Slags Landauer.

„I say" — quoth Royalty, who rather
Enjoy'd a masquerading joke —
„I say, suppose, my good old father,
You lend me, for a while, your cloak."

The Friar consented — little knew
What tricks the Youth had in his head;
Besides, was rather tempted too
By a laced coat he got instead

Away ran Royalty, slap-dash,
Scamp'ring like mad about the town;
Broke windows, shiver'd lamps to smash,
And knock'd whole scores of watchmen down.

While nought could they, whose heads were broke,
Learn of the „Why" or the „Wherefore",
Except that 'twas Religion's cloak
The Gentleman, who crack'd them, wore.

Mean while, the Friar, whose head was turn'd
By the lac'd coat, grew frisky too;
Look'd big — his former habits spurn'd —
And storm'd about, as great men do:

Dealt much in 'pompous oaths and curses —
Said „d—mn you" often or as bad —
Laid claim to other people's purses —
In short, grew either knave, or mad.

As work like this was unbefitting
And flesh and blood no longer bore it,
The Court of Common Sense, then sitting,
Summon'd the culprits both before it.

Where, after hours in wrangling spent
(As courts must wrangle to decide well).
Religion to St. Luke's was sent
And Royalty pack'd off to Bridewell.

With this proviso — should they be
Restor'd, in due time, to their senses,
They both must give security,
In future, against such offences —

Religion ne'er *to lend his cloak,*
Seeing what dreadful work it leads to;
And Royalty to crack his joke —
But *not* to crack poor people's heads too.

„Hör" — sagde Kongemagt, som snarere || Fandt Fornöjelse i Masquerade-Löier — || „Hör" hvad siger I til, min gode gamle Fa'er, || „At laane mig, en lille Stund, eders Kaabe."

Munken samtykkede — kun lidet vidste han || Hvilke Streger Ynglingen havde i sit Hoved; || Desuden, var han en Smule fristet ogsa || Af den broderede Kjole han fik i Steden.

Afsted löb Kongemagt, i en Ruf, || Farende som en Rasende omkring i Byen; || Brækkede Vinduer, slog Lamper i (Tusinde) Stykker, || Og fældede hele Sneese af Vægtere til Jorden.

Medens Intet kunde de hvis Hoveder bleve qvæstede || Erfare om „Hvi" eller „Hvorfor", || Undtagen at det var Religions Kaabe, || Det som Herren, der slog dem fordærvede, havde paa.

Imidlertid, Munken, hvis Hoved blev forrykt || Ved den broderede Kjole, blev springsk ogsaa; || Paatog sig en storagtig Mine — forkastede sine forrige Skikke — || Og stormede omkring, som store Mænd pleje at gjöre.

Handlede meget med höitravende Eder og Forbandelser || Sagde „fordömme Jer" ofte, eller hvad der var lige saa slemt — || Gjorde Fordring paa andre Folkes Penge — || Kort sagt, blev enten en Slyngel, eller en Rasende.

Da en Fremfærd som denne var upassende, || Og Kjöd og Blod ei længer taalte den || Saa stævnede den Sunde Forstands Ret som da holdt Session || Begge de Anklagede for sig.

Hvor, efter (hele) Timer tilbragte i Strid (Trætte) || (Saasom Retter maa stride for at dömme rigtigt) (godt) || Religion blev sendt til St. Lukes *) || Og Kongemagt maatte pakke sig til Bridewill **).

Med denne Bestemmelse — at hvis de skulde || Komme igjen, i tilbörlig Tid, til deres Sandser, || Maatte de begge stille Sikkerhed, || I Fremtiden, mod saadanne Forseelser. —

Religion (skulde) aldrig *laane sin Kaabe,* || I Betragtning af den forfærdelige Forstyrrelse som det förer til; || Og Kongemagt kunde vel drive sin Spög — || Men *ei* tillige slaa Folks Hoveder fordærvede.

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*) Et Galehospital.

**) Londoner-Tugthuset.

Fable VI.
The Little Grand Lama.

Proem.

Novella, a young Bolognese
The daughter of a learn'd Law Doctor,
Who had with all the subtleties
Of old and modern jurists stock'd her,
Was so exceeding fair, 'tis said,
And over hearts held such dominion,
That when her father, sick in bed,
Or busy, sent her, in his stead,
To lecture on the Code Justinian,
She had a curtain drawn before her,
Lest, if her charms were seen, the students
Should let their young eyes wander o'er her,
And quite forget their jurisprudence.
Just so it is with truth, when seen,
Too dazzling far, — 'tis from behind
A light, thin allegoric screen,
She thus can safest teach mankind.

Fable.

In Thibet once there reign'd, we're told,
A little Lama, one year old —
Rais'd to the throne, that realm to bless,
Just when his little Holiness
Had cut — as near as can be reckon'd —
Some say his *first* tooth, some his *second*.
Chronologers and Nurses vary,
Which proves historians should be wary.
We only know the' important truth,
His Majesty had cut a tooth.
And much his subjects were enchanted, —
As well all Lamas' subjects *may* be,
And would have given their heads, if wanted,
To make tee-totums for the baby.
Thron'd as he was by Right Divine —
(What Lawyers call Jure Divino,
Meaning a right to yours, and mine
And every body's goods and rhino,)
Of course, his faithful subjects' purses
Were ready with their aids and succours,
Nothing was seen but pension'd Nurses
And the land groan'd with bibs and tuckers.

Oh! had there been a Hume or Bennet
Then sitting a in the Thibet Senate,
Ye Gods, what room for long debates
Upon the Nursery Estimates!
What cutting down of swaddling — clothes
And pin-a-fores, in nightly battles!
What call for papers to expose
The waste of sugar-plums and rattles!
But no — if Thibet had M. P.'s,

Fabel VI.
Den lille store Lama.

Indledning.

Novella, en ung Bologna Mö, || Datteren af en lærd Lov-Doctor, [Andreas] || Som havde med alle Spidsfindighederne || Af gamle og moderne Jurister forsynet hende, || Var saa overmaade skjön, fortælles der, || Og over Hjærter besad en saadan Magt, || At naar hendes Fader, syg i Sengen, || Eller beskjæftiget, sendte hende i sit Sted || For at holde Forelæsninger over den Justinianske Codex, || Havde hun et Gardin trukket for sig, || At ei, dersom hendes Yndigheder bleve seete, Studenterne || Skulde lade deres unge Öjne vandre over hende, || Og ganske glemme deres Lovkyndighed. || Just saaledes er det med Sandheden, naar (den) *sees* || (Er den) altfor blændende — det er bag ved || Et let, tyndt, allegorisk Skjærmbræt, || Saaledes kan hun sikrest lære Menneskeslægten.

Fabelen.

I Thibet regjerede der en Gang, fortæller man, || En lille Lama, eet Aar gammel — || Hævet paa Thronen, for at velsigne hiint Land, || Just da hans lille Hellighed || Havde faaet — saa nær som man kan regne — || Nogle sige hans *förste* Tand, nogle hans *anden* || Tidsregnere og Ammer stemme ei over eens, || Hvilket beviser at Historieskrivere burde være forsigtige. || Vi vide kun den vigtige Sandhed || Hans Majestæt *havde* faaet en Tand || Og meget vare hans Undersaatter fortryllede (d. e. henrykte) — || Som vel alle Lamas Undersaatter maa blive || Og (de) vilde have givet deres Hoveder hvis (de havde været) forlangte, || For at gjöre Dreje-Tærninger deraf for det spæde Barn. || Sat paa Tronen som han var ved guddommelig Ret — || (Hvad Juristerne kalde *Jure Divino*) || Som betyder en Ret til dit og mit, || Og ethvert Menneskes Gods og Penge) || Vare naturligviis hans tro Undersaatters Penge || Paa rede Haand med deres Hjælp og Bistand; || Man saa intet andet end pensionerede Ammer || Og Landet sukkede under Hagesmækker og Bryststrimler.

Oh! hvis der havde været en Hume eller Bennet, || Da siddende i Thibet Senatet || I Guder, hvilken Leilighed for lange Debatter || Om Ammestue-Overslagene (-Budgettet) || Hvilken Afkortning i Svöbelseklæder || Og Forklæder, i natlige Batailler! || Hvilke Affordringer af Documenter for at blotte || Ödselheden i Sukkermandler og (Börne) Skraller! || Men nei — hvis Thibet havde M. P-er*) ||

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*) *Members of Parliament*, Parliamentsmedlemmer.

They were far better bred than these;
Nor gave the slightest opposition,
During the Monarch's whole dentition.

But short this calm; for, just when he
Had reach'd the' alarming age of three,
When Royal natures, and, no doubt
Those of all noble beasts break out —
The Lama, who till then was quiet,
Show'd symptoms of a taste for riot,
And, ripe for mischief, early, late,
Without regard for Church or State,
Made free with whoso'er came nigh;
Tweak'd the Lord Chancellor by the nose,
Turn'd all the Judges' wigs awry,
And trod on the old Generals' toes;
Pelted the Bishops with hot buns,
Rode cockhorse on the City maces,
And shot from little devilish guns,
Hard peas into his subjects' faces.
In short, such wicked pranks he play'd,
And grew so mischievous, God bless him!
That his Chief Nurse — with ev'n the aid
Of an Archbishop — was afraid,
When in these moods, to comb or dress him.
Nay, ev'n the persons most inclin'd
Through thick and thin, for Kings to stickle,
Thought him (if they'd but speak their mind,
Which they did not) an odious pickle.

At length some patriot lords — a breed
Of animals they've got in Thibet,
Extremely rare, and fit, indeed,
For folks like Pidcock, to exhibit —
Some patriot lords, who saw the length
To which things went, combin'd their strength,
And penn'd a manly, plain and free
Remonstrance to the Nursery;
Protesting warmly that they yielded
To none, that ever went before 'em,
In loyalty to him who wielded
The' hereditary pap-spoon o'er 'em;
That, as for treason, 'twas a thing
That made them almost sick to think of —
That they and theirs stood by the King,
Throughout his measles and his chin-cough,
When others, thinking him consumptive,
Had ratted to the Heir Presumptive,
But, still — though much admiring Kings
(And chiefly those in leading-strings),

Saa vare de langt bedre opdragne end disse; || Og gjorde ei den mindste Opposition, || Under Monarchens hele Tandbrud.

Men kort var dette Vindstille — thi just da han || Havde opnaaet den foruroligende Alder af tre (Aar) || Da Kongelige Naturer, og uden Tvivl || *Alle* ædle Dyrs (Naturer) bryde lös — || Viste Lamaen, som indtil den Tid var rolig || Symptomer af en Tilböielighed til Spektakel; || Og, moden til (at gjöre) Fortræd, tidlig, sildig || Uden at bryde sig om Kirke eller Stat, || Tog sig Friheder mod enhver som kom (ham) nær; || Kneb Lord Rigs-Cantsleren i Næsen, || Vendte alle Dommernes Paruquer skjæve, || Og traadte paa de gamle Generalers Tæer; || Beskjöd Biskopperne med varme Boller || Reed Kjæphest paa Hovedstads Sceptrene *) || Og skjöd udaf smaa djævelske Kanoner || Haarde Ærter i sine Undersaatters Ansigter || Kort sagt saadanne ondskabsfulde Streger legede han || Og blev en saadan Fortræds-Stifter, Gud velsigne ham! || At hans Over-Amme — endog med Bistand || Af Erkebispen — var bange for || Da han var i saadanne Luner, at kæmme ham eller klæde ham paa || Ja selv Personer som vare meest tiböjelige til || Igjennem tykt og tyndt (d. e. alle Lykkeskaar) at forsvare Konger || Ansaa ham (havde de kun villet sige deres Mening || Hvilket de *ikke* vilde) for en fæl Krabat (bogst. en slem Sylte).

Tilsidst (kom der) visse patriotiske Lorder — en Race || Af Dyre som de have i Thibet, || Overordentlig sjælden, og velskikket i Sandhed, || For Mænd som Pidcock, til at udstille — || Visse patriotiske Lorder, som saa hvorvidt || Tingene gik, forenede deres Styrke, || Og skrev en mandig, simpel og fri || Forestilling til *Ammestuen*; || Erklærende varmt at de ei gav efter || For nogen af deres Forgjængere || I Loyalitet mod ham, som förte || Den arvelige Melkebröds Skee over dem; || At hvad Forræderi angik, saa var det en Ting || Hvoraf de næsten fik ondt ved at tænke derpaa — || At de og deres havde staaet paa Kongens Side, || Heelt igjennem hans Mæslinger og hans Kighoste, || Da andre, som troede han havde Svindsot, || Havde som Vendekaaber gaaet over til Arveprindsen! || Men dog — skjönt meget beundrende Konger || (Og især dem (der gik) i Ledebaand) || Saae de

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*) **City-mace**, betyder dog egentlig Byen Londons Scepter. Alle höje Embedsstillinger i England udmærkes ved deres Embeds- eller Commando-Stave som bæres foran den Person som beklæder Embedet. City-mace bæres foran **Lord Mayor; House of Commons mace** foran **Speaker** &c. Denne Engelske Skik overföres her paa en comisk Maade paa Teshu-Lamas Hof i Thibet.

They saw, with shame and grief of soul,
  There was no longer now the wise
And constitutional control
  Of birch before their ruler's eyes;
But that of late, such pranks, and tricks
  And freaks occurr'd the whole day long,
As all, but men with bishopricks,
  Allow'd in ev'n a King, were wrong.
Wherefore it was they humbly pray'd
  That Honourable Nursery,
That such reforms be henceforth made,
  As all good men desir'd to see; —
In other words (lest they might seem
Too tedious), as the gentlest scheme
For putting all such pranks to rest,
  And in its bud the mischief nipping —
They ventur'd humbly to suggest
  His Majesty should have a whipping!

When this was read, no Congreve rocket,
  Discharg'd into the Gallic trenches,
E'er equall'd the tremendous shock it
  Produc'd upon the Nursery benches.
The Bishops, who of course, had votes,
By right of age and petticoats
Were first and foremost in the fuss —
  „What, whip a Lama! suffer birch
„To touch his sacred — infamous!
„Deistical! — assailing thus
„The fundamentals of the Church! —
„No — no — such patriot plans as these,
(„So help them Heaven — and their Sees!)
„They held to be rank blasphemies."

The' alarm thus given, by these and other
  Grave ladies of the Nursery side,
Spread through the land, till, such a pother,
  Such party squabbles, far and wide,
Never in history's page had been
Recorded, as were then between
The Whippers and Non-whippers seen.
Till things arriving at a state,
  Which gave some fears of revolution,
The patriot lords' advice, though late,
  Was put at last in execution.
The Parliament of Thibet met —
  The little Lama, call'd before it,
Did, then and there, his whipping get,
And (as the Nursery Gazette
  Assures us) like a hero bore it.

And though, 'mong Thibet Tories, some
Lament that Royal Martyr*d*om
(Please to observe the letter D
In this last word's pronounc'd like B),
Yet to the' example of that Prince,
  So much is Thibet's land a debtor,
That her long line of Lamas, since,
  Have all behav'd themselves *much* better.

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med Skam og Sjæleangest, || Der var ei længer nu den vise || Og constitutionelle Control || Af Birke(riis) for deres Regents Öjne; || Men at i den senere Tid, saadanne Streger og Spilopper, || Og absurde Indfald forefaldt hele Dagen igjennem || Som alle, undtagen Mænd med **Bispestole**, || Tilstod selv hos en Konge at være urigtige. || Derfor var det at de ydmygt bad || Den Höivelbaarne Ammestue, || At saadanne Reformer maa for Fremtiden gjöres, || Som alle gode Mænd önskede at see; — || Med andre Ord (at ei de skulde synes || For kjedsommelige) som den mildeste Plan || For at gjöre Ende paa alle saadanne Streger, || Og quæle Ulykken i Födselen, (bogst. dræbe ved Frost Ulykken i Spiren,) || Saa vovede de ydmygt at foreslaa || At Hans Majestæt maatte faa Prygl!

Da dette blev læst, kunde ingen Congrevisk Raket || Affyret indi de Franske Forskandsninger || Sammenlignes med den forfærdelige Rystelse som det || Frembragte paa Ammestue Bænkene *) || Biskopperne, som naturligvis havde Stemmer || Ifölge Rettighed af Alder og Skjorter || Vare de förste og forreste i Spektakelen — ,,Hvad, prygle en Lama! tillade Birke || ,,At beröre hans hellige — infamt! || ,,Deistisk! at angribe saaledes || ,,Kirkens Grundstykker — [Underværker?] || ,,Nei, — nei — saadanne patriotiske Planer som disse, || ,,(Saa hjælpe dem Himmelen — og deres Bispesæder!) || ,,Ansaa de for at være i groveste Maade blasphemiske!

Den saaledes blæste Allarm af disse og andre || Ærværdige Damer paa Ammestuens Side || Udbredte sig over Landet, indtil saadan en Larm || Saadan Parti-Kiv, vidt og bredt || Aldrig (för) i Historiens Bog [bogsl. Side] var bleven || Optegnet, som da imellem || Pryglerne og Ikke-pryglerne fornammes, || Indtil, da Sagerne nærmede sig en Tilstand || Som vækkede nogen Frygt for en Revolution || De patriotiske Lorders Raad, skjönt silde, || Blev endelig bragt i Udförelse. || Thibets Parliament traadte sammen — || Den lille Lama, kaldet for det || Fik paa samme Tid og Sted sine Prygl || Og (efter hvad Ammestue Gazetten || Forsikkrer) taalte det som en Helt.

Og skjönt blandt de Thibetanske Torier nogle || Beklage hin kongelige Martyrdom || (Behag at mærke at Bogstavet D || I dette sidste Ord udtales som B) **), || Er endnu til hiin Fyrstes Exempel || Thibets Land saameget en Skyldner || At dets lange Linie af Lamaer siden || Har heelt igjennem opfört sig *meget* bedre.

*) Her ligger det Komiske i en heelt igjennem fortsat Parallel med Overhuset.

**) Hvorved fremkommer ,,*Martyr-bom*", et komisk Ord paa Engelsk.

Fable VII.
The Extinguishers.

Proem.

Though soldiers are the true supports,
The natural allies of Courts;
Woe to the Monarch, who depends
Too much on his red-coated friends;
For even soldiers sometimes think —
Nay, Colonels have been known to reason, —
And reasoners, whether clad in pink,
Or red, or blue, are on the brink
(Nine cases out of ten) of treason.

Not many soldiers, I believe, are
As fond of liberty as Mina;
Else — woe to kings, when Freedom's fever
Once turns into a Scarletina!
For then — but hold, 'tis best to veil
My meaning in the following tale: —

Fable.

A Lord of Persia, rich and great
Just come into a large estate
Was shock'd to find he had, for neighbours
Close to his gate, some rascal Ghebers
Whose fires, beneath his very nose,
In heretic combustion rose.
But Lords of Persia can, no doubt
Do what they will — so, one fine morning,
He turn'd the rascal Ghebers out,
First giving a few kicks for warning.
Then, thanking Heaven most piously.
He knocked their Temple to the ground,
Blessing himself for joy to see
Such Pagan ruins strew'd around.
But much it vex'd my Lord to find
That, while all else obey'd his will,
The Fire these Ghebers left behind
Do what he would, kept burning still.
Fiercely he stormed as if his frown
Could scare the bright insurgent dnwn;
But no — such fires are headstrong things
And care not much for Lords or Kings
Scarce could his Lordship well contrive
The flashes in one place to smother,
Before — hey presto! — all alive,
They sprung up freshly in another.

Fabel VII.
Lyseslukkerne.

Indledning.

Skjöndt Soldater ere de sande Stötter || De naturlige Allierede for Hofferne, || (Saa dog) Vee over den Monarch, som forlader sig || *For-meget* paa sine rödkjölede Venner; || Thi selv Soldater *tænke* undertiden — || Ja (endog) Oberster vides at have *raisonneret* —*) [sluttet?] || Og Raisonneurer hvad enten klædte i Nellikerödt || Eller Höirödt eller Blaat, staa paa Randen || (I ni Tilfælde af ti) af Höiforræderi.

Ikke mange Soldater, troer jeg, holde || Saa meget af Frihed som Mina; **) || Ellers — Vee over Konger, naar Friheds-Feberen || Engang forvandles til en Skarlagens-Feber!***) || Thi da — men det er bedst at tilslöre || Min Mening i den fölgende Fortælling.

Fabelen.

En Lord i Persien, rig og stor, || Som just havde succederet til et stort Gods, || Blev forfærdet over at finde han havde for Naboer, || Tæt ved sin Port, nogle Slyngler af Gheberer, || Hvis Ilde lige under hans Næse || I kjættersk Brand hævede sig. || Men Persiens Lorder kunne uden Tvivl, || Gjöre hvad de behage — altsaa en skjön Morgen, || Jog han de Slyngler af Gheberer bort || Först givende dem nogle faa Spark som Varsel (el. Opsigelse) || Derpaa takkende Himmelen paa det andægtigste || Nedbröd han deres Tempel til Jorden, || Velsignende sig selv af Glæde ved at see || Saadanne hedenske Ruiner ströede omkring. || Men meget ærgrede det Mylord at finde, || At, imedens Alt andet adlöd hans Villje, || Ilden som disse Gheberer efterlod || Blev bestandig ved at brænde, hvad han end gjorde. || Med Barskhed stormede han, som om hans truende Mine || Kunde skræmme den lyse Insurgent ned; || Men nei, — saadanne Ilde ere haardnakkede Tingester, || Og bryde sig ei meget om Lorder eller Konger. || Næppe kunde hans Herlighed vel sætte igjennem || At qvæle Flammelynene paa eet Sted, || Förend — Hei *presto!* — lyslevende || De paany sprang op paa et andet.

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*) Paa Græsk udtrykkes den mere uvilkaarlige, den mere passive Tænkning ved ἐννοεῖν, eller διανοεῖν; den mere active ved λογίζεσθαι — paa Latin ved *cogito* og *ratiocinor* — paa Russisk *dumat* og *zakliutshat* — og denne forskjællige Art af Tænken kan rigtig udtrykkes paa Engelsk ved *to think* og *to reason*, ligesom paa Fransk ved *penser* og *raisonner* — Ital. *pensare* og *ragionare* — Spansk *pensar* og *razonar* — Paa Dansk og Tydsk kan kun det förste udtrykkes med eet Ord; for det andet, maa man bruge et fremmed Ord.

**) Den Spanske General.

***) d. e. Udbreder sig iblandt Rödkjolerne- d. e. Armeerne.

t lenght when spite of prayers and damns.
'T was found the sturdy flame defied him
His stewards came with low salams,
Off'ring, by contract, to provide him
Some large Extinguishers, (a plan
Much us'd they said at Ispahan,
Vienna, Petersburgh — in short,
Where ever Light's forbid at court)
Machines no Lord should be without
Which would at once put promptly out
All kinds of fires, — from staring, stark
Volcanos to the tiniest spark;
Till all things slept as dull and dark,
As, in a great Lord's neighbourhood
'T was right and fitting all things should.

Accordingly, some large supplies
Of these Extinguishers were furnished
(All of the true imperial size),
And there, in rows, stood black and burnish'd,
Ready, where 'er a gleam but shone
Of light or fire, to be clapp'd on.

But, ah, how lordly wisdom errs,
In trusting to extinguishers!
One day, when he had left all sure
(At least so thought he) dark, secure —
The flame, at all its exits, entries,
Obstructed to his hearts content,
And black extinguishers like sentries,
Plac'd over every dangerous vent —
Ye Gods imagine his amaze,
His wrath, his rage, when, on returning
He found not only the old blaze,
Brisk as before, crackling and burning,
Not only new, young conflagrations,
Popping up round in various stations,
But still more awful, strange, and dire,
The Extinguishers themselves on fire!!
They, they — those trusty, blind machines
His Lordship had so long been praising,
As, under Providence, the means
Of keeping down all lawless blazing,
Were now, themselves — alas, too true
The shameful fact — turn'd blazers too,
And, by a change as odd as cruel
Instead of dampers, serv'd for fuel!

Thus, of his only hope bereft,
„What" said the great man „must be done?"
All that in scrapes like this is left
To great men is — to cut and run.
So run he did; while to their ground,
The banish'd Ghebers blest return'd;
And, though their Fire had broke its bounds,
And all abroad now wildly burn'd,
Yet well could they, who lov'd the flame,
Its wand'ring, its excess reclaim;
And soon another, fairer Dome

Tilsidst da nagtet Bönner og Forbandelser || Det viste sig at den stivsindede Flamme trodsede ham, || Kom hans Forvaltere med dybe *Salam-er* (d. e. Muselmanske Hilsener || Tilbydende paa Licitation at forsyne ham || Med nogle store Lyseslukkere (en Plan, || Meget anvendt, sagde de, i Ispahan, || Wien, St. Petersborg — kort sagt || Hvorsomhelst Lys er forbudt til Hove) || Maskiner som ingen Lord burde undvære || Som vilde, med Eet, hurtigt udslukke || Alle Slags af Ilde, fra forfærdelige gloende || Vulcaner (ind) til den mindste Gnist; || Indtil Alt sov saa slövt og mörkt, || Som i en stor Lords (Herres) Nabolaug || Det var ret og passende Alting skulde (sove).

Fölgelig, nogle store Forraad || Af disse Lyseslukkere bleve forskaffede || (Alle af den rette imperiale (keiserlige?) Störrelse || Og der, i Rækker, stode sorte og glindsende || Paa rede Haand, hvor somhelst et Glimt kun skinnede || Af Lys eller Ild, at trykkes (sættes) paa.

Men, ach, hvormeget Lorders Viisdom tager Feil, || I at forlade sig paa Lyseslukkere! || En Dag da han havde forladt Alt sikkert, || (I det mindste saa tænkte han) mörkt, vel forvaret — || Flammen ved alle dens Udgange, Indgange || Indespærret til hans Hjærtes Tilfredsstillelse, || Og sorte Lyseslukkere, som Skildvagter, || Satte over hvert farligt Lufthul — || I Guder! Forestiller eder hans Forbauselse, || Hans Vrede, hans Raseri, da, kommende tilbage, || Han fandt ei alene den gamle Blusild || Livlig som för, knagende og brændende, || Ikke blot nye, unge Ildebrande, || Skydende op rundt omkring paa forskjællige Steder — Men, endnu mere forfærdeligt, besynderligt, og grueligt, || Lyseslukkerne selv i Brand!! || De, de, — disse trofaste, blinde Maskiner || Som hans Herlighed havde lovpriset saalænge || Som (værende), under Forsynet, Midlerne || Til at undertrykke al lovlös Opblussen, || Vare nu selv — Ach, altfor sand || Den skammelige Kjendsgjerning — ogsaa forvandlede til Opblussere, || Og ved en Forandring ligesaa besynderlig som grusom, || Istedenfor Neddæmpere blevne til Brændsel!

Saaledes, berövet sit eneste Haab, || „Hvad", sagde den store Mand, „er der at gjöre?" || Alt hvad, der i Forlegenheder som denne, staaer tilbage, || For store Mænd er — at kappe Anker og flygte. || Og flygte gjorde han; medens til deres Grunde || De landflygtige Gheberer glade vendte tilbage; || Og skjöndt deres Ild havde brudt ud over sine Grændser, || Og vidt og bredt nu brændte vildt, || Saa kunde dog de vel, som elskede Flammen, || Dens Udskeielse, dens Yppighed tæmme; || Og snart en anden favrere Kuppel-Hvælving (d. e. Tem-

Arose to be its sacred home,
Where cherish'd, guarded, not confin'd,
The living glory dwelt inshrin'd,
And, shedding lustre strong, but even
Though born of earth, grew worthy heav'n.

Moral.

The moral hence my Muse infers
Is, that such Lords are simple elves,
In trusting to Extinguishers,
That are combustible themselves.

II.

FROM DON JUAN CANTO I.

CC.

My poem's Epic, and is meant to be
Divided in twelve books; each book containing,
With love, and war, a heavy gale at sea,
A list of ships, and captains, and kings reigning,
New characters: the episodes are three:
A panoramic view of hell's in training,
After the style of Virgil and of Homer,
So that my name of Epic's no misnomer.

CCI.

All these things will be specified in time,
With strict regard to Aristotle's rules,
The *vade mecum* of the true sublime,
Which makes so many poets, and some fools;
Prose poets like blank verse, I'm fond of rhyme,
Good workmen never quarrel with their tools:
I've got new mythological machinery,
And very handsome supernatural scenery.

CCII.

There's only one slight difference between
Me and my epic brethren gone before,
And here the advantage is my own, I ween;
(Not that I have not several merits more,
But this will more peculiarly be seen)
They so embellish, that 'tis quite a bore,
Their labyrinth of fables to thread through,
Whereas this story's actually true.

CCIII.

If any person doubt it, I appeal
To history, tradition, and to facts,
To newspapers, whose truth all know and feel,
To plays in five, and operas in three acts;

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pel) || Reiste sig for at blive dens hellige Hjem, || Hvor opelskel, bevogtel, ei indespærret || Den levende Glorie boede i sin Helligdom, || Og udgydende en Glands som var stærk, men lige, || Skjöndt födt af Jord, blev Himmelen værdig.

Moral.

Den Moral som min Muse heraf drager || Er at saadanne Lorder ere enfoldige Alfer, || I at forlade sig paa Lysesłukkere || Som selv ere brændbare.

Slutningen af Don Juans Canto I.

CC.

Mit Digt er episk, og er bestemt til at blive || Deelt i tolv Böger; hver Bog Indeholdende, || Med Kjærlighed og Krig, en svær Storm tilsöes, || En Liste over Skibe og Capitainer, og regjerende Konger, || Nye Charakterer; Episoderne ere tre: || En panoramisk Fremstilling af Helvede forfærdiges, || Efter Virgils og Homers Stiil; || Saa at min Benævnelse Episk Digt er ingen falsk Benævnelse.

CCI.

Alle disse Ting vil senere specificeres, || Med strængt Hensyn til Aristotelis Regler, || Det virkelig Ophöjedes „*Vade mecum*," || Som danner saa mange Digtere og nogle Daarer: || Prosa-Digtere holde af riimfrie Vers, jeg synes godt om Riim, || Gode Arbeidere skjændes aldrig med deres Redskaber; || Jeg har faaet et nyt mythologisk Maskineri || Og en meget smuk overnaturlig Scene-Besætning.

CCII.

Der er kun een lille Forskjæl imellem || Mig og mine forudgangne episke Brödre, || Og her er Fordelen paa min Side, troer jeg; || (Ikke fordi at jeg jo haver adskillige flere Fortjenester, || Men dette vil vise sig mere i Detail); || De forskjönne [Alting] saa, at man har sin Nöd med || Deres Labyrinth af Fabler at snirkle sig igjennem, || Hvorimod denne Historie er virkelig sand.

CCIII.

Hvis nogen Person tvivler derom, saa appellerer jeg || Til Historien, til Traditionen og til Kjendsgjerninger, || Til Aviser, hvis Sandhed alle kjende og föle, || Til Skuespil i fem og Operaer i tre Acter; || Alle disse be-

All these confirm my statement a good deal,
But that which more completely faith exacts
Is, that myself, and several now in Seville,
Saw Juan's last elopement with the devil.

CCIV.

If ever I should condescend to prose,
I'll write poetical commandments, which
Shall supersede beyond all doubt all those
That went before; in these I shall enrich
My text with many things that no one knows,
And carry precept to the highest pitch:
I'll call the work „Longinus o'er a Bottle,
Or, Every Poet his *own* Aristotle."

CCV.

Thou shalt believe in Milton, Dryden, Pope:
Thou shalt not set up Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey:
Because the first in crazed beyond all hope,
The second drunk, the third so quaint and mouthy;
With Crabbe it may be difficult to cope,
And Campbell's Hippocrene is somewhat drouthy:
Thou shalt not steal from Samuel Rogers, nor
Commit — flirtation with the Muse of Moore.

CCVI.

Thou shalt not covet Mr. Sotheby's Muse,
His Pegasus, nor any thing that's his;
Thou shalt not bear false witness like „the Blues,"
(There's one, at least, is very fond of this;)
Thou shalt not write, in short, but what I choose:
This is true criticism, and you may kiss —
Exactly as you please, or not, the rod,
But if you don't, I'll lay it on, by G—d!

CCVII.

If any person should presume to assert
This story is not moral, first, I pray,
That they will not cry out before they're hurt,
Then that they'll read it o'er again, and say,
(But, doubtless, nobody will be so pert)
That this is not a moral tale, though gay;
Besides, in canto twelfth, I mean to show
The very place where wicked people go.

---

kræfte mit Udsagn en hel Deel, || Men det som mere fuldkomment gjör Fordring paa Tiltro || Er, at jeg selv og adskillige som nu ere i Sevilla, || Saae Juans sidste Bortrömmelse med Djævelen.

CCIV.

Hvis nogensinde jeg skulde nedlade mig til Prosa || Vil jeg skrive poetiske Bud, som || Skulde uden Tvivl gjöre overflödige alle dem || Som ere forudgangne; i disse skal jeg berige || Min Text med mange Ting som slet Ingen kjender || Og bringe Forskriften til det höjeste Top-Punkt; || Jeg vil kalde Værket: ,,Longinus over en Flaske," || Eller: ,,Enhver Digter sin egen Aristoteles.

CCV.

Du skal tro paa Milton, Dryden, Pope; || Du skal ei opstille Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, || Fordi den förste er aldeles haablöst forrykt, || Den anden fordrukken, den tredie saa affecteret og vidflabet [sladdervoren] || Med Crabbe bliver det vanskeligt at kappes || Og Campbells Hippokrene er noget udtörret; || Du skal ei stjæle fra Samuel Rogers, ei heller || Bedrive — Coquetteri med Moores Muse.

CCVI,

Du skal ei begjære Mr. Sothebys Muse, || Hans Pegasns, ei heller nogen Ting som er hans, || Du skal ei bære falsk Vidnesbyrd som ,,de Blaae" —*) || (Der er een (af dem) i det mindste som holder meget af dette); || Du skal ei skrive, kort sagt uden hvad jeg finder for godt; || Dette er den ægte Kritik, og du kan kysse — || Accurat som du behager eller ei — Riiset; || Men gjör du det ei, saa lægger jeg det paa (dig) (d. e. saa skal du faa det at föle) ved Jupiter!

CCVII.

Hvis nogen Person skulde fordriste sig til at paastaa || At denne Historie ei er moralsk, saa beder jeg, först || At de ei vil skrige höit för de ere beskadigede, || Dernæst, at de vil læse den over igjen, og sige, || (Men, uden Tvivl vil ingen blive saa impertinent,) || At dette ikke er en moralsk Fortælling, skjönt munter: || Desuden i tolvte Canto har jeg i Sinde at vise || Selve Stedet hvor de ugudelige Folk gaae hen.

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*) ,,De Blaae", en Qvindeklub i London paa Lord Byrons Tid, der ligesom paa Trods gav sig dette Navn — en lærd Dame kaldes i England spotvils ,,En blaa Strömpe" — Disse Damer redigerede et Maanedskrift som indeholdt en Deel Angreb paa Lord Byron.

CCVIII.

If, after all, there should be some so blind
To their own good this warning to despise,
Led by some tortuosity of mind,
Not to believe my verse and their own eyes,
And cry that they „the moral cannot find,"
I tell him, if a clergyman, he lies:
Should captains the remark or critics make,
They also lie too—under a mistake,

CCIX.

The public approbation I expect,
And beg they'll take my word about the moral,
Which I with their amusement will connect.
(So children cutting teeth receive a coral;)
Meantime, they'll doubtless please to recollect
My epical pretensions to the laurel:
For fear some prudish readers should grow skittish
I've brib'd my grandmother's review—the British.

CCX.

I sent it in a letter to the Editor,
Who thank'd me duly by return of post —
I'm for a handsome article his creditor;
Yet if my gentle Muse he please to roast,
And break a promise after having made it her,
Denying the receipt of what it cost,
And smear his page with gall instead of honey,
All I can say is — that he had the money.

CCXI.

I think that with this holy new alliance
I may ensure the public, and defy
All other magazines of art or science,
Daily, or monthly, or three monthly, I
Have not essay'd to multiply their clients,
Because they tell me 'twere in vain to try,
And that the Edinburgh Review and Quarterly
Treat a dissenting author very martyrly.

CCVIII.

Hvis med Alt dette, der skulde gives En eller Anden saa blind || For sit eget Bedste, at han foragter denne Advarsel, || Ledt af en eller anden Gemyts Skjævhed (Vrangvillighed) || Saa at han ei troer mit Vers eller sine egne Öjne, || Og skriger, at han „Moralen ei kan finde", || Saa siger jeg ham, hvis han er en Præst, han *lyver; [ligger]* || Skulde Capitainer eller Critici gjöre en saadan Bemærkning, || Saa *ligge [lyve]* de ogsaa — under en Feiltagelse *).

CCIX.

Det Offentliges Bifald vænter jeg || Og beder at man vil forlade sig paa mit Ord hvad Moralen angaaer, || Som jeg med deres Morskab vil forbinde; || (Saaledes Börn naar de faa Tænder erholde en Koral); || Imidlertid vil de uden Tvivl behage at erindre || Mine episke Fordringer paa Laurbærkronen, || Af Frygt for at nogle af mine snærpede Læsere skulde blive sky, || Saa har jeg bestukket min Bedstemoders Qvartalskrit den Brittiske **).

CCX.

Jeg sendte det i et Brev til Redacteuren, || Som tilbörligt takkede mig med omgaaende Post — || Jeg er for en anstændig Artikel (d. e. Anmeldelse) hans Creditor; || Dog, dersom han min blide Muse finder for godt at have til Bedste, || Og bryde sit Löfte efter at have givet hende det, || Benegtende Modtagelsen af hvad det kostede, || Og tilsöle sin Side med Galde istedenfor Honning, || Saa er alt hvad jeg kan sige — at han fik Pengene.

CCXI.

Jeg tænker at med denne hellige nye Alliance***) || Jeg kan sikkre mig Publicum, og byde Trods || Alle andre Magaziner af Konst eller Videnskab, || Daglige, eller maanedlige, eller tre-maanedlige; Jeg || Har ei gjort Forsög paa at forflere deres Clienter || Fordi man fortæller mig det vilde være forgjæves at forsöge (derpaa), || Og at „*Edinburgh Review*" og „*Quarterly*" || Behandle en dissenterende Forfatter meget martyrmæssigt.

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*) Ordspillet i „*lies*" kan ikke gjengives paa Dansk; men det komiske ligger deri at Betydningen *lyver* anvendes mod Præsten, som ikke antages at udfordre, og at Digteren tager sin Tilflugt til Bemærkelsen „*ligge*" mod Officerer og Critici.

**) Redacteuren af „*The British Review*", Mr. Roberts tog denne og den fölgende Stanza meget alvorligt og ilde op og indlod sig paa en meget höitidelig Retfærdiggjörelse, erklærende at der var ikke eet Ord sandt i disse Stanzaer. Lord Byron gjorde hans Vrede og Retfærdiggjörelse meget latterlig i et Brev fra Bologna 1819.

***) Den saakaldte Hellige Alliance mellem Rusland, Österrig, Preussen og Frankrig blev stiftet i Aaret 1817. Dens Formaal var at undertrykke den constitutionelle Aand som udbredte sig i Tydskland efter Krigen. Ovennævnte Rigers Monarcher forpligtede sig i Fremtiden til at regjere deres Lande christeligen, og sammentraadte til den Ende i en Art af Maadeholds Forening; dette sagde de, var langt bedre end alle Constitutioner. Byron afbenyttede gjerne hver Leilighed til at give hlint Forbund en lille Snært.

CCXII.

„Non ego hoc ferrem calida juventa
„Consule Planco," Horace said, and so
Say I; by which quotation there is meant a
Hint that some six or seven good years ago
(Long ere I dreamt of dating from the Brenta)
I was most ready to return a blow,
And would not brook at all this sort of thing
In my hot youth — when George the Third was King.

CCXIII.

But now at thirty years my hair is grey —
(I wonder what it will be like at forty:
I thought of a peruke the other day)
My heart is not much greener; and, in short, I
Have squander'd my whole summer while 'twas May
And feel no more the spirit to retort; I
Have spent my life, both interest and principal,
And deem not, what I deem'd my soul invincible.

CCXIV.

No more — no more — Oh! never more on me
The freshness of the heart can fall like dew,
Which out of all the lovely things we see
Extracts emotions beautiful and new,
Hived in our bosoms like the bag o' the bee:
Think'st thou the honey with those objects grew?
Alas! 'twas not in them, but in thy power
To double even the sweetness of a flower.

CCXV.

No more — no more — Oh! never more my heart,
Canst thou be my sole world, my universe!
Once all in all, but now a thing apart,
Thou canst not be my blessing or my curse:
The illusion's gone for ever, and thou art
Insensible, I trust, but none the worse,
And in thy stead I've got a deal of judgment,
Though heaven knows how it ever found a lodgement.

CCXII.

Non ego hoc ferrem calida juventâ || *Consule Planco,* sagde Horats og det Samme || Siger Jeg; ved hvilket Citat der menes et || Vink om at for omtrent gode sex eller syv Aar siden || (Længe förend jeg drömte om at datere fra *Brenta*-floden) || Jeg var meget redebon til at gjengjelde et Slag, || Og vilde slet ikke have taalt en saadan Slags Ting || I min varme Ungdom — da Georg den Tredje var Konge.

CCXIII.

Men nu i mit tredivte Aar er mit Haar graat — || (Jeg gad vide hvad det kommer til at ligne i det 40de || Jeg tænkte paa (at anskaffe mig) en Paryk forleden Dag —) || Mit Hjærte er ei meget grönnere; og, kort sagt, jeg || Har bortödslet hele min Sommer medens det (endnu) var Mai (maaned), || Og föler ei mere Tilböjelighed til at betale lige for lige; jeg || Har opbrugt mit Liv, baade Renter og Capital, || Og anseer Ikke, som jeg för ansaa, min Sjæl for uovervindelig.

CCXIV.

Intet mere — Intet mere — Oh! aldrig mere paa mig || Kan Hjærtets Friskhed falde som Dug, || Som udaf alle de elskelige Ting vi see || Uddrager skjönne og nye Fölelser, || Kubegjemte i vor Barm som Biens Sæk, || Tænker du Honningen med disse Gjenstande voxede? || Ach! det var ei i dem, men i din Magt || At fordoble endog en Blomsts Södhed.

CCXV.

Intet mere — Intet mere — Oh! aldrig mere, mit Hjerte, || Kan du være min eneste Verden, mit Universum! || Forhen Alt i Alt, men nu en særskilt Ting, || Kan du ei være min Velsignelse eller min Forbandelse. || Blændværket er forsvundet for stedse, og du er || Fölesløst, haaber jeg, men slet ikke værre, || Og i steden for dig har jeg faaet en hel Deel Fornuft, || Skjönt Himmelen veed hvorledes den nogensinde fandt Logis*).

*) I St. 104 betragtes Hjærtet objectivt, dets expansive Kraft, dets Receptivitet, dets Samlings-Evne. I St. 105 derimod betragtes det subjectivt, dets indre Kraft, dets Contractilitet, dets Selvtilstrækkelighed; — og begges Forsvinden i — Fölesløsheden.

CCXVI.

My days of love are over, me no more *)
The charms of maid, wife, and still less of widow,
Can make the fool of which they made before,
In short, I must not lead the life I did do;
The credulous hope of mutual minds is o'er,
The copious use of claret is forbid too.
So for a good old gentlemanly vice,
I think I must take up with avarice.

CCXII.

Ambition was my idol, which was broken
Before the shrines of Sorrow and of Pleasure;
And the two last have left me many a token,
O'er which reflection may be made at leisure:
Now, like Friar Bacon's brazen head, I've spoken,
„Time is, Time was, Time's past," a chymic treasure
Is glittering youth, which I have spent betimes —
My heart in passion, and my head on rhymes.

CCVIII.

What is the end of fame? 'tis but to fill
A certain portion of uncertain paper:
Some liken it to climbing up a hill,
Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in vapour;
For this men write, speak, preach, and heroes kill,
And bards burn what they call their „midnight taper,"
To have, when the original is dust,
A name, a wretched picture, and worse bust.

CCXIX.

What are the hopes of man! old Egypt's king
Cheops erected the first pyramid
And largest, thinking it was just the thing
To keep his memory whole, and mummy hid;
But somebody or other rummaging,
Burglariously broke his coffin's lid:
Let not a monument give you or me hopes,
Since not a pinch of dust remains of Cheops.

CCXVI.

Mine Kjærligheds Dage ere forbi; mig ei mere || Kunne Yndighederne af Pige, Kone og endnu mindre af Enke, || Gjöre til den Daare som de för gjorde, — || Kort sagt, jeg maa ei före det Liv jeg förte; || Det godtroende Haab om gjensidig Gemyt[s Retning] er forbi, || Den stærke Brug af Rödvin er forbuden ogsaa,*) || Saa for en god Gammel-Gentlemans Last, || Troer jeg jeg maa slaa mig til Gjerrigheden.

CCXII.

Ærgjerrighed var mit Afgudsbillede, som blev brudt || Foran Sorrigs og Vellysts Alter; || Og de to sidste have efterladt mig mangt et Tegn || Hvorover Reflection kan anstilles ved Leilighed || Nu ligesom Broder (Munken) Bacons Mæssing-Hoved har jeg talt, || ,,Tid er, Tid var, Tid er omme" **) — en chymisk Skat || Er den glimrende Ungdom, som jeg har ödet tidlig — || Mit Hjærte i Lidenskab, og mit Hoved paa Riim.

CCVIII.

Hvad er Ryets Öjemed? det er kun at fylde || En vis Portion af uvist Papiir: || Nogle sammenligne det med Klattren op ad en Höi || Hvis Top, som alle Höje, tabes i Dunst; || For dette (er det at) Mænd skrive, tale, prædike, og Helte dræbe, || Og Skjalde brænde hvad de kalde deres ,,Midnats Kerte," || For at have, naar Originalen (er bleven til) Stöv || Et Navn, et elendigt Portrait, og slettere Buste***).

CCXIX.

Hvad ere Menneskets Forhaabninger? Det gamle Ægyptens Konge || Cheops opförte den förste Pyramide || Og den störste, tænkende at den var just den Ting || Som kunde bevare hans Minde heelt, og hans Mumie skjult; || Men en eller anden rumsterende (Person) || Paa Indbrudstyvs Maneer brækkede hans Liigkiste-Laag: || Lad ikke et Monument give dig eller mig Haab || Siden ikke (engang) en Prise af Stöv er tilbage af Cheops.

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*) De förste sex Linier af denne Stanza ere næsten en Oversættelse af Horats Carm. Lib. IV. Od 1. v. 29—32. Men Oversættelsen er heldigt modificeret, navnlig i ,,widow", med et komisk Anströg som Originalen ikke har.

) Den engelske Munk Roger Bacon, Krudtets virkelige Opfinder, levede i det 13de Aarhundred. Om ham fortælles mange fabelagtige Legender; blandt andre det af han forfærdigede et Messinghoved som kunde tale. Hovedet kom saa vidt, at det udtalte disse Ord: **,,Time is, — Time was, — Time is past — men da det rigtige Öjeblik til at spörge det videre ei blev iagttaget, styrtede Hovedet sig selv ned af sin Piedestal, og blev slaaet i Tusinde Stykker.

***) En Hentydning til Thorvaldsens Buste af Lord Byron, som ikke tilfredstillede den ædle Lord.

CCXX.

But I, being fond of true philosophy,
Say very often to myself," Alas!
„All things that have been born were born to die,
„And flesh (which Death mows down to hay) is grass.
„You've pass'd your youth not so unpleasantly,
„And if you had it o'er again — 'twould pass —
„So thank your stars that matters are no worse,
„And read your Bible, sir, and mind your purse."

CCXXI.

But for the present, gentle reader! and
Still gentler purchaser! the bard — that's I —
Must, with permission, shake you by the hand,
And so your humble servant, and good bye!
We meet again, if we should understand
Each other; and if not, I shall not try
Your patience further than by this short sample —
'Twere well if others follow'd my example —

CCXII.

„Go, little book, from this my solitude!
„I cast thee on the waters, go thy ways!
„And if, as I believe, thy vein be good,
„The world will find thee after many days."
When Southey's read, and Wordsworth understood,
I can't help putting in my claim to praise —
The four first rhymes are Southey's every line:
For God's sake, reader! take them not for mine:

III.

LORD BYRON'S SCEPTICISM.

Much as there has been written on this subject both in England and in other countries, it has rarely, we fear, if ever at all, been treated with perfect fairness. The noble poet's scepticism is not one of the ordinary kind. It reached a stage beyond the common; and this is best expressed by the poet himself: he at last *„doubted if doubt itself was doubting."* He had past the dreary waste of universal doubt, and was already so near the shore of Hope and Faith, that he had their beacon lights full in view. He had certainly not taken the shortest road; but the long circumnavigation was necessary for a mind so vast, so energetic, so restless, so inquisitive. It behooved him to explore, and to sound the extent and the depth of thought in all directions: it seems that *his* faith would have been of little value, and of small comfort to himself without such a cruize. It is by way of establishing this, that we here insert the following extracts.

CCXX.

Men jeg som holder af sand Philosophi, || Siger meget ofte til mig selv, ,,Ach! || Alle Ting som have været födte bleve födte til at dö, || Og Kjöd (som Döden mejer ned til Hö) er Græs; || Du har lilbragt din Ungdom ei saa ubehagelig, || Og kunde du faa den om igjen — saa gik det an — || Saa tak dine Sljærner al Sagerne ei staa værre, || Og læs din Bible, Herre, og pas paa din Pung.

CCXXI.

Men for nærværende Tid, kjære Læser! og || Endnu kjærere Kjöber! Skjalden — det er mig — || Maa, med Tilladelse, ryste Eders Haand, || Og saa, Eders ydmyge Tjener, og Farvel! || Vi mödes igjen hvis vi skulde forstaa || Hinanden; og hvis ei skal jeg ikke stille paa Pröve || Eders Taalmodighed videre end ved denne lille Mundsmag [egenll. Pröve] || Det var vei hvis andre fulgte mit Exempel.

CCXXII.

Gaa, lille Bog, fra denne min Ensomhed! || Jeg kaster dig paa Vandene — gaa din Vej || Og hvis, som jeg troer, din Aare er god, || Vil Verden finde dig efter mange Dage. *) || Naar Southey bliver læst, og Wordsworth forstaael || Kan jeg ei lade være at fremkomme med min Fordring paa Roes — || De fire förste Riim ere Southey's, hver Linie; || For Guds Skyld, Læser, tag dem ei for mine.

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*) Af Slutningen af Southey's ,,Pilgrimage to Waterloo."

FROM DON JUAN CANTO XIV.

I.

If from great Nature's or our own abyss
Of thought, we could but snatch a certainty,
Perhaps mankind might find the path they miss —
But then 'twould spoil much good philosophy.
One system eats another up, and this
Much as old Saturn ate his progeny;
For when his pious consort gave him stones
In lieu of sons, of these he made no bones.

II.

But System doth reverse the Titan's breakfast,
And eats her parents, albeit the digestion
Is difficult. Pray tell me, can you make fast,
After due search, your faith to any question?
Look back o'er ages, ere unto the stake fast
You bind yourself, and call some mode the best one.
Nothing more true than *not* to trust your senses;
And yet what are your other evidences?

III.

For me, I know not; nothing I deny,
Admit, reject, contemn; and what know *you*,
Except perhaps that you were born to die?
And both may after all turn out untrue.
An age may come, Font of eternity,
When nothing shall be either old or new.
Death, so called, is a thing which makes men weep
And yet a third of life is pass'd in sleep.

IV.

A sleep without dreams, after a rough day
Of toil, is what we covet most; and yet
How clay shrinks back from more quiescent clay!
The very suicide that pays his debt
At once without instalments (an old way
Of paying debts, which creditors regret)
Lets out impatiently his rushing breath,
Less from disgust of life than dread of death.

I.

Hvis fra den store Naturs eller vort eget Afgrund || Af Tanke vi kun kunde faa fat paa en Vished, || Kanskee Menneskeslægten (da) kunde finde den Sti den taber — || Men saa vilde dette spolere meget af god Philosophi. || Det ene System æder det andet op, og dette || Saa temmelig paa samme Maade som gamle Kronos aad sit Afkom; || Thi da hans slægtkjærlige Ægtefælle gav ham Stene || Isteden for Sönner, saa gjorde han ingen Omstændigheder ved disse.

II.

Men **System** vender Titanens Frokost om || Og æder sine Forældre, hvorvel Fordöjelsen || Er vanskelig. Kom, sig mig, kan I gjöre fast || Efter tilbörlig Granskning, eders Tro til noget Spörgsmaal? || See tilbage over Tidsaldre, inden til Pælen fast || I binder Eder selv, og kalder en eller anden Maade den bedste. || Intet er mere sikkert end det: *ikke* at tro Eders Sandser || Og dog hvad ere Eders andre Visheder (fuldgyldige Beviser).

III.

Hvad mig angaaer, jeg veed Intet; Intet jeg negter, || Tilstaaer, forkaster, foragter; og hvad veed *I*, || Undtagen kanskee at I var födt til at dö? || Og begge Dele kan, naar Alt kommer til Alt, befindes usandt || En Tidsalder kan komme, Evighedens Font, || Da intet bliver enten gammelt eller nyt. || Den saakaldte Död*) er en Ting som bringer Mennesket til at græde, || Og dog tilbringes en tredje Deel af Livet i Sövn.

IV.

En Sövn uden Drömme, efter en haard Dag || Af Strabadser, er hvad vi meest begjære; og dog || Hvor Leeret gyser tilbage fra et endnu mere hvilende Leer! || Endog Selvmorderen som betaler sin Gjæld || Med eet uden Afdrag (en *gammel* Façon || At betale Gjeld paa, hvilket Creditorer beklage) || Udlader utaalmodigt sin fremstyrtende Aande || Mindre af Afsky for Liv end Frygt for Död.

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*) Euripides siger etsteds:
Τις δ' οιδεν ει το ζῆν μεν ἐστιν κατθανειν.
Το κατθανειν δε ζην νομιζεται βροτοις.

En Tanke som Lord Byron paa et andet Sted har udtrykt mere bogstaveligt.

V.

'Tis round him, near him, here, there, every where;
And there's a courage which grows out of fear,
Perhaps of all most desperate, which will dare
The worst to *know* it: — when the mountains rear
Their peaks beneath your human foot, and there
You look down o'er the precipice, and drear
The gulf of rock yawns, — you can't gaze a minute
Without an awful wish to plunge within it.

VI.

'Tis true, you don't — but, pale and struck with terror,
Retire: but look into your past impression;
And you will find, though shuddering at the mirror
Of your own thoughts, in all their self-confession,
The lurking bias, be it truth or error,
To the *unknown;* a secret prepossession,
To plunge with all your fears — but where? You know not,
And that's the reason why you do — or do not.

VII.

But what's this to the purpose? you will say.
Gent. reader, nothing; a mere speculation,
For which my sole excuse is — 'tis my way,
Sometimes *with* and sometimes without occasion
I write what's uppermost, without delay:
This narrative is not meant for narration,
But a mere airy and fantastic basis.
To build up common things with common-places.

VIII.

You know, or don't know, that great Bacon saith,
„Fling up a straw, 'twill show the way the wind blows:"
And such a straw, borne on by human breath,
Is Poesy, according as the mind glows;
A paper kite, which flies 'twixt life and death,
A shadow which the onward soul behind throws:
And mine's a bubble not blown up for praise,
But just to play with, as an infant plays.

V.

Den er rundt om ham, nær ham, her, der, overalt; || Og der gives Mod som opstaaer af Frygt || Kanskee af alle det meest fortvivlede, hvilket vil trodse || Det Værste for at *kjende* det — naar Bjærgene opreise || Deres Tinde under eders menneskelige Fod, og der || I skuer ned over Afgrunden, og trist ||' Klippesvælget gaber — saa kan i ei stirre et Minut, || Uden et forfærdeligt Önske, at styrte Eder ned deri.

VI.

Det er sandt I gjör det ei — men bleg og slaaet af Rædsel, || Trækker Eder tilbage: men sku indi Eders nysforbigangne Indtryk! || Og I vil finde, skjönt gysende for Speilet || Af Eders egne Tanker, i hele deres Selvbekjendelse || Den lurende Drift (Tilböjelighed), det være Sandhed eller Vildfarelse, || Til det *Ubekjendte;* en hemmelig Forkjærlighed || For at styrte Eder med al Eders Rædsel — men hvorhen? I veed det ei, || Og det er Grunden hvorfor I gjör det — eller gjör det ikke *).

VII.

Men hvad kommer dette Sagen ved? vil I sige, || Kjære Læser, Intet, en blot Speculation, || For hvilken min eneste Undskyldning er — det er min Maade, || Undertiden *med* og undertiden uden Anledning || At jeg skriver hvad der kommer överst uden Standsning, || Denne Fortælling er ei bestemt til at fortælles, || Men den er kun en luftig og phantastisk Grundvold || For at opbygge almindelige Ting med Almensteder.

VIII.

I veed, eller I veed ikke, at den store Bacon sagde || „Kast op et Straa, og det vil vise hvilken Vei Vinden blæser"; || Og et saadant Straa, baaret frem ved menneskelig Aande || Er Digtningen, alt efter som Aanden gloer; (glöder) || En Papiirs Drage som flyver mellem Liv og Död, || En Skygge som den fremad ilende Sjæl lader bag ved sig, || Og min [Digtning] er en Boble, ei pustet op for Roes, || Men just til at lege med som et Barn leger.

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*) I de to foregaaende Stanzer behandles paa en original Maade den samme Tanke som udgjör Indholdet af Monologen i *Hamlet* Act III, Sc. I.

IX.

The world is all before me — or behind;
For I have seen a portion of that same,
And quite enough for me to keep in mind; —
Of passions too, I have proved enough to blame,
To the great pleasure of our friends, mankind,
Who like to mix some slight alloy with fame:
For I was rather famous in my time,
Until I fairly knock'd it up with rhyme.

X.

I have brought this world about my ears, and eke
The other; that's to say, the clergy — who
Upon my head have bid their thunders break
In pious libels by no means a few.
And yet I can't help scribbling once a week,
Tiring old readers, nor discovering new.
In youth I wrote, because my mind was full,
And now because I feel it growing dull.

XI.

But „why then publish?" — There are no rewards
Of fame or profit, when the world grows weary.
I ask in turn, — why do you play at cards?
Why drink? Why read? — To make some hour less dreary.
It occupies me to turn back regards
On what I've seen or ponder'd, sad or cheery;
And what I write I cast upon the stream,
To swim or sink — I have had at least my dream.

XII.

I think that were I *certain* of success,
I hardly could compose another line:
So long I've battled either more or less,
That no defeat can drive me from the Nine.
This feeling 'tis not easy to express,
And yet 'tis not affected, I opine.
In play, there are two pleasures for your choosing —
The one is winning, and the other losing.

IX.

Hele Verden ligger for mig — eller bag ved (mig) || Thi jeg har seet en Portion af den samme, || Og fuldkommen nok for mig til at beholde i Sindet; — || Af Lidenskaber, og saa har jeg erfaret nok for Dadel, || Til vore Venners, Menneskeslægtens, store Forlystelse, || Som holder af at blande en lille Smule Legering (Tilsætning) i Ryet; || Thi jeg var snarere berömt i min Tid, || Indtil jeg ganske ordentlig ödelagde det [mit Ry nemlig] med Riim.

X.

Jeg har faaet denne Verden paa Nakken af mig (egentl. om Örene) og ligeledes || Den anden: det vil sige Geistligheden — som || Paa mit Hoved har budt sine Tordener at bryde ned || I gudsfrygtige Smædeskrifter som ingenlunde ere faae. || Og dog kan jeg ei lade være at skriblere en Gang om Ugen, || Trættende gamle Læsere, og ei opdagende ny. || I Ungdommen skrev jeg fordi min Sjæl var fuld, || Og nu (skriver jeg) fordi jeg föler den bliver slöv.

XI.

Men ,,hvorfor da udgive?" — Der ere ingen Belönninger || Af Ry eller Fordel naar Verden bliver træt. || Jeg spörger igjen — Hvorfor spiller I Kaart? || Hvorfor drikke? Hvorfor læse? — For at gjöre en Time mindre trist || Det beskjæftiger mig at vende Blikkene tilbage || Paa hvad jeg har seet eller overtænkt, sörgmodig eller munter; || Og det som jeg skriver det kaster jeg paa Strömmen, || (Og lader det) svömme eller synke — Jeg har i det mindste havt min Drom.

XII.

Jeg troer at hvis jeg var *vis paa* at gjöre Lykke || Vilde jeg næppe componere en Linie mere; | Saa længe har jeg kjæmpet enten mere eller mindre || At intet Nederlag kan drive mig fra de Ni. || Denne Fölelse er det ei let at udtrykke || Og dog er den ei affecteret, formener jeg. || I Spil ere der to Fornöjelser for Eder at vælge (imellem) — || Den ene er at vinde, og den anden at tabe.

XIII.

Besides, my Muse by no means deals in fiction:
She gathers a repertory of facts,
Of course with some reserve and slight restriction;
But mostly sings of human things and acts —
And that's one cause she meets with contradiction;
For too much truth, at first sight, ne'er attracts;
And were her object only what's call'd glory.
With more ease too she'd tell a different story.

XIV.

Love, war, a tempest — surely there's variety;
Also a seasoning slight of Incubration;
A bird's-eye view too of that wild, Society;
A slight glance thrown on men of every station.
If you have nought else, here's, at least satiety
Both in performance and in preparation;
And though these lines should only line portmanteaus,
Trade will be all the better for these Cantos:

XV.

The portion of this world which I at present
Have taken up to fill the following sermon,
Is one of which there's no description recent:
The reason why, is easy to determine:
Although it seems both prominent and pleasant,
There is a sameness in its gems and ermine,
A dull and family likeness through all ages,
Of no great promise for poetic pages.

XVI.

With much to excite, there's little to exalt;
Nothing that speaks to all men and all times;
A sort of varnish over every fault;
A kind of common-place even in their crimes:
Factitious passions, wit without much salt,
A want of that true nature which sublimes
Whate'er it shows with truth; a smooth monotony
Of character, in those at least who have got any.

XIII.

Desuden, min Muse handler ingenlunde med Digtning || Hun samler et Repertoire af Kjendsgjerninger, || Naturligviis med nogen Tilbageholdenhed og ubetydelig Afkortning, || Men synger dog mest om menneskelige Ting og Handlinger — || Og det er een Aarsag hvorfor hun möder Modsigelse; || Thi altfor megen Sandhed, ved förste Öjekast er aldrig tiltrækkende; || Og dersom hendes Öjemed var kun det som kaldes Hæder [Berömmelse] || Saa vilde hun og det med langt större Lethed, fortælle en ganske anden Historie.

XIV.

Kjærlighed, Krig, en Storm — sikkerlig der er Afvexling || Ogsaa en ubetydelig Krydren af Studering; || Et Overblik ogsaa over det Vildnis Samfundet; || Et lille Blik kastet paa Mænd af enhver Stilling. || Hvis I har Intet andet saa er her i det Mindste Mætlelse, || Baade i Udförelse og Tilberedning; || Og selv om disse Linier kun skulde fodre Reisekofferter, || Saa vil Handelen dog altid drage Fordel af disse Cantoer.

XV.

Den Deel af Verden som jeg for nærværende Tid || Har optaget til at udfylde den fölgende Prædiken, || Er en hvoraf der ei haves nogen ny Beskrivelse *) || Grunden hvorfor, er let at bestemme: || Hvorvel den synes baade fremragende og behagelig, || Saa er der en Eenshed (Afvexlingslöshed) i dens Juveler og Hermelin, || En slöv og Familie-Lighed gjennem alle Aldre || Som ei er meget lovende for poetiske Sider (Paginaer).

XVI.

Med meget som ophidser er der lidet som ophöjer; || Intet som tiltaler alle Mænd og alle Tider; || Et Slags Fernis (Glassur) over hver Feil; || En Art af Vedtægts Regel selv i deres Forbrydelser; || Eftergjorte Lidenskaber, Viid uden meget Salt || En Mangel af den sande Natur som ophöjer || Hvadsomhelst den viser med Sandhed; en glat Monotoni || I Charakteer hos dem, i det mindste, som have nogen.

*) Her menes den fornemme Verden.

XVII.

Sometimes indeed, like soldiers off parade,
They break their ranks and gladly leave the drill;
But then the roll-call draws them back afraid,
And they must be or seem what they were: still
Doubtless it is a brillant masquerade;
But when of the first sight you have had your fill,
It palls — at least it did so upon me,
This Paradise of Pleasure and *Ennui.*

XVIII.

When we have made our love, and gamed our gaming,
Drest, voted, shone, and may be, something more;
With dandies dined; heard senators declaiming;
Seen beauties brought to market by the score;
Sad rakes to sadder husbands chastely taming;
There's little left but to be bored or bore.
Witness those „*ci-devant jeunes hommes*" who stem
The stream, nor leave the world which leaveth them.

XIX.

'Tis said — indeed a general complaint —
That no one has succeeded in describing
The *Monde,* exactly as they ought to paint.
Some say, that authors only snatch, by bribing
The porter, some slight scandals strange and quaint,
To furnish matter for their moral gibing;
And that their books have but one style in common —
My lady's pratlle, filter'd through her woman.

XX.

But this can't well be true, just now; for writers
Are grown of the *Beau Monde* a part potential:
I've seen them balance even the scale with fighters,
Especially when young, for that's essential.
Why do their sketches fail them as inditers
Of what they deem themselves most consequential —
The *real* portrait of the highest tribe?
'Tis that, in fact, there's little to describe.

XVII.

Undertiden, vist nok, lige som Soldater uden for Parade, ‖ Bryde de Linierne og ere glade ved at forlade Exercisen; ‖ Men saa drager Mönster Rolle Opraabet dem forskrækkede tilbage ‖ Og de maa være eller synes hvad de vare, alligevel ‖ Udentvivl er det en brillant Masquerade; ‖ Men, naar af det förste Syn du har faaet nok ‖ Saa overmætter det — i det Mindste gjorde det saa ved mig ‖ Dette Forlystelsens og Kjædsomhedens Paradis.

XVIII.

Naar vi have havt vore Elskovshandeler og spillet vore Hazardspil, ‖ Have klædt os paa, voteret, skinnet, og, kanskee noget mere; ‖ Spist til Middag med Dandier; hört Senatorer declamere; ‖ Seet Skjönheder bragte til Torvs i Sneeseviis, ‖ Som kydskt tæmme slemme Udhalere til slettere Ægtemænd; ‖ Saa er der lidet tilovers uden at plages eller plage *) ‖ Dette viser sig paa de „*ci-devant jeunes hommes*" som kjæmpe ‖ Med Strömmen, og ei forlade Verden som forlader dem.

XIX.

Man siger — det er i Sandhed en almindelig Klage — ‖ At det ikke er lykkedes nogen at beskrive ‖ *Monde* (Modeverdenen) nöjagtigt som den burde males; ‖ Nogle sige, at Forfatterne kun rapse til sig ved at bestikke ‖ Portneren, nogle ubetydelige besynderlige og pudseerlige Scandaler, ‖ For at skaffe til veje Material for deres moralske Dadel (Spot); ‖ Og at deres Böger have kun een (Art af) Stiil tilfælles — ‖ Mylady's Smaasnak, filtreret gjennem hendes Pige.

XX.

Men dette kan ei vel være sandt, just nu; thi Skribenter ‖ Ere blevne af den fine Verden en mægtig Deel; ‖ Jeg har seet dem balancere Vægtskaalen lige med Nævefægtere **) ‖ Især medens de vare unge, thi dette er væsentligt ‖ Hvorfor mislykkes deres Skitser (naar de optræde) som Forfattere ‖ Over det som de selv ansee for det allervigtigste, ‖ Det *virkelige* Portrait af den höjeste Stamme? ‖ Sagen er, i Sandhed, der er lidet at beskrive.

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*) Eller, hjemsöges af Plage-aander eller selv være Plageaand. Dette refererer sig dog især til Visiter. *Bore* er et Salons-Udtryk, som kom i Mode omtrent i Byrons sidste Aar i England, 1815 & 16. Det bruges om en kjædelig, ubehagelig Person eller Ting; dog især en ukjær Besöger. Tjeneren melder f. Ex. „*Lady Caroline S. is in the drawingroom, My lady.* — „*Oh, say I am out, she is such a bore!*"

**) D. e. være ligesaa anseete som Næfefægterne. *Mr. Jackson* en berömt Boxer var vel seet i de förste Firkler i London. Han var saa at sige daglig Gjæst hos Hertugen af Wellington; ogsaa hos Georg IV.

XXI.

„*Haud ignara lequor:*" these are *Nugæ*,
„*quarun*
Pars parva *fui*," but still art and part.
Now I could much more casily sketch
a harem,
A hattle, wreck, or history of the
heart,
Than these things; and besides, I wish
to spare'em,
For reasons whieh I ehoose to keep
apart.
„*Vetabo Cereris sacrum qui vulgarit*" —
Whieh means that vulgar people must
not share it.

XXII.

And therefore what I throw off is ideal —
Lower'd, leaven'd, like a history of
Freemasons;
Which bears the same relation to the
real,
As Captain Parry's voyage may do
to Jason's.
The grand arcanum's not for men to
see all,
My musie has some mystic diapasons;
And there is much which eould not be
appreeiated
In any manner by the uninitiated.

XXIII.

Alas: Worlds fall — and Woman, since
she fell'd
The World (as, since that history,
less polite
Than true, hath been a creed so strietly
held)
Has not yet given up the practice quite.
Poor thing of usages! Coerc'd, eom-
pell'd,
Vietim when wrong, and martyr oft
when right,
Condemn'd to ehild-bed, as men for
their sins
Have shaving too entail'd upon their
chins. —

XXIV.

A daily plague, whieh in the aggregate
May average on the whole with par-
turition.
But as to women, who can penetrate
The real sufferings of their she-con-
dition?
Man's very sympathy with their estate
Has much of selfishness and more
suspieion.
Their love, their virtue, beauty, edu-
eation,
But form good housekeepers, to breed
a nation.

XXI.

Ei ubekjendt taler jeg; Disse ere Niaiserier hvori || Jeg havde en liden Deel, men var dog Medvider og Medskyldig. || Nu kunde jeg (dog) langt lettere skitsere et Harem || En Bataille, et Skibbrud, eller Hjærtets Historie, || End disse Ting; og desuden önsker jeg at skaane dem, || Af Grunde som jeg finder for godt at holde for sig. || „Vetabo cereris sacrum qui vulgarit" *) — || Hvilket betyder at vulgaire Folk ei maa tage Deel deri.

XXII.

Og derfor er det som jeg skitserer ideelt — || Nedstemt, syret ligesom en Historie om Frimurerne; || Som staaer i samme Forhold til det virkelige || Som Capitain Parry's Reise kan staae til Jasons. || Den store Hemmelighed er ikke for Mænd at see Alt; || Min Musik har nogle mystiske Octaver; || Og der er meget som ei kunde paaskjönnes || Paa nogen Maade undtagen af de Indviede.

XXIII.

Ach! Verdener falde — og Qvinden siden hun fældede || Verden (eftersom, siden den Historie mindre artig || End sand, har været en Troes-Artikel saa strængt vedtaget) || Har ikke endnu ganske opgivet denne Praxis. || Stakkels Ting af Vedtægter! indespærret, tvungen, || Et Offer naar hun har Uret, og ofte en Martyr naar hun har Ret, || Fordömt til Barselsængen, som Mændene for deres Synder || Ogsaa have Barbering arvbunden paa deres Hager. —

XXIV.

En daglig Plage, som samlet i Eet || I Gjennemsnit kan i det Hele stilles op mod Födselsveer. || Men, hvad Qvinder angaaer, hvo kan gjennemtrænge || De virkelige Lidelser af deres Hun-Tilstand? || Selve Mandens Sympathi med deres Forfatning || Har meget af Egenkjærlighed (i sig), og mere af Mistanke. || Deres Kjærlighed, deres Dyd, Skjönhed, Opdragelse, || Danne kun gode Husholdersker for at opklække en Nation.

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*) Horats. Carm. L. III. Od. 2. Egentl. „Jeg vil banlyse den som röber Cereris Mysterier." Det komiske ligger i den forsætlig falske Oversættelse.

XXV.

All this were very well and can't be better;
But even this is difficult, Heaven knows!
So many troubles from her birth beset her,
Such small distinction between friends and foes,
The gilding wears so soon from off her fetter,
That — but ask any woman if she'd choose
(Take her at thirty, that is) to have been
Female or male? a school-boy or a queen?

FROM CANTO XI.

I.

When Bishop Berkeley said „there was no matter,"
And proved it — 'twas no matter what he said:
They say his system 'tis in vain to batter,
Too subtle for the airiest human head;
And yet who can believe it? I would shatter
Gladly all matters down to stone or lead,
Or adamant, to find the world a spirit,
And wear my head, denying that I wear it.

II.

What a sublime discovery 'twas to make the
Universe universal egotism,
That all's ideal — *all ourselves;* I'll stake the
World (be it what you will) that *that's* no schism.
Oh, Doubt! — If thou be'st Doubt, for which some take thee,
But which I doubt extremely — thou sole prism
Of the Truth's rays, spoil not my draught of spirit!
Heaven's brandy, though our brain can hardly bear it.

III.

For ever and anon comes Indigestion,
(Not the most „dainty Ariel") and perplexes
Our soarings with another sort of question:
And that which after all my spirit vexes,
Is, that I find no spot where man can rest eye on,
Without confusion of the sorts and sexes,
Of beings, stars, and this unriddled wonder,
The world, which at the worst's a glorious blunder. —

XXV.

Alt dette vilde være godt nok, og kan ei være bedre; || Men selv dette er vanskeligt, det veed Himmelen, || Saamange Bekymringer lige fra hendes Födsel omringe hende || Der er saa liden Forskjæl mellem Venner og Fjender, || Forgyldningen opslides saa snart af hendes Lænke || At — men spörg en Qvinde om hun vilde foretrække || (Det vil sige tag hende i det tredivte Aar) at have været || Qvinde eller Mand? en Skoledreng eller Dronning.

I.

Da Biskop **Berkeley** sagde „der var ingen Materie" || Og beviste det — saa havde det Intet at sige hvad han sagde: || De sige hans System er det forgjæves at (ville) nedbryde, || Det er for fiint for det luftigste Menneskehoved; || Og dog hvem kan troe det? Jeg vilde sönderknuse || Med Glæde alle Materier ned til Steen eller Bly || Eller Diamant, for at finde (at) Verden (var) en Aand, || Og bære mit Hoved negtende at jeg bærer det.

II.

Hvilken ophöjet Opdagelse det var at gjöre || Universet til en universal Egoisme, || At Alt er ideelt — *Alt vi selv*: jeg vædder || Verden (den være hvad du vil) at *det* er intet Schisma. || Oh Tvivl! — dersom du Tvivl er det som nogle tage dig for, || Men som jeg betvivler i höjeste Grad — du eneste Prisma || For Sandhedens Straaler, fordærv ei min Slurk Spiritus! || Himmelens Cognac, skjönt vore Hjærner næppe kan taale det.

III.

Thi af og til kommer Dyspepsi (slet Fordöielse) || (Ei den „lækkreste Ariel"*) og forstyrrer || Vor höje Flugt med et andet Slags af Spörgsmaal, || Og det som til syvende og sidst ærgrer min Aand, || Er, at jeg finder ingen Plet man kan hvile Öjet paa || Uden Forvirring af Arterne og Kjönnene || Af Væsener, Stjærner, og dette opklarede [el. uforklarede] Under || Verden, som i værste Tilfælde er en herlig Bommert.

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*) Prospero. Oh, det er min lækkre (söde) Ariel; jeg vil savne dig; Men dog skal du faa Frihed. Shakesp. Tempest. Act V.

IV.

If it be chance; or if it be according
To the old text, still better: — lest it should
Turn out so, we'll say nothing 'gainst the wording,
As several people think such hazards rude:
They're right; our days are too brief for affording
Space to dispute what *no one* ever could
Decide, and *every body one day* will
Know very clearly — or at least lie still.

V.

And therefore will I leave off metaphysical
Discussion which is neither here nor there:
If I agree that what is, is; then this I call
Being quite perspicuous and extremely fair.
The truth is, I've grown lately rather phthisical:
I don't know what the reason is — the air
Perhaps; but as I suffer from the shocks
Of illness, I grow much more orthodox.

IV.

LORD BYRON'S

Apalogy of a Miser.

Singular as it seems yet it is a notorious fact that almost all the critics — and they were not few — who wrote about Byron and his works during his lifetime, fell into the great error of identifying his own character with that of the imaginary persons represented in his writings. It is not a little astonishing that even such a man as Göthe should swell the mob of such blunderers, and that he should gravely rehearse, as deserving of credit, the most absurd fables, that had been invented, in support of a critical theory, which was fully as unreasonable as it was uncharitable. Even murders were resorted to, for the purpose of explaining the riddle of the identity e. g. of Byron and Manfred!! Lord Byron of course, neither would nor could publicly rebut such monstrous calumnies, although well aware of their existence. But Mr. Moore has in a passage of his „Life of Lord Byron", which has been subjoined as a note to Manfred, in an off-hand manner noticed the almost childish credulity of Göthe. „The „grave confidence" says he, „with which „the venerable critic traces the fancies „of his brother poet to real persons and „events, making no difficulty even of a „double murder at Florence to furnish „grounds for his theory, affords an „amusing instance of the disposition so „prevalent throughout Europe, to picture Byron as a man of marvels and „mysteries, as well in his life as in his „poetry. To these exaggerated, or „wholly false notions of him, the numerous fictions palmed upon the world „of his romantic tours and wonderful „adventures in places he never saw, „and with persons that never existed, „have, no doubt, considerably contributed; and the consequence is, so ut-

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IV.

Dersom det er et Tilfælde; eller hvis det er overeensstemmende || Med den gamle Text, endnu bedre: — fordi det kunde || Dog befindes at være saa, vil vi intet sige mod Udtrykkene || Da adskillige Folk ansee slige Vovespil for uartige. || De have ret; vore Dage ere for korte til at tilstede || Leilighed til at disputere om det som *Ingen* nogensinde kunde || Afgjöre og *enhver Person en Gang* vil || Vide med fuldkommen Klarhed — eller i det mindste ligge stille.

V.

Og derfor vil jeg opgive metaphysisk || Discussion som ingensteds har hjemme; || Dersom jeg tilstaaer at hvad der er, er; saa kalder jeg dette || At være fuldkommen klar og overmaade billig (oprigtig;) || Sandheden er, jeg er i den senere Tid bleven lidt svindsotig; || Jeg veed ei hvad Grunden er — Luften || Kanskee; men efter som jeg lider af Anfaldene || Af Sygdom, bliver jeg meget mere orthodox [el. rettroende.]

„terly out of truth and nature are the „representations of his life and charac- „ter, long current upon the Continent, „that it may be questioned whether the „real flesh and blood hero of these pa- „ges, — the social, practical-minded, „and, with all his faults and excentri- „cities *English* Lord Byron, — may not, „to the overexalted imagination of most „of his foreign admirers, appear but an „ordinary, unromantic, and prosaic per- „sonage." —

But although Lord Byron disdained publicly to refute the fables here alluded to, it was quite natural that he sometimes alluded to them in conversation with his friends. Thus for example, he once observed to Mr. Kennedy: „I „cannot conceive why people will al- „ways mix up my own character and „opinions with those of the imaginary „beings which, as a poet, I have the „right and liberty to draw" — Lord Byron might indeed with great reason express his astonishment at this perversity of judgement, so much the more, since other poets have not been in the same manner identified with their works, although it is pretty obvious that it would be no more absurd to say: „Shakspeare drew himself in Henry VIII, in Macbeth, and in Shylock, than to say Byron portrayed himself in Don Juan, in Manfred and The Giour; it could however hardly escape the noble poet's notice that this vulgar error implied the highest compliment, although involuntary, to the power of his Muse. Had the offspring of his imagination been less vigorous, less palpably real, no such confusion of poet and poem would have taken place. There was a substantiality in his very thoughts, and 'though his „imaginary beings" did not breathe, eat, or drink, yet they acted on the minds of his readers, with the same power, as if they had all the attributes of real life. The silly reader lifting up his eyes from the page, looks around the room — „with first a start and then a wink" — for the person which was occupying his mind, and sees nobody: „Oh, it must have been the poet himself" is his very wise conclusion, — „for surely there was somebody." —

Was it perhaps with a design of rendering this identification of poet with poem most exquisitely ludicrous that Lord Byron drew his Miser, and most unequivocally identified himself with that character? It is strange however, that although, in this particular case, his own authority can, with perfect truth, be alleged in proof of the identification, no sapient critic has fastened the miser's character upon his Lordship.

It is indeed much to be wondered that none of Lord Byron's critics ever thought of identifying him with Siegendorf in the tragedy of „Werner", thus amongst other „humours", „running the nuthooks humour" on his Lordship. But Werner is Lord Byron's weakest production, and the imagination of the critic thus less powerfully acted upon, so he does not here, fall into the ordinary delusion.

But preposterous, as the mixing up of Lord Byron's character with that of the creatures of his imagination is in every case, it is more preeminently so in the case of Don Juan. The way in which this unique poem was composed is with unmistakeable candor described by the poet, Don Juan Canto XIV. st. 7—12 incl. *): it is the rapid current, — it is the cataract of thought and feeling of a mind of extraordinary capacity and power. — Monte decurrens velut amnis — A part of man's thoughts are voluntary, but another, and in many instances, by far the greater part is involuntary. Both are mixed together in Don Juan. Lord Byron has, with a degree of boldness, that has no parallel, „laid bare his bosom" — made his breast and soul thoroughly pellucid — offered to the world without reserve what was passing within — a panorama of a microcosmos, which in the midst of the littlenesses surrounding it, in time and space, was of stupendous dimensions, and rich in marvels. It is not here our business to pronounce any

*) See *antè* page 75.

judgement on the merits of such a hazardous experiment: or to inquire whether it would not have been advantageous for Lord Byron's fame if he, who so carefully polished his verse with regard to form and language, had bestowed a proportionate afterlabour also on the matter of this poem; but it is clear that if he had, a specimen of the natural history of thought, as genuine as it is interesting, had not then been given to the world. Lord Byron's passive thoughts, as well as his active meditations, are exhibited in Don Juan: the former may often be, nay undoubtedly are, substantially immoral, impious, blasphemous, while the tendency of the latter is noble and elevating; but it would be both unfair and unreasonable to connect the former with his character, while it is obvious that the latter form a part of it.

Milton certainly wrote many blasphemies, more than Dante, but it is usually considered a sufficient apology for these, that he put them into the mouths of damned spirits, that he as it were, entered into the innermost recesses of the devil's heart, and drew forth from thence the dark substances therein contained. The insufficiency of this apology must however become obvious on a little reflection. Milton was a pious man, and being pious, would he not have shuddered at the idea of being summoned before his eternal judge while he was in the very act of inditing the devil's blasphemies? — The matter being considered in this light it is evident that it does not matter much whether the mask was prepared or not — whether devilish and blasphemous thoughts were put into the devil's mouth or not. The employment, or absence of the mask may make a great difference with regard to weakminded readers; but with regard to the piety of the mind's disposition, during the very act of composition, the difference must be small indeed, and Mr. *William Wilberforce* would probably have said the declaration of Matth. XII. 36. 37. is equally awful to the composers and readers of blasphemous writings, with or without a mask, and we must in candour admit that a very considerable portion of that which is most admired in poetical works generally, will hardly stand, before that declaration. Old Plato condemned all manner of Verse, excepting hymns of praise and thanksgiving to the gods, and would in his commonwealth tolerate no poets, that indited poetical works of any other description, and on purely Christian principles we must come to a similar conclusion. — The heart of man is in every case desperalately wicked, and poetry, Byron's in particular, strips that wickedness, and lays it more glaringly open, than other kinds of composition. But knowledge is profitable; even of wickedness: knowledge is power, useful to those who have to contend with it: Byron supplies that knowledge by his bold anatomy, and he must be profitable to those who take his works in hand with a disposition to be intellectually benefited: and such a disposition is the only one that is fitting, legitimate and natural, and not the disposition to judge of his *character*, from the wild soarings of an unbridled imagination. There is besides an undercurrent in all Byron's writings which a right-minded reader never will lose sight of, and which is of a decidedly moral tendency: he is on all occasions a most indefatigable and unrelenting exagitator of all manner of hypocrisy, and he rarely loses an opportunity of paying a merited tribute of praise to that which is elevating and genuinly noble in the nature of man. If he lived in times like the present he alone would be a more formidable opponent to perjury, and hypocrisy, and falsehood, and heartless cruelty, and all manner of wickedness in high places, than all the combined armies of the European continent. „High-sighted tyranny" could not then „range on" with impunity. He had a voice that was sure to gain a hearing. — And it is no feeble testimony in favour of the *real* character of this noble poet, that no person can feel even the smallest doubt; as to what side he would have taken, or what part he would have played, if placed in the midst, or in the neighbourhood of, the events of the last nine months.

If it be a right view of Don Juan to consider this poem as a specimen of the natural history of the mind, and not as Lord Jeffrey and many others have done, as a book of instruction, it may be perused with interest and profit, and the pleasure derived from such perusal will leave no stain on a mind which in it self is pious and pure — *puris omnia pura.* —

Thus also in the subsequent passage Lord Byron's masterly apology of the Miser may be enjoyed and admired without fear of becoming corrupted in this respect, either by Lord Byron's precept or example.

FROM DON JUAN CANTO XII.

I.

Of all the barbarous Middle Ages, that
Which is the most barbarous is the Middle Age
Of man; it Is — I really scarce know what;
But when we hover between fool and sage,
And don't know justly what we would be at, —
A period something like a printed page,
Black letter upon foolscap, while our hair
Grows grizzled, and we are not what we were; —

II.

Too old for youth, — too young, at thirty-five,
To herd with boys, or hoard with good threescore —
I wonder people should be left alive;
But since they are, that epoch is a bore:
Love lingers still, although 'twere late to wive;
And as for other love, the illusion's o'er;
And money, that most pure imagination,
Gleams only through the dawn of its creation.

III.

Oh Gold! Why call we misers miserable?
Theirs is the pleasure that can never pall;
Theirs is the best bower-anchor, the chain cable
Which holds fast other pleasures great and small.
Ye who but see the saving man at table,
And scorn his temperate board, as none at all,
And wonder how the wealthy can be sparing,
Know not what visions spring from each cheese-paring.

I.

Af alle de barbariske Middelaldre, den || Som er meest barbarisk er Mands || Middelalder, den er — jeg veed i Sandhed næppe hvad; || Men naar vi svæve mellem Daare og Vilsmand, || Og ikke ret vide hvor vi ville hen — || En Periode som noget ligner en trykt Side || *Black letter* paa *foolscap*, [el. pro patria] medens vort Haar || Bliver graaligt, og vi ere ei hvad vi vare; —

II.

For gamle for Ungdom — for unge, i det fem og tredivte Aar, || Til at söge Selskab med Drenge, eller samle med gode tre Snese (60 Aars gamle Mænd) — || Det undrer mig at Folk lades i levende Live; || Men siden de lades, saa er denne Periode en Plage; || Elskov nöler endnu, skjönt det vilde være seent at gifte sig; || Og hvad anden Kjærlighed angaaer saa er Illusionen forbi; || Og Penge, denne allerreneste Indbildning (el. Idee) || Glimter kun gjennem sin Skabelses Tusmörke.

III.

O Guld! Hvorfor kalde vi Gnierne elendige? Deres er en Fornöjelse som aldrig kan overmætte; || Deres er det daglige Anker, Kjædetouget || Som holder fast alle andre Fornöjelser store og smaa. || I som kun see den sammensparende Mand tilbords || Og foragte hans tarvelige Bord, som om det Intet (Bord) var, || Og undres over hvorledes de Rige kunne være sparsomme, || Vide ei hvilke Syner fremspringe af hver Osteskorpe.

IV.

Love or lust makes man sick, and wine much sicker:
Ambition rends, and gaming gains a loss;
But making money, slowly first, then quicker,
And adding still a little through each cross
(Which *will* come over things) beats love or liquor,
The gamester's counter, or the statesman's *dross*.
Oh Gold! I still prefer thee unto paper,
Which makes bank credit like a bark of vapour.

V.

Who hold the balance of the world? Who reign
O'er Congress, whether royalist or liberal?
Who rouse the shirtless patriots of Spain?
(That make old Europe's journals squeak and gibber all.)
Who keep the world, both Old and New, in pain
Or pleasure? Who make politics run glibber all?
The shade of Bonaparte's noble daring? —
Jew Rothschild, and his fellow-Christian, Baring.

VI.

These and the truly liberal Lafitte,
Are the true Lords of Europe. Every loan
Is not a merely speculative hit,
But seats a nation or upsets a throne.
Republics also get involved a bit;
Columbia's stock hath holders not unknown
On 'Change; and even thy silver soil, Peru
Must get itself discounted by a Jew.

VII.

Why call the miser miserable? as
I said before: the frugal life is his,
Which in a saint or cynic ever was
The theme of praise: a hermit would not miss
Canonization for the self-same cause,
And wherefore blame gaunt Wealth's austerities?
Because, you'll say, nought calls for such a trial; —
Then there's more merit in his self-denial.

IV.

Af Elskov eller Vellyst, faaer Manden ondt, af Viin meget mere Ondt; || Ærgjerrighed sönderriver, og ved Hazardspil vindes Tab; || Men at samle Penge, först langsomt, og saa hurtigere, || Og bestandig at föje en Smule til, til Trods for hver Fortræd || (Som *vil* komme over Sagerne), slaaer Elskov og Drik af Marken, || Spillerens Regnemynt, eller Statsmandens *Jux*. || o Guld! Jeg foretrækker dig altid for Papiir || Som gjör Bank-Crediten liig et Skib af Dunst.

V.

Hvilke holde Verdens Vægtskaal? Hvilke regjere || Over Congress, hvadenten royalist eller liberal? || Hvilke sætte i Bevægelse Spaniens skjortelöse Patrioter?*) || (Som bringe gamle Europas Journaler alle til at skraale og pludre) || Hvilke holde Verden, baade den gamle og den nye i Smærte || Eller Velvære? Hvilke lade al Politik glide lettere? || Skyggen af Buonapartes noble Dristighed? — || Jöden Rothschild, og hans Med-Christne, Baring.

VI.

Disse og den ægte liberale Lafitte, || Ere Europas virkelige Herrer. Hvert Laan || Er ikke et blot speculativt Træf || Men sætter en Nation eller styrter en Throne. || Republiker ogsaa komme en Smule i Gjæld || Colombias Obligationer have Ihændehavere ei ukjendte || Paa Börsen; og selv dit Sölv-Jordsmon, Peru || Maa faa sig disconteret af en Jöde.

VII.

Hvorfor kalde Gnieren elendig? som || Jeg sagde för: det tarvelige Liv er hans, || Hvilket hos en Helgen eller Cyniker altid var || Et Thema for Roes: en Eremit vilde ei gaa Glip af || Canonization af selvsamme Aarsag, || Og hvorfor dadle den magre Rigdoms Spægelser? || Fordi, vil I sige, Intet udfordrer en saadan Prövelse: — || Ja saa er der mere Fortjeneste i Selvfornegtelsen.

*) *Descamisados* kaldtes de i 1822.

VIII.

He is your only poet; — passion, pure
And sparkling on from heap to heap displays
Possess'd, the ore, of which *mere hopes* allure
Nations athwart the deep: the golden rays
Flash up in ingots from the mine obscure;
On him the diamond pours its brilliant blaze,
While the mild emerald's beam shades down the dyes
Of other stones, 'to soothe the miser's eyes.

IX.

The lands on either side are his; the ship
From Ceylon, Inde, or far Cathay, unloads
For him the fragrant produce of each trip;
Beneath his ears of Ceres groan the roads,
And the vine blushes like Aurora's lip;
His very cellars might be kings' abodes;
While he, despising every sensual call,
Commands — the intellectual lord of all.

X.

Perhaps he hath great projects in his mind,
To build a college, or to found a race,
A hospital, a church, — and leave behind
Some dome surmounted by his meagre face:
Perhaps he fain would liberate mankind
Even with the very ore which makes them base:
Perhaps he would be wealthiest of his nation,
Or revel in the joys of calculation.

XI.

But whether all, or each, or none of these
May be the hoarder's principle of action,
The fool will call such mania a disease:
What is his *own?* — Go look at each transaction,
Wars, revels, loves — do these bring men more ease
Than the mere plodding through each „vulgar fraction?"
Or do they benefit mankind? Lean Miser!
Let spendthrifts' heirs enquire of yours — who's wiser?

XII.

How beautous are rouleaus! how charming chests
Containing ingots, bags of dollars, coins
(Not of old victors, all whose heads and crests
Weigh not the thin ore where their visage shines,
But) of fine unclipt gold, where dully rests
Some likeness, which the glittering cirque confines,
Of modern, reigning, sterling, stupid stamp: —
Yes! ready money *is* Aladdin's lamp.

VIII.

Han er eders eneste Digter; — Lidenskab, reen || Og funklende fra Dynge til Dynge, udfolder, || *I Besiddelse* den Malm, om hvilken de *blotte Forhaabninger* lokke || Nationer over Dybet: de gyldne Straaler || Lyne op i (Guld)barrer fra den dnnkle Mine; || Paa ham udgyder Diamauten sit skinnende Blus; || Medens den milde Smaragds Straale nedskygger Farverne || Af andre Stene, for at tilfredsstille Gnlerens Öjne.

IX.

Landene paa begge Sider ere hans; Skibet || Fra Ceylon, Indien, eller det fjærne China losser || For ham det vellugtende Product af hver Reise; || Under hans Ceres's Karrer sukke Landevejene, || Og Viinranken blusser som Auroras Læbe; || Selve hans Kjældere kunde være Konge-Bollger; || Medens han foragtende hvert sandseligt Krav, || Befaler — som den intellectuelle Herre over det Hele.

X.

Kanskee har han store Planer i sit Sind, || At bygge et Akademi eller stifte en Stamme, || Et Hospital, en Kirke, || og efterlade sig || En Kuppelhvælving med hans magre Ansigt paa Toppen; || Kanskee han gjerne vilde befrie Menneskeslægten || Netop med det selvsamme Malm som gjör den nedrig; || Kanskee han vil være den rigeste af sin Nation, || Eller forlyste sig i Beregningens Glæder.

XI.

Men hvad enten alle, eller enhver eller ingen af disse Ting || Maatte være Sammensparerens Handle-Princip, || Er han en Daare som kalder en slig Mani Sygdom — || Hvad er hans *egen*? Gaa — see paa hvert Foretagende || Krige, Gjæstebud, Kjærlighed — bringe disse Menneskene mere Tilfredshed || End det blotte möisommelige Arbeide gjennem hver ,,simpel Brök" || Eller gavne de Menneskeslægten? Mavre Gnler || Lad Ödelandes Arvinger spörge dine — hvilken er visere?

XII.

Hvor skjönne ere Pengerullor! hvor fortryllende Kister || Som indeholde Barrer, Sække med Specier, Mynter || (Ei al gamle Seierherrer, da alle deres Hoveder og Hjelmsmykker || Ei veje op imod det tynde Metal hvor deres Aasyn skinner, || Men) af uklippet Guld, hvor slövt hviler || Et Billede, som den glimrende Kreds indeslutter, || Af et moderne, regjerende, sterling, stupid Stempel — || Ja! rede Penge *er* Aladdins Lampe.

IV.
HUMOROUS POEMS.

I.
Beppo.

I.

„Itis known, at least it should be, that throughout
All countries of the Catholic persuasion,
Some weeks before Shrove Tuesday comes about,
The people take their fill of recreation,
And buy repentance, ere they grow devout,
However high their rank or low their station"
With fiddling, feasting, dancing, drinking, masquing,
And other things which may be had for asking.

II.

The moment night with dusky mantle covers
The skies (and the more duskily the better)
The time less liked by husbands than by lovers
Begins, and prudery flings aside her fetter;
And gaiety on restless tiptoe hovers,
Giggling with all the gallants who beset her:
And there are songs and quavers, roaring, humming
Guitars and every other sort of strumming,

III.

And there are dresses splendid but fantastical
Masks of all times and nations, Turks and Jews
And harlequins and clowns with feats gymnastical
Greeks, Romans, Yankee-doodles and Hindoos;
All kinds of dress except the ecclesiastical,
All people as their fancies hit may choose
But no one in these parts may quiz the clergy
Therefore take heed ye freethinkers! I charge ye.

IV.

You'd better walk about begirt with briars
Instead of coat and smallclothes than put on
A single stitch reflecting upon friars,
Although you swore it only was in fun;
They'd haul you o'er the coals and stir the fires
Of Phlegethon with every mother's son
Nor say one mass to cool the caldron's bubble
That boil'd your bones, unless you paid them double.

I.

Det er bekiendt, I det Mindste burde dot være, at helt igjennem || Alle Lande af den catholske Troesbekjendelse, || Nogle Uger inden Skrifte- (Hvide) Tirsdag kommer tilbage, || Tage Folkene deres Fylde (Mætlelse) af Forlystelse || Og kjöbe (Synds) Anger, för de blive andægtige, || Hvor höi end deres Rang, eller lav deres Stilling, || Med Fiolinspil, Gjæstebud, Dands, Drik, Masquerade, || Og andre Ting som kan faaes for blot at bede derom.

II.

Det Öjeblik Natten med en dunkel Kaabe bedækker || Himlene (og jo dunklere desto bedre) || Den Tid som mindre yndes af Ægtemænd end Elskere, || Begynder, og Snærperlet kaster sin Lænke til Side, || Og Munterhed paa rostlös Taaspids svæver, || Smaaleende med alle de Galaner som omringe hende; || Og der er Sange, Triller, Brölen, Summen, || Guitarer, og enhver anden Slags af Instrumental-Musik.

III.

Og der ere Dragter splendide, men phantastiske || Masker af alle Tider og Nationer, Tyrker og Jöder, || Og Harlequiner og *Clowner* (Bajazzer?) med gymnastiske Konster, || Grækere, Romere, *Yankee-doodler* *), og Hinduer; || Alle Slags af Dragter undtagen den geistlige || Kunde alle Folk, efter deres Phantasies Paafund, vælge || Men ingen maa i disse Egne gantes med Clerisiet, — || Derfor tager eder iagt, I Fritænkere! jeg paaminder Eder.

IV.

I kunde snarere spadsere omkring omspændt af Tjörne, || Isteden for Kjole og Beenklæder, end tage paa || Eet eneste Noalesting som skumlede over Munke, || Selv om i svor at det kun var for Löjer; || De vilde hale Jer over Kullene og rage i Ilden, || Af Phlegethon med hver Moders Sön, || Og ei sige een enesle Mæsse for at kjöle Kjædelens Boblen || Som kogte eders Been, med mindre I betalte dem dobbelt.

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*) Nord-Amerikanere, dog betyder *Yankeedoodle* egentlig en Amerikansk Vise,

V.

But saving this you may put on whate'er
You like by way of doublet, cape or cloak
Such as in Monmouth street or in Rag fair
Would rig you out in seriousness or joke;
And even in Italy such places are
With prettier name in softer accents spoke,
For bating Covent Garden I can hit on
No place that's call'd „Piazza," in Great Britain.

VI.

This feast is named the Carnival, which being
Interpreted implies „farewell to flesh:"
So called because the name and thing agreeing,
Through Lent they live on fish both salt and fresh.
But why they usher Lent with so much glee in
Is more than I can tell, although I guess
'Tis as we take a glass with friends at parting,
In the stage-coach or packet, just at starting.

VII.

And thus they bid farewell to carnal dishes,
And solid meats, and highly spiced ragouts,
To live for forty days on ill-dress'd fishes,
Because they have no sauces to their stews,
A thing which causes many „poohs" „pishes,"
And several oaths (which would not suit the Muse),
From travellers accustomed from a boy
To eat their salmon, at the least, with soy;

VIII.

And therefore humbly I would recommend
„The curious in fish-sauce," before they cross
The sea, to bid their cook, or wife, or friend,
Walk or ride to the Strand, and buy in gross
(Or, if set out be forehand, these may send
By any means least liable to loss),
Ketchup, soy, Chili-vinegar, and Harvey,
Or, by the Lord! a Lent will well nigh starve ye;

V.

Men med Undtagelse af dette kan I tage paa Hvadsomhelst || I finder for godt, som Vams, Krave eller Kappe, || Saadant som i Monmouth Street, eller Rag Fair*) || Vilde pynte Eder ud for Alvor eller Spas; || Og selv saadanne Steder blive i Italien || Med smukkere Navne og i blödere Toner udtalte (benævnede) || Thi med Undtagelse af Covent Garden, kan jeg træffe paa || Intet Sted som kaldes Piazza i Stor-Britanien.

VI.

Festen kaldes Carnival, som blivende || Fortolket betyder „Far vel til Kjöd." || Saaledes kaldet, fordi da Navnet og Tingen stemmer overeens || Igjennem Fasten de leve af Fisk baade Salt og fersk || Men hvorfor de indlede Fasten med saamegen Lystighed || Er mere end jeg kan sige, hvorvel jeg gjætter || Det er som vi tage et Glas med en Ven til Afsked, || I Diligencen, eller Paqnet-Baaden, just i det man tager afsted.

VII.

Og saaledes sige de Farvel til kjödelige Retter || Og solid Föde og höilig krydrede Ragouter, || For at leve i förretyve Dage paa slet tillavet Fisk || Fordi de ingen Saucer have til deres kogte (Fisk), || En Ting som foraarsager mange „Puh!" og „Psyh!" || Og adskillige Eder (som ei vilde passe sig for Musen), || Af Reisende som fra Dreng af ere vante til || At spise deres Lax i det mindste med Soya.

VIII.

Og derfor ydmygt vilde jeg anbefale || Amateurer af Fiskesauce för end de gaa over || Söen, at bede deres Kok, eller Kone eller Ven, || At spadsere eller kjöre til Stranden**) og indkjöbe i det Store || (Eller hvis de ere afreiste i Forvejen saa kunne disse sende || Paa nogensomhelst Maade, der mindst udsætter dem for Tab), || Ketchup, Soya, Chili-Vinedike og Harvey,***) || Ellers vil, i Sandhed, Fasten næsten dræbe Eder med Hunger.

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*) Gader i London.

**) Den lange Gade som löber langs med Themsen og forbinder Londons City med Westminster.

***) Forskjellige Slags af Fiske-Saucer.

IX.

That is to say, if your religion's Roman,
And you in Rome would do as Romans do,
According to the proverb, although no man,
If foreign, is oblig'd to fast; and you,
If Protestant, or sickly, or a woman,
Would rather dine in sin on a ragout —
Dine, and be d—d! I don't mean to be coarse,
But that's the penalty, to say no worse.

X.

Of all the places where the Carnival
Was most facetious in the days of yore,
For dance, and Song, and serenade, and ball,
And masque, and mime, and mystery, and more
Than I have time to tell now, or at all,
Venice the bell of every city bore, —
And at the moment when I fix my story,
That seaborn city was in all her glory.

XI.

They've pretty faces yet, those same Venetians
Black eyes, arch'd brows, and sweet expressions still;
Such as of old were copied from the Grecians,
In ancient arts by moderns mimick'd ill;
And like so many Venuses of Titian's
(The best 's at Florence — see it, if you will)
They look when leaning over the balcony,
Or stepp'd from out a picture by Giorgione,

XII.

Whose tints are truth and beauty, at their best;
And when you to Manfrini's palace go,
That picture (howsoever fine the rest)
Is loveliest to my mind of all the show;
It may perhaps be also to *your* zest,
And that's the cause I rhyme upon it so;
'Tis but a portrait of his son and wife
And self; but *such* a woman! love in life!

IX.

Det vil sige hvis Eders Religion er Romersk || Og I i Rom vil leve som Romere leve || Overeenstemmende med Ordsproget *) skjönt ingen Mand, || Hvis han er Fremmed er nödsaget til at faste; og I || Hvis I er Protestant, eller sygelig, eller Quinde || Vilde heller spise til Middag i Synd paa en Ragout || Saa spiis, og vær fordömt! Min Mening er ei at ville være grov, || Men det er Straffen, for ei at sige noget værre.

X.

Af alle de Steder hvor Carnivalet || Var meest skjemtsomt i gamle Dage, || Ved Dands, og Sang, og Serenade og Ball, || Og Masquerade, og Pantomime, og Mysterier og mere || End jeg har Tid til at fortælle nu, eller nogensinde || Havde Venedig Forrangen over enhver Stad — || Og i det Öjeblik i hvilket jeg stiller min Historie || Var denne söfödte Stad i sin hele Glorie.

XI.

De have smukke Ansigter endnu disse samme Venetianerinder, || Sorte Öjne, buede Öjenbryn, og yndige Udtryk endnu; || Saadanne som i gamle Dage bleve copierede efter Grækerne, || Som i gamle Konster af de moderne efterlignes slet; || Og ligesom saa mange Titians Venuser || (Den bedste er i Florenz — see den hvis I vil,) || See de ud naar de læne dem over Altanen (Karnapen), || Eller som de vare traadte frem udaf et af Giorgiones Malerier.

XII.

Hvis Farver ere Sandhed og Skjönhed i deres största Fuldkommenhed; || Og naar du gaaer til Manfrinis Pallads || Det Maleri (hvor smukt endog det övrige) || Er i mine Tanker det elskværdigste af det hele Skue; | Det kan (muligt) ogsaa være efter *Eders* Smag || Og det er Aarsagen hvorfor jeg saaledes rimer om det; || Det er kun et Portrait af hans Sön og Kone, || Og ham selv; men *saadan* en Qvinde! Den levende Elskov! **)

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*) Ordsproget lyder: „*You must do in Rome as they do in Rome.*

**) Her synes Byron at have været feil underrettet, da Giorgione i fölge Vasari og andre ei var gift og döde ung.

XIII.

Love in full life and length, not love
ideal
No, nor ideal beauty, that fine name,
But something better still, so very real,
That the sweet model must have been
the same;
A thing that you would purchase, beg
or steal,
Wer't not impossible, besides a shame:
The face recalls some face, as 't were
with pain,
You once have seen, but never will see
again;

XIV.

One of those forms which flit by us,
when we
Are young, and fix our eyes on every
face;
And oh! the loveliness at times we see
In momentary gliding, the soft grace,
The youth, the bloom, the beauty, which
agree,
In many a nameless being we re-
trace,
Whose course and home we know not,
nor shall know,
Like the lost Pleiad seen no more be-
low.

XV.

I said that like a picture by Giorgione
Venetian women were, and so they
are
Particularly seen from a balcony,
(For beauty's sometimes best set off
afar)
And there, just like a heroine of Gol-
doni,
They peep from out the blind or o'er
the bar;
And, truth to say, they're mostly very
pretty,
And rather like to shew it, more's the
pity.

XVI.

For glances beget ogles, ogles sighs,
Sighs wishes, wishes words, and words
a letter,
Which flies on wings of light-heel'd
Mercuries,
Who do such things because they
know no better:
And then, God knows, what mischief
may arise
When love links two young people
in one fetter,
Vile assignations, and adulterous beds,
Elopements, broken vows, and hearts,
and heads.

XIII.

Kjærlighed i fuldt Liv og Legemsstörrelse, ikke ideel Kjærlighed || Ei heller ideel Skjönhed, det skjönne Navn, || Men noget endnu bedre, saa særdeles reelt, || At det söde Model maa have været ligesaa; || En Ting som I vilde kjöbe, tigge, eller stjæle, || Hvis det ei var umuligt, og desuden en Skam; || Ansigtet minder Eder om et Ansigt, som det kunde være med Smerte, || Som I engang har seet, men aldrig vil see igjen.

XIV.

En af hine Former som flagre forbi os, da vi || Ere unge, og fæste vore Öjne paa ethvert Ansigt; || Og, Ach! den Elskelighed vi undertiden see || I en öjenblikkelig [Forbi]gliden, den blöde Ynde, || Den Ungdom, den Blomstren, den Skjönhed som harmonere || I mangt et navnlöst Væsen vi gjenmindes, || Hvis Bane og Hjem vi kjende ei, og skal ei kjende, || Ligesom den tabte Plejade, *) som ei sees mere hernede.

XV.

Jeg sagde at ligesom et Maleri af Giorgione || Venetianske Qvinder vare, og saa *ere* de, || I Særdeleshed seete fra en Karnap, || (Thi Skjönhed undertiden tager sig bedst ud i Afstand) || Og der, netop som en Heltinde hos Goldoni || Titte de frem udaf Jalousiet, eller over Skranken; || Og for at sige Sandheden, saa ere de for det Meste meget smukke, || Og snarere holde af at vise det, og det er beklageligt!

XVI.

Thi Öjekast avle Paastirren, Paastirren Suk, || Suk Önsker, Önsker Ord, og Ord et Brev || Som flyver paa Vinger af lethælede Mercurer, || Som gjöre saadanne Ting fordi de ei forstaaer det bedre; || Og da, veed Himmelen, hvilken Ulykke kan opstaa, || Naar Elskov lænker to unge Folk i en Fjædder, || Slemme Stævnemöder, og krænkede Ægtesenge, || Bortrömmelser, brudte (Ægteskabs)löfter, knuste Hjærter og Hoveder.

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*) Ovidius sang om Syvstjærnen: „Quæ septem dici sex tamen esse solent" (d. e. Som pleje at kaldes syv, men dog at være sex.)

XVII.

Shakspeare describ'd the sex in Desdemona
As very fair, but yet suspect in fame,
And to this day from Venice to Verona
Such matters may be probably the same,
Except that since those times was never known a
Husband whom mere suspicion could inflame
To suffocate a wife no more than twenty,
Because she had a „cavalier servente."

XVIII.

Their jealousy (if they are ever jealous)
Is of a fair complexion altogether,
Not like that sooty devil of Othello's
Which smothers women in a bed of feather,
But worthier of these much more jolly fellows,
When weary of the matrimonial tether
His head for such a wife no mortal bothers,
But takes at once another, or another's.

XIX.

Didst ever see a Gondola? For fear
You should not, I'll describe it you exactly:
'Tis a long cover'd boat that's common here
Carved at the prow, built lightly but compactly,
Row'd by two rowers, each call'd, „Gondolier"
It glides along the water looking blackly,*)
Just like a coffin clapt in a canoe,
Where none can make out what you say or do.

XX.

And up and down the long canals they go
And under the Rialto shoot along,
By night and day, all paces, swift or slow,
And round the theatres, a sable throng,
They wait in their dusk livery of woe,—
But not to them do woful things belong,
For sometimes they contain a deal of fun,
Like mourning coaches when the funeral's done.

XVII.

Shakspeare beskrev Kjönnet i Desdemona || Som meget smukt, men dog af mistænkt Rygte || Og indtil denne Dag fra Venedig til Verona || Kunde de Ting sandsynlig være de samme || Undtagen at siden hine Tider var der aldrig kjendt en || Ægtemand hvem den blotte Mistanke kunde ophidse || Til at quæle en Kone som ei var over Tyve Aar, || Fordi hun havde en „cavalier servente".

XVIII.

Deres Skinsyge, (hvis de nogensinde ere skinsyge,) || Er ganske og aldeles af en lys Lødfarve || Ei som hin Othellos sodede Djævel || Som quæler Qvinder i en Fjæder-Dyne, || Men mere passende til hine langt mere muntre Karle, || Naar træt af Egteskabs Töiret || Bryder ingen dödelig sig mere om slig en Kone || Men tager strax en anden, eller en Andens.

XIX.

Saa du nogensinde en Gondol? Af Frygt for || At du ei har, vil jeg beskrive dig den nöjagtigt: || Det er en lang bedækket Baad, som er almindelig her, || Med udskaarent Arbeid paa Forstavnen, let bygget, men compact, || Roet af to Roerkarle, som hver for sig kaldes en „Gondolier," || Den glider henad Vandene seende sortladent ud, || Accurat som en Ligkiste nedlagt i en Canoe, || Hvor ingen kan blive klog paa hvad I siger eller gjör.

XX.

Og op og ned de lange Kanaler gaae de || Og under Rialto(broen)**) skyde de afsted, || Ved Nat og ved Dag, i alle Skridt, hurtigt og langsomt, || Og rundt om Theatrene, en sort Klynge, || Vænte de i deres mörke Sörge-Livree, — || Men ei tilhöre dem sörgelige Ting. || Thi undertiden indeholde de en heel Deel Löjer, || Ligesom Sörge-Karether naar Ligbegjængelsen er forbi.

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*) This certainly is the most careless rhyme to be found in all Byron's works. For the noble poet could hardly mean that the preceding rhymes *„exactly"* and *„compactly"* should be pronounced after a vulgar Scottish fashion, which no doubt would render the rhyme correct.

**) Rialto er egentlig en Öe hvor Börsen holdes; her menes Broen som förer til den.

XXI.

But to my story. — 'T was some years ago,
It may be thirty, forty, more or less,
The carnival was at its height, and so
Were all kinds of buffoonery and dress;
A certain lady went to see the show,
Her real name I know not, nor can guess,
And so we'll call her Laura, if you please,
Because it slips into my verse with ease.

XXII.

She was not old, nor young, nor at the years
Which certain people call „a certain age,"
Which yet the most uncertain age appears,
Because I never heard, nor could engage
A person yet by prayers, or bribes, or tears,
To name, define by speech, or write on page,
The period meant precisely by that word, —
Which surely is exceedingly absurd.

XXIII.

Laura was blooming still, had made the best
Of time, and time return'd the compliment
And treated her genteelly, so that, dress'd,
She look'd extremely well where'er she went;
A pretty woman is a welcome guest,
And Laura's brow a frown had rarely bent;
Indeed she shone all smiles, and seem'd to flatter,
Mankind with her black eyes for looking at her.

XXIV.

She was a married woman; 't is convenient,
Because in Christian countries it is a rule
To view their little slips with eyes more lenient;
Whereas if single ladies play the fool
(Unless within the period intervenient
A well-timed wedding makes the scandal cool),
I, dont know how they ever can get over it
Except they manage never to discover it.

XXI

Men til min Historie — Det var for nogle Aar siden || Det kon være tredive, fyrgetyve, mere eller mindre, || Carnivalet stod paa sit Höjeste, og ligesaa || Stod alle Slags af Narrestreger og Dragter; || En vis Dame gik for at see, paa dette Skuespil, || Hendes virkelige Navn veed jeg ei, og kan ei gjætte, || Og saa vil vi kalde hende Laura, hvis I behager, || Fordi det glider indi mit Vers med Lethed.

XXII.

Hun var ei gammel, ei heller ung, ei heller i de Aar || Som visse Folk kalde en „*vis Alder*" || Som dog den meest uvisse Alder synes (at være) || Fordi jeg aldrig hörte, ei heller kunde bevæge || En Person hidtil ved Bönner, Bestikkelser, eller Taarer, || Til at nævne, bestemme ved Tole, eller skrive paa et Blad, || Den Periode som der netop menes ved det Ord, — || Hvilket sikkert er overmaade absurd.

XXIII.

Laura var blomstrende endnu, havde gjort det Bedste || Ved Tiden (behandlet Tiden godt) og Tiden gjengjældte Artigheden, || Og behandlede hende onstændigt, saa at paaklædt, || Hun saa overmaade godt ud, hvorhen hun end gik; || En smuk Qvinde er en velkommen Gjæst || Og Lauras Pande havde en barsk Mine sjælden rynket; || I Sandhed hun straalede ganske af Smill, og syntes at smigre || Menneskeslægten med sine sorte Öjne for at see paa hende.

XXIV.

Hun var en gift Kone; det er beqvemt || Fordi i *Christne**) *Lande* det er en Regel || At betragte deres smaa Feiltrin med mildere Öjne; || Hvorimod, hvis ugifte Damer spille Narren[s Rolle] || (Med mindre inden den mellemkommende Periode || Et betimeligt Bryllup afkjöler Scandalen) || Saa veed jeg ei hvorledes de kan nogensinde slippe (helskinnet) fra det || Medmindre det lykkes dem aldrig at röbe det (el. lade det blive opdaget).

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*) Et Udtryk som Digteren bruger ganske fra Italiensk Standpunkt; Menig Mand i Italien og naturligvis ogsaa Geistligheden, især naar den taler med Menigmand, forstaaer ved Christne Lande, *de catholske Lande*, Dog især Italien og Spanien. Nordenfjælds Landene, ja selv Frankrig, regnes næppe iblandt de Christne og Syd-Tydsklands Catholicisme tages der kun lidet Hensyn til i daglig Tale. Irland ansees for Christent, ja selv Grækenland paa en Maade, hvorvel den Östlige, (den Græske) Kirke knapt nok gjengjælder denne Compliment.

XXV.

Her husband sailed upon the Adriatic
And made some voyages too in other seas,
And when he lay in quarantine for pratique
(A forty days' precaution, gainst disease)
His wife would mount at times her highest attie
For thence she could discern the ship with case;
He was a merchant trading to Aleppo,
His name Giuseppe, called more briefly Beppo.

XXVI.

He was a man as dusky as a Spaniard
Sunburnt with travel yet a portly figure;
Though coloured, as it were, within a tanyard,
He was a person both of sense and vigour;
A better seaman never yet did man yard;
And *she*, although her manners showed no rigour,
Was deem'd a woman of the strictest principle,
So much as to be thought almost invincible.

XXVII.

But several years elapsed since they had met;
Some people thought the ship was lost, and some
That he had somehow blundered into debt,
And did not like the thoughts of steering home,
And there were several offer'd any bet,
Or that he would, or that he would not come,
For most men till by losing rendered sager
Will back their own opinions with a wager.

XXVIII.

'T is said that their last parting was pathetic,
As parting often are, or ought to be;
And their presentiment was quite prophetic
That they should never more each other see,
(A sort of morbid feeling, half poetic,
Which I have known occur in two or three),
When kneeling on the shore upon her sad knee,
He left this Adriatic Ariadne.

XXIX.

And Laura waited long, and wept a little,
And thought of wearing weeds, as well she might;
She almost lost all appetite for victual,
And could not sleep with case alone at night;

XXV.

Hendes Mand befoer det Adriatiske Hav, || Og gjorde nogle Reiser ogsaa i andre Have, || Og naar han laa i Quarantaine for at faa Practica || (En fyrgetyve Dages Forsigtigheds-Regel mod Sygdom), || Kunde hans Kone undertiden bestige sit höjeste Qvistværelse, || Thi derfra kunde hun see Skibet med Lethed. || Han var en Kjöbmand som foer paa Aleppo, || Hans Navn Giuseppe, kaldet mere kort, Beppo.

XXVI.

Han var en Mand saa mörk som en Spanier, || Solbrændt af Reiser og dog en anseelig Figur; || Skjönt farvet som det kunde være i en Garver Gaard, || Saa var han en Person baade af Forstand og Kraft; — || En bedre Sömand har endnu aldrig besat en Raa; || Og *hun* hvorvel hendes Maneer ei viste nogen Rigeur || Blev anseet for en Qvinde af de strængeste Grundsætninger, || I den Grad at hun antoges for (at være) næsten uovervindelig.

XXVII.

Men adskillige Aar henrandt siden de vare trufne sammen; || Nogle Folk troede Skibet var forlist, og nogle || At han ved een eller anden Bommert var kommen i Gjæld, || Og kunde ei udstaa den Tanke at styre hjem, || Og der vare adskillige som tilböd hvilket somhelst Veddemaal || Om at han enten vilde, eller ei vilde komme, || Thi de fleste Mænd (indtil Tab har gjort dem visere) || Vil understötte deres egen Mening med et Veddemaal.

XXVIII.

Der fortælles at deres sidste Afsked var pathetisk || Som Afsked ofte ere, eller burde være, || Og at deres Forudanelse var ganske prophetisk || At de skulde aldrig mere hinanden see, || (En Slags af sygelig Fölelse halv poetisk || Som jeg har vidst forekomme i to eller tre) || Da knælende paa Strandbredden paa hendes bedrövede Knæ, || Han forlod denne Adriatiske Ariadne.

XXIX.

Og Laura væntede længe og græd en Smule || Og tænkte paa at anlægge Sörgedragt, som der var al Aarsag til, || Hun næsten tabte al Appetit til Föde, || Og kunde ei sove i Ro alene om Natten; || Hun ansaa Vindues Rammerne

She deem'd the window frames and shutters brittle
Against a daring housebreaker or sprite,
And so she thought it prudent to connect her
With a vice-husband, *chiefly to protect her.*

XXX.

She chose, (and what is there they will not choose?)
It only you will but oppose their choice?)
Till Beppo should return from his long cruise,
And bid once more her faithful heart rejoice,
A man some women like, and yet abuse —
A coxcomb was he by the public voice;
A Count of wealth, they said, as well as quality,
And in his pleasures of great liberality.

XXXI.

And then he was a Count, and then he knew
Music, and dancing, fiddling, French and Tuscan;
The last not easy, be it known to you,
For few Italians speak the right Etruscan.
He was a critic upon operas, too,
And knew all niceties of the sock and buskin;
And no Venetian audience could endure a
Song, scene, or air, when he cried „seccatura!"

XXXII.

His „bravo" was decisive, for that sound
Hush'd „Academie" sigh'd in silent awe;
The fiddlers trembled as he look'd around,
For fear of some false note's detected flaw.
The „prima donna's" tuneful heart would bound,
Dreading the deep damnation of his „bah!"
Soprano, basso, even the contra-alto,
Wish'd him five fathom under the Rialto.

XXXIII.

He patronised the Improvisatori,
Nay, could himself extemporise some stanzas,
Wrote rhymes, sang songs, could also tell a story,
Sold pictures, and was skilful in the dance as
Italians can be, though in this their glory
Must surely yield the palm to that which France has;
In short he was a perfect cavaliero,
And to his very valet seemed a hero.

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og Skaaderne skjöre || I mod en dristig Indbrudstyv eller Aand (Spögelse) || Og saa ansaa hun det for forsigtigt at forbinde sig || Med en Vice-Mand *fornemmelig for at beskytte sig.*

XXX.

Hun valgte (og hvad er der de ei vil vælge || Hvis kun I blot modsætter Eder deres Valg) || Indtil Beppo skulde vende tilbage fra hans lange Kryds-Tour, || Og byde en Gang endnu hendes trofaste Hjærte at glæde sig, || En Mand som visse Qvinder holde af og dog omtale ilde — || En Hanekam (Laps) var han iſölge den offentlige Stemme; || En Greve af Rigdom sagde de saavel som af Rang, || Og i sine Fornöjelser af megen Liberalitet.

XXXI.

Og saa var han en Greve, og saa kjendte han || Musik og Dands, Fiolinspil, Fransk og Toscansk; || Det sidste ei med Lethed, være det Eder bekjendt; || Thi faa Italienere tale det rigtige Etruriske. || Han var en Opera-Kritiker ogsaa, || Og kjendte alle Sockens*) og Cothurnens**) Finheder; || Intet Venetiansk Theater-Publicum kunde udstaa en || Sang, Scene eller Arie, naar han raabte *„seccatura"****).

XXXII.

Hans „bravo" var afgjörende, efter den Lyd || Sukkede det nedtyssede Orchester****) i taus Ærefrygt; || Fiolinspillerne skjalv naar han saa sig omkring, || Af Frygt for en eller anden falsk Nodes opdagede Feil. || Prima donnaens tonerige Hjærte kunde springe, || Frygtende den dybe Fordömmelse af hans „bah!" || Sopranen, Bassen, ja selv Contra-Altoen || Önskede ham fem Favne under Rialto.

XXXIII.

Han patroniserede Improvisatorerne, || Ja, han kunde selv improvisere nogle Stanzaer, || Skrev Vers, sang Arier, kunde og fortælle en Historie, || Solgte Malerier, og var kyndig i Dandsen som || Italienere kunne være, skjöndt i dette deres Hæder || Maa sikkerlig opgive Palmen til den (neml. Hæder) som Frankrig har; || Kort sagt, han var en fuldkommen Cavalier, || Og selv for sin egen Kammertjener syntes [han] en Helt.

*) Komediens.

**) Tragödiens.

***) Tört Gods, smaglöst Jux.

****) Opera- eller Concert-Personale. En offentlig Recitation af Scener, af Vers eller over Hoved af de classiske Italienske Forfattere kaldes ogsaa *Accademia*.

XXXIV.

Then he was faithful too as well as amorous:
So that no sort of female could complain,
Although they're now and then a little clamorous,
He never put the pretty souls in pain;
His heart was one of those which most enamour us,
Wax to receive, and marble to retain.
He was a lover of the good old school,
Who still become more constant as they cool.

XXXV.

No wonder such accomplishments should turn
A female head, however sage and steady —
With scarce a hope that Beppo could return,
In law he was almost as good as dead, he
Nor sent nor wrote, nor show'd the least concern,
And she had waited several years already;
And really if a man won't let us know
That he's alive, he's *dead*, or should be so.

XXXVI.

Besides, within the Alps to every woman,
(Although, God knows, it is a grievous sin)
'T is, I may say, permitted to have two men;
I can't tell who first brought the custom in,
But „Cavalier Serventes" are quite common,
And no one notices, nor cares a pin;
And we may call this (not to say the worst)
A *second* marriage, which corrupts the *first*.

XXXVII.

The word was formerly a „Cicisbeo"
But that is now grown vulgar and indecent;
The Spaniards call the person a „*Cortejo*"
For the same mode subsists in Spain, though recent;
In short it reaches from the Po to Teio
And may perhaps at last be o'er the sea sent.
But Heaven preserve Old England from such courses!
Or what becomes of damage and divorces?

XXXVIII.

However, I still think, with all due deference
To the fair *single* part of the Creation,
That married ladies should preserve the preference
In tête-à-tête or general conversation —

XXXIV.

Og saa var han trofast tillige, saavel som forliebt; || Saa at ingen Slags Qvinde kunde klage, || Skjönt de ere nu og da en Smule hölröstede, || Han gav aldrig de smukke Sjæle Smærte; || Hans Hjærte var eet af disse som meest indtage os, || Vox til at modtage, og Marmor til at beholde. || Han var en Elsker af den gode gamle Skole, || Som bestandig blive mere standhaftige efter som de afkjöles.

XXXV.

Intet Under at saadanne Fortrin skulde gjöre forrykt || Et qvindeligt Hoved, hvor fornuftigt (det end var) og sat — || Med næppe noget Haab om at Beppo vilde vende tilbage, || I Loven[s Öjne] var han næsten saa godt som död, han || Hverken sendte, eller skrev, eller viiste denmindste Bekymring [el. Deeltagelse], || Og hun havde ventet adskillige Aar allerede; || Og virkelig, hvis en Mand ei vil lade os vide || At han er ilive, saa er han *död*, eller burde være.

XXXVI.

Desuden paa denne Side Alperne, for enhver Qvinde, || (Hvorvel, Himmelen veed, det er en forfærdelig Synd,) || Det er, havde jeg nær sagt, tilladt at have *to* Mænd; || Jeg kan ei sige hvo först indförte denne Skik, || Men ,,Cavalier Serventer" ere ganske almindelige, || Og ingen tager nogen Notice (deraf) eller bryder sig et Kappenaal[s Hoved derom]; || Og vi kunne kalde dette (for ei at sige det Værste) || Et *andet* Ægteskab som fordærver det *förste*.

XXXVII.

[Det gjængse] Ord var tilforn en ,,Cicisbeo", || Men *det* er nu blevet pöbelagtigt og usömmeligt; || Spanierne kalde Personen en ,,Cortejo" || Thi den samme Skik existerer i Spanien, skjönt [den er] ny; || Kort sagt den naaer fra Po til Teio, || Og kan maaskee tilsidst blive sent over Söen. || Men Himmelen bevare gamle England fra saadanne Anstalter! | Ellers hvad bliver der af Skades Erstatning og Skilsmisser?

XXXVIII.

Alligevel, tænker jeg, med al tilbörlig Opmærksomhed || Mod den skjönne *ugifte* Part af Skabningen, || At gifte Damer burde beholde Forrangen || I et téte-ä-téte eller almindelig Conversation — || Og dette siger jeg

And this I say without peculiar reference
  To England, France, or any other nation, —
Because they know the world, and are at ease,
And being natural, naturally please.

XXXIX.

'Tis true your budding Miss is very charming,
  But shy and awkward at first coming out,
So much alarm'd that she is quite alarming,
  All Giggle, Blush; half Pertness and half Pout;
And glancing at *Mamma* for fear there's harm in
  What you, she, it, or they may be about,
The nursery still lisps out in all they utter —
Besides, they always smell of bread and butter.

XL.

But „Cavalier Servente" is the phrase
  Used in politest circles to express
This supernumerary slave, who stays
  Close to the lady as a part of dress,
Her word the only Law which he obeys,
  His is no sinecure, as you may guess
Coach, servants, gondola, he goes to call,
And carries fan and tippet, gloves and shawl.

XLI.

With all its sinful doings, I must say,
  That Italy's a pleasant place to me,
Who love to see the Sun shine every day,
  And vines (not nail'd to walls) from tree to tree
Festoon'd, much like the back scene of a play,
  Or melodram, which people flock to see,
When the first act is ended by a dance
In vineyards copied from the south of France.

XLII.

I like on autumn evenings to ride out,
  Without being forced to bid my groom be sure
My cloak is round his middle strapp'd about;
  Because the skies are not the most secure;
I know too that if stopp'd upon my route,
  Where the green alleys windingly allure,
Reeling with *grapes* red waggons choke the way, —
In England 't would be dung, dust, or a dray.

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uden (nogen) særdeles Antydning || Til England, Frankrig, eller nogen anden Nation — || Fordi de kjende Verden og ere ugenerte, || Og i det de ere naturlige, saa behage de naturligviis.

XXXIX.

Det er sandt Eders fremspirende Jomfru er meget fortryllende, || Men sky og keitet ved hendes förste Kommen ud [i Verden]*) || Saa saare allarmeret at hun'er ganske allarmerende, || Heel og holden Smaalatter, Rödme; halv Impertinents og halv Muthed; || Og Skotten til *Mamma* af Frygt for der kunde være Ulykke i || Hvad I, hun, det, eller de kunde have for, || Ammestuen læsper bestandig frem i Alt hvad de yttre — || Desuden, saa lugte de altid af Smörrebröd.

XL.

Men „Cavalier servente" er Talemaaden || Som anvendes i de meest dannede Kredse for at udtrykke [benævne] || Denne overcomplette Slave, som opholder sig || Tæt ved Damen som en Deel af hendes Paaklædning, || Hendes Ord [er] den eneste Lov han adlyder. || Hans [Plads] er ingen Sinecure, som I [nok] kan gjætte; || Vogn, Tjenere, Gondol gaaer han at hente || Og bærer Vifte, Modest, Handsker og Shawl.

XLI.

Med alle dets syndige Gjerninger, saa maa jeg sige, || At Italien er et behageligt Sted for mig, || Som holder af at see Solen skinne hver Dag, || Og Viinranker (ei naglede til Mure) fra Træ til Træ || Bundne i Krandse, lignende meget Skuepladsens Baggrund i et Skuespil, || Eller Melodrama som Folk flokke sig for at see, || Naar den förste Act bliver sluttet med en Dands || I Viingaarde som copieres efter det sydlige Frankrig.

XLII.

Jeg holder af i Efteraars Aftener at ride ud, || Uden at være nödsaget til at bede min Staldkarl at være vis paa || At min Kappe er spændt rundt om hans Liv || Fordi Luften ikke er den sikkreste; || Jeg veed ogsaa at hvis jeg standses paa min Vej, || Hvor de grönne snævre Alleer snoende lokke Een || At det er röde Vogne gyngende med Druer som tilstoppe Vejen — || I England vilde det være Mög, Stöv eller en Bryggervogn.

*) *Coming out* er et technisk Udtryk om en ung Dames förste Præsentation i store Selskaber.

XLIII.

I also like to dine on beeafieas
To see the Sun set; sure he'll rise to morrow,
Not through a misty morning twinkling weak as
A drunken man's dead eye in maudlin sorrow,
But with all Heaven t'himself; that day will break as
Beauteens as eloudless, nor be forced to borrow
That sort of farthing candlelight which glimmers
Where reeking London's smoky caldron simmers.

XLIV.

I love the language, that soft bastard, Latin,
Which melts like kisses from a female mouth,
And sounds as if it should be writ on satin,
With syllables which breathe of the sweet South,
And gentle liquids gliding all so pat in,
That not a single accent seems uneouth,
Like our harsh northern whistling, grunting guttural,
Which we're obliged to hiss, and spit, and sputter all.

XLV.

I like the women too (forgive my folly),
From the rieh peasant-cheek of ruddy bronze,
And large blaek eyes that flash on you a volley
Of rays that say a thousand things at once,
To the high dama's brow, more melaneholy
But elear, and with a wild and liquid, glance,
Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,
Soft as her elime, and sunny as her skies.

XLVI.

Eve of the land which still is Paradise!
Italian beauty! didst thou not inspire
Raphael, who died in thy embraee, and vies
With all we know of Heaven, or ean desire,
In what he hath bequeath'd us? — in what guise
Though flashing from the fervour of the lyre,
Would words deseribe thy past and present glow,
While yet Canova ean ereate below.*)

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*) In talking thus, the writer, more especially
Of women, would be understood to say,
He speaks as a spectator, not officially,
And always, reader, in a modest way;
Perhaps, too, in no very great degreo shall he
Appear to have offended in this lay,
Since, as all know, without the sex, our sonnets
Would seem unfinish'd like their untrimm'd bonnets.
(Signed) PRINTER'S DEVIL.

XLIII.

Jeg holder ogsaa af at spise til Middag paa Figenplukkere*), ‖ At see Solen, sikker paa at den vil staa op i Morgen, ‖ Ikke gjennem en taaget Morgendæmring svag som ‖ En drukken Mands döde Öje i Blyhats Sorg, ‖ Men med hele Himmelen for sig selv; at Dagen vil frembryde ligesaa ‖ Skjön som skyfri og ei være nödsaget til at laane ‖ Den Slags af Skillingspraase Lys som glimter ‖ Hvor det rygende Londons rögfulde Kjædel syder.

XLIV.

Jeg elsker Sproget det blöde Bastard-Latin ‖ Som smælter som Kys af Qvinde-Mund ‖ Oglyder som om det burde skrives paa Atlask, ‖ Med Stavelser som aande af det söde Syd, ‖ Og blöde flydende Bogstaver, som glide alle saa nemt ind ‖ At ikke en eneste Accent synes grov ‖ Som vort haarde nordiske pibende gryntende Guttural-[Sprog] ‖ Som vi ere nödsagede til at hysse og spytte og fremsprölte alt sammen.

XLV.

Jeg holder af Qvinderne ogsaa (tilgiv min Daarskab) ‖ Fra den yppige Bondepiges Kind af rödladen Bronze, ‖ Og store sorte Öjne som lyne imod Eder det glatte Laug ‖ Af Straaler som sige Tusinde Ting paa en Gang ‖ Til den höje Dames Bryn som er mere melancholsk, ‖ Men klart, og med et vildt og flydende Öjekast ‖ Hjærtet paa hendes Læber, og Sjæl i hendes Öjne ‖ Blöd som hendes Klimat og solfuld som hendes Himmel.

XLVI.

Eva af det Land som endnu er Paradiis! ‖ Italienske Skjönhed! Inspirerede du ei ‖ Raphael, som döde i din Omarmelse, og kappes med ‖ Alt hvad vi kjende af Himmelen, eller kunne önske, ‖ I det han har efterladt os? — paa hvilken Maade ‖ Skjönt lynende fra Lyrens Brynde ‖ Kunde *Ord* beskrive din forhenværende og nærværende Glöden, [Straaler] ‖ Medens endnu Canova kan skabe hernede?**)

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*) Eller Figensnepper: En velsmagende Italiensk Fugl som saa kaldes.

**) Forfatteren, i at tale saaledes, mere specielt ‖ Om Qvinder, vilde forstaaes at sige ‖ At han taler som en Tilskuer, ikke officielt, ‖ Og altid, Læser, paa en beskeden Maade ‖ Maaskee ogsaa i ingen særdeles höi Grad vil han ‖ Synes at have forseet sig i dette Digt, ‖ Efterdi som alle vide, uden Kjönnet vore Sonnetter ‖ Vilde synes ufuldendte som deres (Qvindernes) ugarnerede Hatte.

XLVII.

„England! with all thy faults I love thee still,"
I said at Calais, and have not forgot it;
I like to speak and lucubrate my fill;
I like the government (but that is not it);
I like the freedom of the press and quill;
I like the Habeas Corpus (when we've got it);
I like a parliamentary debate,
Particularly when 'tis not too late;

XLVIII.

I like the taxes, when they're not too many;
I like a seal coal-fire, when not too dear;
I like a beef-steak, too, as well as any;
Have no objection to a pot of beer;
I like the weather, when it is not rainy,
That is, I like two months of every year,
And so, God save the Regent, Church and King!
Which means that I like all and every thing.

XLIX.

Our standing army, and disbanded seamen,
Poors' rate, Reform, my own, the nation's debt
Our little riots just to show we are free men,
Our trifling bankruptcies in the Gazette,
Our cloudy climate, and our chilly women,
All these I can forgive and those forget,
And greatly venerate our recent glories
And wish they were not owing to the Tories.

L.

But to my tale of Laura — for I find
Digression is a sin, that by degrees
Becomes exceeding tedious to my mind,
And therefore may the reader, too, displease —
The gentle reader, who may wax unkind,
And caring little for the author's ease,
Insist on knowing what he means — a hard
And hapless situation for a bard.

LI.

Oh! that I had the art of easy writing
What should be easy reading! could I scale
Parnassus, where the Muses sit inditing
Those pretty poems never known to fail,
How quickly would I print (the world delighting)
A Grecian, Syrian, or Assyrian tale;
And sell you, mix'd with western sentimentalism,
Some samples of the finest Orientalism.

XLVII.

„England! med alle dine Feil elsker jeg dig endnu", || Sagde jeg i Calais, og jeg har ikke glemt det; || Jeg holder af at tale og studere til Mættelse; || Jeg holder af Regjeringen (men det er ikke det); || Jeg holder af Pressens og Penneposens Frihed; || Jeg holder af *Habeas corpus* (naar vi have det *) || : Jeg holder af en Parliaments Debat || I særdeleshed naar den ei er altfor sildig.

XLVIII.

Jeg holder af Skatterne, naar de ei ere altfor mange || Jeg holder af Steenkuls **) Ild, naar den ei er for dyr || Jeg holder af en *beef-steak* ogsaa saagodt som nogen; || Og har intet imod en Kande Öl; || Jeg holder af Veiret naar det ei er for regnfuldt || Det vil sige, jeg holder af to Maaneder af hvert Aar. || Og saa Gud bevare Prinds-Regenten, Kirken, og Kongen! || Hvilket betyder at jeg holder af Alt og enhver Ting især.

XLIX.

Vor staaende Armee og vore afskedigede Söfolk, || Fattigskatten, Reformen, min egen (og) Nationens Gjæld, || Vore smaa Opløb just for at vise at vi ere frie Mænd, || Vore ubetydelige Falliter i [Londoner] Gazetten, || Vort skyfulde Klimat og vore kolde Qvinder, || Alle disse kan jeg tilgive og hine forglemme, || Og jeg bærer megen Höjagtelse for vor nylig (vundne) Hæder || Og jeg önsker [kun] at den ikke skyldtes Torierne.

L.

Men til min Fortælling om Laura, — thi jeg finder || Digression er en Synd, som gradviis || Bliver overmaade kjædelig i mine Tanker, || Og derfor kan ogsaa mishage Læseren — || Den kjære Læser, som kan blive uvenlig || Og brydende sig kun lidet om Forfatterens Beqvemmelighed, || Kan paastaa at faa at vide hvad han mener, en haard || Og uheldig Stilling for en Skjald.

LI.

Oh at jeg besad den Konst at skrive med Lethed || Det som med Lethed kunde læses! kunde jeg bestige || Parnassus, hvor Muserne sidde og affatte || Disse smukke Digte som aldrig vides at slaa feil, || Hvor hurtigt skulde jeg trykke (til Verdens Fryd og Glæde) || En Græsk, Syrisk, eller Assyrisk Fortælling; || Og sælge Jer blandet med vestlig Sentimentalisme || Nogle Pröver af den deiligste Orientalisme.

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*) Thi Habeas Corpus Acten kan undertiden suspenderes, for en længere eller kortere Tid.

**) *Seacoal:* Den fuldstændige Talemaade som er af Londonsk Oprindelse er *sea-borne coal*, fordi Steenkul meest komme Söværts til London.

LII.

But I am but a nameless sort of person,
(A broken Dandy lately on my travels)
And take for rhyme, to hook my rambling verse on
The first that Walker's Lexicon unravels,
And when I can't find that, I put a worse on,
Not caring as I ought for critic's cavils;
I've half a mind to tumble down to prose,
But verse is more in fashion — so here goes.

LIII.

The Count and Laura made their new arrangement,
Which lasted, as arrangements sometimes do,
For half a dozen years, without estrangement;
They had their little differences, too;
Those jealous whiffs, which never any change meant:
In such affairs there probably are few
Who have not had this pouting sort of squabble,
From sinners of high station to the rabble.

LIV.

But, on the whole they were a happy pair,
As happy as unlawful love could make them;
The gentleman was fond, the Lady fair,
Their chains so slight, 'twas not worth while to break them:
The world beheld them with indulgent air;
The pious only wish'd „the devil take them!"
He took them not; he very often waits
And leaves old sinners to be young ones' baits.

LV.

But they were young: Oh! what without our youth
Would love be! What would youth be without love!
Youth lends it joy, and sweetness, vigour, truth,
Heart, soul, and all that seems as from above;
But, languishing with years, it grows uncouth —
One of few things experience don't improve,
Which is, perhaps, the reason why old fellows
Are always so preposterously jealous.

LVI.

It was the Carnival, as I have said
Some six and thirty stanzas back, and so
Laura the usual preparations made,
Which you do when your mind's made up to go

LII.

Men jeg er kun en navnlös Slags af Person || (En afdanket Dandy, som nylig var paa mine Reiser) || Og tager for Riim for at kroge mit omföitende Vers paa || Det förste som Walkers (Riim-) Lexicon udvikler, || Og naar jeg ei kan finde det, saa sætter jeg et slettere paa, || Ei beagtende som jeg burde Kritikeres Dadel; || Jeg har halvvejs i Sinde at styrte mig hovedkulds ned i Prosa, || Men Vers er mere i Mode — saa nu afsted!

LIII.

Greven og Laura gjorde deres nye [huslige] Arrangement || Som vedvarede, som Arrangements undertiden gjöre || Et halv Dousin Aar uden Splid [Hjærte-fjærnelse?] || De havde deres smaa Tvistigheder ogsaa; || Disse skinsyge Pust som aldrig havde nogen Forandring til Hensigt: || I saadanne Affairer ere der rimeligviis faa || Som ei have havt dette slet Lunes Slags af Kiv, || Fra Syndere af höi Rang [lige ned] til Pöbelen.

LIV.

Men i det Hele vare de et lykkeligt Par, || Saa lykkelige som ulovlig Kjærlighed kunde gjöre dem; || Herren var kjærlig, Damen smuk, || Deres Kjæder saa lette at det ei var Umagen værdt at bryde dem: || Verden betragtede dem med en eftergivende Mine; || Kun de gudsfrygtige önskede „Fanden tage dem!" || Han tog dem ikke: han venter meget ofte, || Og lader gamle Syndere blive unge Synderes Lokkemad.

LV.

Men de vare unge: Oh! hvad uden vor Ungdom || Vilde Kjærlighed være! Hvad vilde Ungdom være uden Kjærlighed. || Ungdom laaner den Glæde, og Södhed, Kraft og Sandhed, || Hjærte, Sjæl, og alt det som synes [som det kom] ovenfra; || Men, hensmægtende med Aarene bliver den grov — || En af de faa Ting som Erfaring ei forbedrer, || Hvilket maaskee er Grunden hvorfor gamle Krabater || Alle Tider ere saa urimelig skinsyge.

LVI.

Det var Carnival[s Tiden] som jeg har sagt || Omtrent sex og tredive Stanzer tilbage, og saa || Gjorde Laura de sædvanlige Forberedelser, || Som I gjör naar I har fast besluttet at gaa ||

To-night to Mrs. Boehm's masquerade,
Spectator, or partaker in the show;
The only difference known between the cases
Is — *here*, we have six weeks of „varnish'd faces."

LVII.

Laura, when dress'd, was (as I sang before)
A pretty woman as was ever seen,
Fresh as the Angel o'er a new inn door,
Or frontispiece of a new Magazine
With all the fashions which the last month wore,
Coloured, and silver paper leaved between
That and the titlepage, for fear the press
Should soil with parts of speech the parts of dress.

LVIII.

They went to the Ridotto, — 'tis a hall
Where people dance, and sup, and dance again;
It's proper name, perhaps, were a masqued ball,
But that's of no importance to my strain;
'Tis (on a smaller scale) like our Vauxhall,
Excepting that it can't be spoilt by rain;
The company is „mixed" (the phrase I quote is
As much as saying they're below your notice);

LIX

For a „mix'd company" implies that, save
Yourself and friends, and half a hundred more,
Whom you may bow to without looking grave,
The rest are but a vulgar set, the bore
Of public places, where they basely brave
The fashionable stare of twenty score
Of well-bred persons, call'd *„the world"*; but I,
Although I know them, really don't know why.

LX.

This is the case in England; at least was
During the dynasty of Dandies, now

Iaften paa Fru Boehms Masquerade, || Som Tilskuer eller Deeltager I Skuespillet; || Den eneste Forskjæl mellem Tilfældene || Er — at vi *her* have sex Uger af „fernisercde Ansigter" *).

LVII.

Laura, naar hun var paakiædt, var (som jeg för sang) || En (saa) smuk Qvinde som man nogensinde saa, || Frisk som Engelen over en ny Gjæstgivergaards Dör, || Eller Frontispicen paa et nyt Magazin (Maanedskrift), || Med alle de Moder som den sidste Maaned bar || Coleurt og med Sölvpapirs-Blade imellem || Det og Titelbladet, af Frygt for at Pressen || Kunde tilsöle med Talens Dele Dragtens Dele.

LVIII.

De gik til Ridotto; — det er en Sal || Hvor Folk dandse, og spise til Aften, og dandse igjen; || Dets rigtige Navn kanskee vilde være et Maske-ball, || Men det er af ingen Vigtighed for min Sang; || Det er (efter en mindre Maalestok) ligt vor Vauxhall, || Undtagen at det ei kan blive spoleret af Regn: || Selskabet er „blandet" (den Talemaade jeg citerer er || Det samme som at sige, det fortjener ei at I lægger Mærke til det);

LIX.

Thi et „blandet Selskab" betegner at, med Undtagelse || Af Eder selv og Venner, og et halvt Hundrede til, || Som I kan hilse paa uden at see alvorlig ud, || De övrige ere kun et Pöbel-Pak, Plagen || Af offentlige Steder, hvor de nedrigt trodse || Den fornemme Paastirren af tyve Sneese || Velopdragne Personer, som kaldes *„le monde"*; men jeg || Skjönt jeg kjender dem, veed virkelig ikke hvorfor.

LX.

Dette er Tilfældet i England; i det mindste var det || Under *Dandiernes* **) Dynasti, som

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*) *Merchant of Venice*, Act. II. Sc. V.

**) *Dandy* er en Person som udmærker sig især ved fine Klæder, „som bærer", som Engelskmanden kalder det „sin Charakteer paa sin Ryg". I Byrons Ungdom var der i London en Slags Klab af saadanne Personer: de vare for störste Delen af den fornemme Verden, og Prinds Regenten (senere Georg IV) var een af dem. *Brummel* som Byron omtaler i Noten nedenfor ansaaes for en Tid for deres Anförer, hvilket var saa meget besynderligere som han hverken havde Herkomst eller Formue eller store Talenter. Han gjorde sin Lykke ved smaa Vittigheder, og stor Uforskammenhed, og havde selv Prindsregenten undertiden til Bedste. Denne Mand blev dog tilsidst styrtet derved at i en Forsamling af Dandier een traadte frem og med alvorlig Bestemthed sagde til ham: „Brummel, I fortalte mig en Lögn igaar" — Brummel undlod at afgjöre den Sag paa den Viis som var bragelig blandt Dandierne, nemlig ved en Duel. Fra det Öjeblik vilde ingen mere kjende ham. Dog forsögte Marquisen af *Salisbury* at gribe ham under Armene ved at give ham i sin aabne Vogn, en Plads ved sin Side, paa en Promenade i Hydepark; men det hjalp ikke. Brammel var falden; han kunde ei længer holde sig i London; ei engang i England: han maatte reise over til Calais.

Per chance succeeded by some other class
Of imitated imitators! — how
Irreparably soon decline, alas!
The demagogues of fashion: all below
Is frail; how easily the world is lost
By love, or war, and now and then by frost!

LXI.

Crush'd was Napoleon by the northern Thor,
Who knock'd his army down with icy hammer
Stopp'd by the *elements* *), like a whaler, or
A blundering novice in his new French grammar;
Good cause had he to doubt the chance of war,
And as for fortune — but I dare not d—n her,
Because, were I to ponder to infinity,
The more I should believe in her divinity.

LXII.

She rules the present, past, and all to be yet,
She gives us luck in lotteries, love and marriage;
I cannot say that she 's done much for me yet;
Not that I mean her bounties to disparage,
We've not yet closed accounts, and we shall see yet
How much she'll make amends for past miscarriage;
Meantime the goddess I'll no more importune,
Unless to thank her when she's made my fortune.

LXIII.

To turn — and to return — the devil take it!
This story slips for ever through my fingers
Because, just as the stanza likes to make it,
It needs must be — and so it rather lingers;
This form of verse begun, I can't well break it
But must keep time and tune like public singers;
But if I once get through my present measure,
I'll take another when I 'm next at leisure.

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*) When Brummel was obliged to retire to France, he knew not French, and having obtained a grammar for the purpose of study, our friend Scrope Davies was asked, what progress Brummel had made in French: he responded, that Brummel had been stopped, like Buonaparte in Russia, by the *elements*. I have put this fun into Beppo, which is 'a fair exchange and no robbery'; for Scrope made his fortune at several dinners (as he owned himself), by repeating occasionally, as his own, some of the buffooneries with which I had encountered him in the morning. —
Byron Diary 1821.

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nu || Maaskee er succederet af en anden Klasse || Af efterlignede Efterlignere: — hvor || Uoprettеligen snart forfalde, ach! || Modens Demagoger: alt hernede || Er bröstfældigt; hvor letteilg Verden tabes || Ved Kjærlighed, eller Krig, og nu og da ved Frost!

LXI.

Knust blev Napoleon ved den nordiske Thor, || Som slog hans Hær ned med en Iis-hammer, || Standset af *Elementerne* ligesom en Hvalfiskefanger, eller || En bomrende Novice i hans nye Franske Grammatik; || God Aarsag havde han til at tvivle om Krigens Tilfældigheder, || Og hvad Lykken angaaer — men jeg tör ei forbande hende, || Thi selv om jeg grandskede (grublede) i al Evighed || Desto mere vilde jeg tro paa hendes Guddom.

LXII.

Hun regjerer det nærværendo, forbigangne, og alt det endnu Tilkommende || Hun giver os Held i Lotterier, Kjærlighed, og Ægteskab; || Jeg kan ei sige hun har gjort meget for mig endnu; || Ikke fordi jeg skulde have i sinde at nedsætte hendes Velgjerninger, || Vi have endnu ei afsluttet Regningerne, og vil see endnu || Hvorvidt hun vil erstatte forbigangne Misligheder: || Imidlertid vil jeg Gudinden ikke videre ulellige || Undtagen for at takke hende naar hun har gjort min Lykke.

LXIII.

For at vende om — og for at vende tilbage — F—n ta' et! || Denne Historie slipper mig bestandig gjennem Fingrene, || Fordi, accurat som Stanzen finder for godt at danne den, || Saa maa den nödvendigviis blive — og saa nöler den lidt; || Da jeg nu har begyndt med denne Versform, kan jeg ei vel afbryde den, || Men maa holde Takt og Melodi som offentlige Sangere; || Men hvis jeg engang slipper igjennem mit nærværende Versemaal, || Vil jeg tage et andet naar jeg næst faaer Leilighed.

LXIV.

They went to the Ridotto (tis a place
To which I mean to go myself to-morrow,
Just to divert my thoughts a little space,
Because I'm rather hippish, and may borrow
Some spirits, guessing at what kind of face
May lurk beneath each mask; and as my sorrow
Slackens its pace sometimes, I'll make, or find,
Something shall leave it half an hour behind).

LXV.

Now Laura moves along the joyous crowd,
Smiles in her eyes, and simpers on her lips;
To some she whispers, others speaks aloud;
To some she curtsies, and to some she dips,
Complains of warmth, and this complaint avow'd,
Her Lover brings the lemonade, she sips;
She then surveys, condemns, but pities still
Her dearest friends for being dress'd so ill.

LXVI.

One has false curls, another too much paint,
A third — where did she buy that frightful turban?
A fourth's so pale she fears she's going to faint,
A fifth looks vulgar, dowdyish and suburban,
A sixth's white silk has got a yellow taint,
A seventh's thin muslin surely will be her bane,
And lo! an eighth appears, — „I'll see no more!"
For fear, like Banquo's kings, they reach a score.

LXVII.

Meantime, while she was thus at others gazing
Others were levelling their looks at her;
She heard the men's half-whisper'd mode of praising,
And, till't was done, determined not to stir;
The women only thought it quite amazing
That, at her time of life, so many were
Admirers still, — but men are so debased,
Those brazen creatures always suit their taste.

LXIV.

De gik til Ridotto, (det er et Sted || Hvortil jeg har isinde selv at gaa i Morgen, || Just for at adsprede mine Tanker en lille Stund || Thi jeg er lidt melancholsk, og kan laane (eller faa) || Lidt Munterhed, ved at gjætte hvad Slags Ansigt || Der kan skjule sig under hver Maske; og da min Sorg || Sagtner sine Skridt undertiden, vil jeg gjöre, eller finde || Noget som lader den blive en halv Time tilbage) [d. e. noget som giver mig en halv Times Forspring].

LXV.

Nu bevæger Laura sig frem igjennem den muntre Trængsel, || Smiil i hendes Öine, Griin paa hendes Læber; || Til nogle hvisker hun, til andre taler hun hölt; || For nogle nejer hun. og for nogle knixer hun, || Klager over Varme, og da denne Klage yttres, || Bringer hendes Elsker Lemonaden, hun nipper; || Derpaa overvejer hun, fordömmer, men ynkes dog over || Sine kjæreste Veninder fordi de ere saa slet paaklædte.

LXVI.

En har falske Kröller, en anden for megen Sminke, || En tredje — hvor kjöbte hun den forskrækkelige Turban? || En fjerde er saa bleg hun frygter hun er i Færd med at besvime, || En femte seer vulgairt ud, tyksækkisk og forstadsagtigt, || Den sjettes hvide Silke har et guult Skjær, || Den syvendes tynde Mousselin sikkert vil blive hendes Död, || Og see! den ottende viser sig — „Jeg vil ikke see mere!" || Af Frygt for at de, ligesom Banquo's Konger, skulle blive til en Snees.

LXVII.

Imidlertid, medens hun saaledes stirrede paa andre, || Saa rettede andre deres Blik paa hende; || Hun hörte Mændenes halv-hviskede Maade at rose paa, || Og indtil det var forbi besluttede hun el at röre sig [af Pletten]; || Kun Qvinderne ansaa det for ganske forbausende || At der i hendes Alder saa mange vare || Beundrere endnu — men Mændene ere saa fordærvede || At disse uforskammede Skabninger altid passe til deres Smag.

LXVIII.

For my part, now, I ne'er could understand
Why naughty women — but I won't discuss
A thing which is a scandal to the land,
I only don't see why it should be thus;
And if I were but in a gown and band,
Just to entitle me to make a fuss,
I'd preach on this till Wilberforce and Romilly
Should quote in their next speeches from my homily.

LXIX.

While Laura thus was seen and seeing, smiling,
Talking, she knew not why, and cared not what,
So that her female friends, with envy broiling,
Beheld her airs and triumph, and all that;
And well dress'd males still kept before her filing,
And passing bowed and mingled with her chat;
More than the rest one person seemed to stare
With pertinacity that's rather rare.

LXX.

He was a Turk, the colour of mahogany;
And Laura saw him, and at first was glad,
Because the Turks so much admire philogyny,
Although their usage of their wives is sad;
'Tis said they use no better than a dog any
Poor woman, whom they purchase like a pad:
They have a number, though they ne'er exhibit them,
Four wives by law, and concubines „ad libitum".

LXXI.

They lock them up, and veil, and guard them daily,
They scarcely can behold their male relations
So that their moments do not pass so gaily
As is supposed the case with northern nations;
Confinement too must make them look quite palely;
And as the Turks abhor long conversations,
Their days are either pass'd in doing nothing,
Or bathing, nursing, making love, and clothing.

LXVIII.

Nu, for min Part, kunde jeg aldrig forstaa || Hvorfor uartige Qvinder — men jeg vil ei discutere || En Ting som er en Scandale for Landet, || Jeg seer kun ei hvorfor det skulde være saaledes; || Og dersom jeg kun havde en Præstekjole og Bladkrave paa || Som netop vilde berettige mig til at gjöre Larm, || Vilde jeg præke over dette indtil Wilberforce og Romilly || Skulde citere i deres næste Taler af min Homilie.

LXIX.

Mens Laura saaledes var seet og seende, smilende, || Snakkende, hun vidste ei hvorfor og bröd sig ei om hvad, || Naar kun hendes Veninder, brændende af Misundelse || Skuede hendes Miner og Triumph, og det Altsammen: || Og velklædte Mænd bestandig deflierede foran hende, || Og passerende forbi bukkede og blandede sig i hendes Smaasnak; || Var der een Person som mere end de övrige syntes at stirre || Med en Halstarrighed som er noget sjælden.

LXX.

Han var en Tyrk af Mahogni-Farve; || Og Laura saa ham og i Förstningen blev glad || Fordi Tyrkerne saa meget beundre Qvindekjærlighed (Qvindeliebhaberi), || Hvorvel deres Behandling af deres Koner er slet; || Man siger at de behandle ei bedre end en Hund enhversomhelst || Stakkels Qvinde som de kjöbe som en Kleppert: || De have et Antal, hvorvel de aldrig udstille dem, || Fire Koner ifölge Lov, og Concubiner efter Behag.

LXXI.

De indeslutte, og tilslöre, og bevogte dem daglig, || De kunne næppe skue deres mandlige Slægtninge, || Saa at deres Öjeblikke ei tilbringes saa muntert || Som Tilfældet antages at være hos nordlige Nationer; || Indeslutteisen ogsaa maa bringe dem til at see ganske blegt ud; || Og da Tyrkerne afsky lange Samtaler, || Tilbringes deres Dage enten i slet intet at bestille || Eller i Badning, Ammen, Courmageri, og Paaklædning.

LXXII.

They cannot read, and so don't lisp, in criticism;
Nor write, and so they dont affect the muse;
Were never caught in epigram or witticism,
Have no romances, sermons, plays, reviews, —
In harams learning soon would make a pretty schism!
But luckily these beauties are no „Blues",
No bustling Botherbys have they to show 'em
„That charming passage in the last new Poem."

LXXIII.

No solemn, antique gentleman of rhyme
Who having angled all his life for fame,
And getting but a nibble at a time,
Still fussily keeps fishing on, the same
Small „Triton of the Minnows", the sublime
Of mediocrity, the furious tame,
The echo's echo, usher of the school
Of female wits, boy bards — in short, a fool!

LXXIV.

A stalking oracle of awful phrase,
The approving „*Good!*" (by no means good in Law)
Humming like flies around the newest blaze;
The bluest of bluebottles you e'er saw,
Teasing with blame, excruciating with praise,
Gorging the little fame he gets all raw,
Translating tongues he knows not even by letter,
And sweating plays so middling, bad were better.

LXXV.

One hates an author that's all *author*, fellows
In foolscap uniforms turn'd up with ink,
So very anxious, clever, fine, and jealous,
One don't know what to say of them, or think,
Unless to puff them with a pair of bellows;
Of coxcombry's worst coxcombs e'en pink
Are preferable to these shreds of paper,
Those unquench'd snuffings of the midnight taper.

LXXVI.

Of these same we see several, and of others,
Men of the world, who know the world like men,
Scott, Rogers, Moore, and all the better brothers
Who think of something else beside the pen.

LXXII.

De kunne el læse, og saa læspe de ei i Æsthetik; || Ei heller skrive, og saa beile de ei til Musen; [affectere de ei Musen] || Blive aldrig grebne i et Epigram eller Vittighed, || Have ingen Romaner, Prædikener, Skuespil, Reviews, [Qvartalskrifter] || I Haramer vilde Lærdom snart forvolde et kjönt Schisma! || Men heldigviis ere disse Skjönheder ingen „*Blaae*" || Ingen vimse Botherbyer (Vrövlepotter) have de til at vise dem, || „Hiint yndige Sted i det sidste nye Digt."

LXXIII.

Ingen höitidelig gammeldags Riim-herre || Som, da han har anglet hele sit Liv efter Ry || Og kun faaet en (lille) Biden paa [Krogen] hver Gang, || Bliver bestandig vimsende ved at fiske, den samme || Lille „Triton blandt Elritserne"*) den Ophöjede || I Middelmaadigheden, den rasende Tamme, || Echoets Echo, Adjuncten i Skolen || Af Qvinde-Genier, Drenge-Skjalde — kort sagt, en Daare!

LXXIV.

Et marcherende Orakel af ærefrygtindgydende Talemaader, || Det bifaldyttrende „*Godt!*" (som ingenlunde er lovgyldigt) || Summende som Fluer rundtom det nyeste Blus, || Den blaaeste af Blaaflaske-fluer i nogensinde saae, || Tirrende med Dadel, pinende med Roes || Opslugende den lille Berömmelse han faaer ganske raa, || Oversættende Tungemaal hvoraf han ei engang kjender et Bogstav, || Og udsvedende Skuespil, saa middelmaadige, at slet vilde være bedre.

LXXV.

Man hader en Forfatter som er heel og holden *Forfatter*, Krabater || I *pro patria* Uniformer med Blæk-Rabatter, || Saa saare ængstelige, kloge, fine og skinsyge, || Man veed ei hvad man skal sige om dem, eller tænke, || Med mindre det skulde være at puste til dem med en Blæsebælg; || Af Spradebasserlets værste Spradebasser selv de meest Udsögte || Ere at foretrække for disse Papiirs Strimler, || Disse uudslukte Lyse Tanner af Midnats-Kjertet.

LXXVI.

Af disse hersens have vi adskillige, og af andre, || Men af Verden, som kjende Verden som Mænd, || Scott, Rogers, Moore, og alle de bedre Brödre, || Som tænke paa Adskilligt

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*) Coriolan Act. III. Scene I.

But for the children of the „mighty mothers",
The would-be wits and can't-be gentlemen,
I leave them to their daily „tea is ready"
Snug coterie, and literary lady.

LXXVII.

The poor dear Mussulwomen whom I mention
Have none of these instructive pleasant people,
And *one* would seem to them a new invention,
Unknown as bells within a Turkish steeple;
I think 't would almost be worth while to pension
(Though best-sown projects very often reap ill)
A missionary author, just to preach
Our Christian usage of the parts of speech.

LXXVIII.

No chemistry for them unfolds her gasses,
No metaphysics are let loose in lectures,
No circulating library amasses
Religious novels, moral tales, and strictures
Upon the living manners, as they pass us;
No exhibition glares with annual pictures;
They stare not on the stars from out their attics,
Nor deal (thank God for that) in mathematics.

LXXIX.

Why I thank God for that is no great matter,
I have my reasons, you no doubt suppose,
And as, perhaps, they would not highly flatter,
I'll keep them for my life (to come) in prose;
I fear I have a little turn for satire,
And yet methinks the older that one grows
Inclines us more to laugh than scold, though laughter
Leaves us so doubly serious shortly after.

LXXX.

Oh! Mirth and Innocence! Oh, Milk and Water!
Ye happy mixtures of more happy days!
In these sad centuries of sin and slaughter,
Abominable Man no more allays
His thirst with such pure beverage. No matter
I love you both, and both shall have my praise.
Oh, for old Saturn's reign of sugar-candy! —
Meantime I drink to your return in brandy.

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andet foruden Pennen, || Men hvad angaaer Börnene af „de mægtige Mödre", || Vilde-gjærne-være-Genierne, og Kunne-ikke-være-Gentlemennene, || Dem overlader jeg til deres daglige „Theen" er færdig", [inde] || Til deres hyggelige Coterie, og literaire Dame.

LXXVII.

De stakkels kjære Mussul-Qvinder som jeg omtaler || Have ingen af disse lærerige behagelige Folk, || Og *een* saadan vilde synes for dem en ny Opfindelse, || Ukjendt som Klokker i et Tyrkiskt Taarn; || Jeg troer det kunde næsten være Umagen værdt at lönne || (Skjönt de bedst-saaede Projecter meget ofte höste slet) || En Forfatter-Missionaire, netop for at prædike || Vor Christelige Behandling af Talens Dele.

LXXVIII.

Ingen Chemi for dem udfolder sine Gasser, || Ingen Metaphysik bliver lósladt (givet til Bedste) i Forelæsninger, || Intet Lejebibliothek opsamler || Religieuse Romaner, Moralske Fortællinger, og Anmærkninger || Over Tidens Sæder som de passere [forbi] os; || Ingen Udstilling straaler med aarlige Malerier; || De stirre ei paa Stjærnerne udaf deres Messaniner || Og give dem ikke (takket være Gud for det) af med Mathematik.

LXXIX.

Hvorfor jeg takker Gud for det er ei en vigtig Sag, || Jeg har mine Grunde, som I udentvivl formoder, Og saasom disse, maaskee, ei vilde meget smigre, || Vil jeg gjemme dem for min Biographi (som siden kommer) i Prosa; || Jeg frygter jeg har lidt Hang til Satire, || Og dog synes mig at jo ældre man bliver || Gjör det os mere tilböjelige til at lee end skjænde, skjönt Latter || Efterlader os dobbelt alvorlige kort Tid efter.

LXXX.

Oh! Munterhed og Uskyldighed! Oh, Mælk og Vand! I lykkelige Blandinger af mere lykkelige Dage! || I disse slemme Synds og Manddrabs Aarhundreder || Slukker det afskyelige *Menneske* ei længer || Sin Törst med en saa reen Drik. Det er det samme || Jeg elsker eder begge, og begge skal have min Lov og Priis || Oh! Gid vi havde gamle Saturns Candis-Sukker-Regjering! — || Imidlertid drikker jeg paa eders Tilbagekomst i Cognac.

LXXXI.

Our Laura's Turk still kept his eyes upon her,
Less in the Mussulman than Christian way,
Which seems to say, „Madam, I do you honour,
And while I please to stare, you'll please to stay."
Could staring win a woman, this had won her,
But Laura could not thus be led astray;
She had stood fire too long and well, to boggle
Even at this stranger's most outlandish ogle,

LXXXII.

The morning now was on the point of breaking,
A turn of time at which I would advise
Ladies who have been dancing, or partaking
In any other kind of exercise,
To make their preparation for forsaking
The ballroom ere the sun begins to rise,
Because when once the lamps and candles fail,
His blushes make them book a little pale.

LXXXIII.

I've seen som balls and revels in my time,
And stay'd them over for some silly reason,
And then I look'd (I hope it was no crime)
To see what lady best stood out the season;
And though I've seen some thousands in their prime,
Lovely and pleasing, and who still may please on,
I never saw but one, (the stars withdrawn)
Whose bloom could after dancing dare the dawn.

LXXXIV.

The name of this Aurora I'll not mention,
Although I might, for she was nought to me
More than that patent work of God's invention,
A charming woman, whom we like to see;
But writing names would merit reprehension,
Yet if you like to find out this fair *she*,
At the next London or Parisian ball
You still may mark her cheek, outblooming all.

LXXXV.

Laura, who knew it would not do at all
To meet the daylight after seven hours sitting
Among three thousand people at a ball,
To make her curtsy thought it right and fitting:

LXXXI.

Vor Lauras Tyrk holdt bestandig sine Öjne paa hende, || Mindre paa den Mussulmanske end Christne Maade, || Som synes at sige, ,,Frue, jeg viser Eder Ære || Og medens jeg behager at stirre, vil I behage at blive:" || Dersom Stirren kunde vinde en Qvinde, havde denne vundet hende, || Men Laura kunde ei saaledes föres paa Afveje || Hun havde udstaaet Ild for længe og vel for at studse || Selv ved denne Fremmedes yderlig udenlandske Gloen.

LXXXII.

Morgenen var nu ligeved at bryde frem, || En Tidsvexel ved hvilken jeg vilde raade || Damer som have dandset eller deltaget || I nogen anden Slags af Motion || At gjöre deres Forberedelser for at forlade || Balsalen förend Solen begynder at staa op || Fordi naar engang Lamperne og Lysene svigte, || Bringer dens (Solens) Rödme dem til at see lidt blegt ud.

LXXXIII.

Jeg har seet nogle Baller og Fæster i min Tid, || Og væntet til de vare forbi af een eller anden tosset Grund, || Og, da saa jeg mig omkring (jeg haaber det ikke var nogen Forbrydelse) || For at bemærke hvilken Dame bedst udholdt Saisonen; || Og skjönt jeg har seet nogle Tusinde i fuldesteFlor, || Elskelige og behagelige, og som endnu kunne blive ved at behage, || Saa jeg aldrig flere end een (da Stjærnerne havde trukket sig tilbage) || Hvis Blomstren kunde efter Dandsen trodse Daggryet.

LXXXIV.

Denne Auroras Navn vil jeg ei nævne, || Skjönt jeg vel kunde, thi hun var intet for mig || Mere end det Patent Arbeide af Guds Opfindelse, || En yndig Qvinde, som vi holde af at see; || Men at optegne Navne vilde fortjene Dadel, || Dog hvis I önsker at udfinde denne skjönne *Hun*, || Paa det næste Londoner eller Pariser Ball || Kan I endnu mærke Eder hendes Kind, overblomstrende alle (andre).

LXXXV.

Laura, som vidste at det slet ikke gik an || At möde Dagslyset efter syv Timers Sidden || I mellem tre Tusinde Folk paa et Bal, || Ansaa det for ret og passende at gjöre sin [Afskeds]

The Count was at her elbow with her shawl,
And they the room were on the point of quitting,
When lo! those cursed gondoliers had got,
Just in the very place where they *should not.*

LXXXVI.

In this they're like our coachmen, and the cause
Is much the same — the crowd, and pulling, hauling,
With blasphemies enough to break their jaws,
They make a never intermitting bawling.
At home, our Bowstreet gemmen, keep the laws,
And here a sentry stands within your calling;
But for all that there is a deal of swearing,
And nauseous words past mentioning or bearing.

LXXXVII.

The Count and Laura found their boat at last,
And homeward floated o'er the silent tide,
Discussing all the dances gone and past;
The dancers and their dresses, too, beside;
Some little scandals eke: but all aghast
(As to their palace stairs the rowers glide)
Sate Laura by the side of her Adorer,
When lo! the Mussulman was there before her

LXXXVIII.

„Sir", said the Count, with brow exceeding grave,
„Your unexpected presence here will make
It necessary for myself to crave
Its import? But perhaps'tis a mistake;
I hope it is so: and at once to wave
All compliment, I hope so for *your* sake:
You understand my meaning or you *shall*"
„Sir" (quoth the Turk) „'tis no mistake at all".

LXXXIX.

„That lady is *my wife.*" Much wonder paints
The lady's changing cheek, as well it might;
But where an English woman sometimes faints,
Italian females don't do so outright;
They only call a little on their saints,
And then come to themselves, almost or quite;
Which saves much hartshorn, salts, and sprinkling faces.
And cutting stays, as usual in such cases.

Nejen: || Greven stod ved hendes Albue med hendes Shawl, || Og de vare just i Begreb med at forlade Værelset, || Da see! disse forbandede Gondolroere vare komne || Just til det Sted hvor de *ikke skulde.*

LXXXVI.

I dette ligne de vore Kudske, og Aarsagen || Er for det meste den samme — Trængsel, og Trækken, Halen, || Med Forbandelser nok til at brække deres Kjæver || Udstöde de et uophörligt Bröl. || Hjemme overholde vore Bowstreet Herrer Lovene || Og her staaer en Skildvagt i Kalds-(Raabs) vidde; || Men med alt det saa er der en heel Deel Banden || Og ækle Ord som man ei kan gjentage eller udstaa.

LXXXVII.

Greven og Laura fandt deres Baad tilsidst, || Og flöd hjemad over den tause Ström, || Discuterende alle de Dandse der vare blevne dandsede; || De Dansende og deres Klædninger, ogsaa, desuden; || Nogle smaa Skandaler tillige: men ganske forstenet || (I det til deres Palads-Trappe Roerne glide) || Sad Laura ved Siden af sin Tilbeder || Da see! Mussulmannen var der i forvejen.

LXXXVIII.

„Herre," sagde Greven, med et Bryn overmaade alvorligt || „Eders uventede Nærværelse her vil gjöre || Det nödvendigt for mig selv at efterspörge — || Dens Betydning? Men kanskee det er en Feiltagelse; || Jeg haaber det er det: og, for med eet at tilsidesætte || Alle Complimenter, haaber jeg det for *Deres* Skyld: || De forstaaer min Mening, eller De *skal* (forstaa den)" — || „Herre" (sagde Tyrken) „det er slet ingen Feiltagelse".

LXXXIX.

„Den Dame er *min Kone!*" Megen Forbauselse maler || Damens farveskiftende Kind, som der var al Aarsag til; || Men hvor en Engelsk Qvinde undertiden besvimer, || Gjöre Italienske Qvinder ikke det ligefrem; || De paakalde blot en Smule deres Helgener, || Og komme da til sig selv igjen, næsten eller ganske; || Hvorved spares meget Hjortetaksdraaber, Salmiak og Ansigtstænkning, || Og Snörlivs Opskjæren, som er brugelig i slige Tilfælde.

XC.

She said — What could she say? Why, not a word;
But the Count courteously invited in
The stranger, much appeased by what he heard:
„Such things, perhaps, we'd best discuss within,"
Said he „dont let us make ourselves absurd
In public, by a scene, nor raise a din,
For then the chief and only satisfaction
Will be much quizzing on the whole transaction."

XCI.

They enter'd, and for coffee call'd — it came,
A beverage for Turks and Christians both,
Although the way they make it's not the same.
Now Laura, much recover'd or less loth
To speak, cries „Beppo!" what's your pagan name?
Bless me! your beard is of amazing growth!
And how came you to keep away so long?
Are you not sensible 't was very wrong?

XCII.

„And are you *really, truly* now a Turk?
With any other woman did you wife?
Is 't true they use their fingers for a fork?
Well, that's the prettiest shawl — as I'm alive!
You'll give it me? They say you eat no pork.
And how so many years did you contrive
To — Bless me! did I ever? No, I never
Saw a man grown so yellow! How's your liver?

XCIII.

„Beppo! that beard of yours becomes you not;
It shall be shaved before you 're a day older:
Why do you wear it? Oh! I had forgot —
Pray don't you think the weather here is colder?
How do I look! You shan't stir from this spot
In that queer dress, for fear that some beholder
Should find you out, and make the story known.
How short your hair is! Lord! how grey it's grown!"

XCIV.

What answer Beppo made to these demands
Is more than I know. He was cast away
About where Troy stood once, and nothing stands;
Became a slave of course, and for his pay

XC.

Hun sagde — Hvad kunde hun sige? Oh, ikke eet Ord: || Men Greven artigt bad trine ind || Den Fremmede, meget beroliget ved hvad han hörte: || „Saadanne Ting, maaskee, gjorde vi bedst i at discutere inde." || Sagde han; „Lad os ei gjöre os selv latterlige || Offentligen, ved en Scene, eller gjöre Spektakel, || Thi da den fornemste og enesto Tilfredsstillelse || Vil blive meget Gjækkeri over hele Begivenheden."

XCI.

De traadte ind, og forlangte Kaffee — den kom, || En Drik baade for Tyrker og Christne, || Skjönt Maaden de lave den paa ei er den samme. || Nu Laura, som var kommen sig meget, eller mindre uvilig || Til at tale, raaber „Beppo! hvad er Eders hedenske Navn? || Bevare os vel! Eders Skjæg er af forbausende Væxt! || Og hvorledes kom i til at blive saa længe borte? || Finder I ikke (selv) at det var meget urigtigt?

XCII.

Og er I *virkelig, sandelig* nu en Tyrk? || Indgik I med nogen anden Qvinde Ægteskab? || Er det saadt at de brage deres Fingre for Gaffel? || Oh, dette er deiligste Shawl — saa sandt jeg lever! || I vil give mig det? De sige I spiser aldrig Svinekjöd. || Og hvorledes I saa mange Aar kunde I komme ud af || At — Bevare os vel! saae jeg nogensinde? Nei, aldrig || Saa jeg en Mand der er bleven saa guul! Hvordan er Eders Lever?

XCIII.

„Beppo! dette hersens Skjæg klæder Eder ei; || Det skal barberes inden I bliver en Dag ældre: || Hvorfor bærer I det? Oh! Jeg havde glemt — || Sig mig, synes du ikke at Veiret er koldere her? || Hvordan seer jeg ud? Du skal ei röre dig af Pletten || I den selsomme Dragt, af Frygt for at een eller anden Beskuer || Gjenkjender dig, og gjör Historien bekjendt. || Hvor kort dit Haar er! Himmel! Hvor graat det er blevet!"

XCIV.

Hvad Beppo svarede paa disse Spörgsmaal || Er mere end jeg veed. Han havde lidt Skibbrud || Omtrent hvor Troja en Gang stod, og hvor intet staaer; || Blev gjort til en Slave na-

Had bread and bastinadoes, till some bands
Of pirates landing in a neighbouring bay,
He joined the rogues and prosper'd, and became
A renegado of indifferent fame.

XCV.

But he grew rich, and with his riches grew so
Keen the desire to see his home again,
He thought himself in duty bound to do so,
And not be always thieving on the main;
Lonely he felt, at times, as Robin Crusoe,
And so he hired a vessel come from Spain,
Bound for Corfu: she was a fine polacca,
Mann'd with twelve hands, and laden with tobacco.

XCVI.

Himself, and much (heaven knows how gotten!) cash,
He then embark'd with risk of life and limb,
And got clear off, although the attempt was rash;
He said that *Providence* protected him —
For my part, I say nothing, lest we clash
In our opinions; — well, the ship was trim,
Set sail, and kept her reckoning fairly on,
Except three days of calm when off Cape Bonn.

XCVII.

They reach'd the island, he transferr'd his lading,
And self and live stock, to another bottom,
And pass'd for a true Turkey-merchant trading,
With goods of various names, but I forgot 'em.
However, he got off by this evading.
Or else the people would perhaps have shot him;
And thus at Venice landed to reclaim
His wife, religion, house, and Christian name.

XCVIII.

His wife receiv'd, the patriarch rebaptized him,
(He made the church a present, by the way);
He then threw off the garments which disguised him,
And borrow'd the Count's smallclothes for a day;
His friends the more for his long absence prized him,
Finding he'd wherewithal to make them gay,
With dinners, where he oft became the laugh of them,
For stories — but *I* don't believe the half of them.

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tarligviis, og til Lön ‖ Fik Bröd og Bastinado [Bastonnade], indtil, da nogle Bander ‖ Af Rövere landede i en nærliggende Bugt ‖ Han forenede sig med Benglerne og var heldig, og blev ‖ En Renegat af middelmaadigt Ry.

XCV.

Men han blev riig, og med hans Rigdomme blev saa ‖ Skarp (stærk) hans Længsel efter at see sit Hjem igjen ‖ At han ansaa sig ved Pligt forbunden til at gjöre det, ‖ Og ei bestandig at blive ved at stjæle paa Havet; ‖ Eensom fölte han sig, undertiden, som Robinson Crusoe, ‖ Og saa leiede han et Skib (der var) kommet fra Spanien, ‖ Og skulde gaa til Corfu: det var en smuk Polacca [et tremastet Skib i Middelhavet] ‖ Med et Mandskab af tolv Personer, og en Ladning Tobak.

XCVI.

Sig selv med mange (Himmelen veed hvorledes erhvervede!) Penge ‖ Indskibede han da med stor Fare for Liv og Lemmer ‖ Og kom godt derfra, hvorvel Forsöget var forvovent; ‖ *Han* sagde at *Forsynet* beskyttede ham — ‖ For min Part, Jeg siger intet, at vi ei skal stöde an (mod hinanden) ‖ I vore Meninger: Naa, Skibet [d. e. Lasten] var godt balanceret. ‖ Seilede af Sted, og holdt ordentlig sit Bestik ‖ Undtagen i tre Dages Vindstille paa Höiden af Cap Bonn.

XCVII.

De naaede Öen, han overförte sin Ladning ‖ Og sig selv med levende Qvæg [d. e. Luus og Lopper] ombord paa et andet Skib, ‖ Og blev taget for en rigtig Tyrkisk Kjöbmand, som handlede ‖ Med Varer af forskjællige Navne, men jeg har glemt dem. ‖ Alligevel, han slap igjennem med denne Udflugt, ‖ Thi ellers vilde Folket kanskee have skudt ham; ‖ Og saaledes landede han i Venedig for at fordre igjen ‖ Sin Kone, Religion, sit Huus og sit Christne Navn.

XCVIII.

Hans Kone modtog, Patriarchen gjendöbte ham, ‖ (Han gav Kirken en Present i Parenthese meldt); ‖ Han hortkastede da den Dragt som forklædte ham, ‖ Og laante Grevens Beenklæder en Dags Tid: ‖ Hans Venner satte formedelst hans lange Fraværelse desto större Priis paa ham, ‖ Da de fandt at han havde noget hvorved han kunde gjöre dem muntre, ‖ Med Middagsmaaltider, hvor han ofte blev til Latter for dem, ‖ Ved Historier — men *Jeg* troer ikke det Halve af dem.

XCIX.

Whate'er his youth had suffer'd, his old age
With wealth and talking make him some amends;
Though Laura sometimes put him in a rage,
I've heard the Count and he were always friends.
My pen is at the bottom of a page,
Which being finish'd, here the story ends:
'Tis to be wish'd it had been sooner done,
But stories somehow lengthen when begun.

II.
THE NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY.

A Man, in many a country town, we know,
Professes openly with Death to wrestle:
Ent'ring the field against the grimly foe,
Arm'd with a mortar and a pestle.

Yet, some affirm, no enemies they are:
But meet just like prize-fighters in a fair,
Who first shake hands before they box,
Then give each other plaguy knocks,
With all the love and kindness of a brother:
So (many a suffering patient saith,)
Tho' the Apothecary fights with Death
Still they're sworn friends to one another.

A member of this Æsculapian line.
Lived at Newcastle-upon-Tyne:
No man could better gild a pill;
Or make a bill:
Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister;
Or draw a tooth out of your head;
Or chatter scandal by your bed;
Or give a clyster.

Of occupations these were *quantum suff,*
Yet, still, he thought the list not long enough:
And therefore midwifery he chose to pin to't.
This balanced things: — for if he hurl'd
A few score mortals from the world,
He made amends by bringing others into't.

XCIX.

Hvod hans Ungdom end har lidt, hans gamle Alder || Med Rigdom og Conversation yder ham nogen Erstatning; || Skjönt Laura underliden bragte ham i Hornisk, || Har jeg hört at Greven og han vare altid Venner. || Min Pen er nu kommen nederst paa Siden, || Og da den er endt, saa ender min Historie her; || Man kunde önske at det var skeet för || Men Historier paa en eller anden Maade forlænge sig naar man har begyndt dem.

Apothekeren i Newcastle.

En Mand, i mangen en Kjöbstod paa Landet, vide vi, || Giver sig ud for aabenbart med Döden at brydes; || Betrædende Slagmarken mod den grimme Fjende, || Bevæbnet med en Morter og en Stöder [el. Stempel].

Dog, nogle paastaae, at de ingen Fiender ere; || Men möde hinanden ligesom Nævefægtere paa et Marked, || Som först give hinanden Haand, inden de baxes, || Derpaa give hinanden Pokkers Slag || Med hele en Broders Kjærlighed og Venlighed: || Saa at (siger mangen en lidende Patient) || Skjönt Apothekeren kjæmper mod Döden || Saa ere de dog hinandens eedsvorne Venner.

Et Medlem af Æskulapii Profession || Boede i New-Castle ved Tyne-[Floden]: || Ingen Mand kunde bedre forgylde en Pille. || Eller opskrive en Regning || Eller blande en Lægedrik, eller aarelade, eller anbringe Spanske Fluer: || Eller trække en Tand ud af eders Hoved; || Eller smaasnakke Scandale ved eders Sæng; || Eller sætte Klysteer*).

Af Forretninger vare disse *quantum suff***) || Men dog, fandt han at Listen ei var lang nok; || Og derfor Födselshjælp fandt han for godt at fæste med en Knappenaal dertil. || Dette bragte Tingene i Ligevægt: — thi hvis han drev || Nogle faa Snese Dödelige bort fra Verden, || Gav han Erslatning ved at bringe andre ind i den.

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*) Chirurg, Apotheker, og Födselshjælper ere i England, især i Landdistrikterne, ofte forenede i een Person.

**) Forkortet for, *quantum sufficit* d. e. saa meget som behöves.

His fame, full six miles round the country ran;
In short, in reputation he was *solus:*
All the old women call'd him „a fine man!"
His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, tho' in *trade,*
(Which oftentimes will Genius fetter)
Read works of fancy, it is said;
And cultivated the *Belles Lettres.*

And why should this be thought so odd?
Can't men have taste who cure a phthisick?
Of poetry tho' patron God,
Apollo patronizes physic.

Bolus loved verse; — and took so much delight in't.
That his prescriptions he resolved to write in't.

No opportunity he e'er let pass
Of writing the directions, on his labels,
In dapper couplets, — like *Gay's Fables;*
Or, rather, like the lines in *Hudibras.*

Hans Ry mere end halvanden Miil löb Landet rundt; || Kort sagt i Anseelse var han *solus:* [d. e. stod han enkelt] || Alle de gamle Qvinder kaldte ham „en pæn Mand!" || Hans Navn var Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, hvorvel han drev Handel || (Hvilket ofte vil lænkebinde Geniet) || Læste Digterværker, siger man; || Og dyrkede *Belles Lettres.* [Den skjönne Literatur].

Og hvi skulde dette synes saa besynderligt? || Kande ei Mænd have Smag som curere for Sviudsot? || Digterkonstens Skyts-Gud || Apollo patroniserer Lægekoasten.

Bolus elskede Vers: — og fandt saa stor Fornöjelse deri, || At han besluttede sine Recepter at skrive deri.

Ingen Leilighed lod han gaa forbi || Til at skrive Forskrifter, paa sine Etiquetter, || I flinke Riim, — lignende *Gays Fabler*; || Eller snarere, lignende Versene i *Hudibras**).

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*) *Gay* var en berömt Fabel-Digter i det 18de Aarhundrede. *Hudibras* er *Butlers* Verdens berömte comiske Epos, som tjente Holberg til Forbillede ved hans *Peder Paars,* Butler döde i Aaret 1680, 68 Aar gammel, Charles II. en Fyrste af megen Smag, var en saadan Beundrer af Hudibras at han ei lettelig blev antruffen i nogen Stilling uden at have dette Digt ved Haanden. Dog döde Digteren i yderste Fattigdom.

Vi troe ikke det behöver at undskyldes at vi her vedföje et Par Noticer om dette store Mesterværk og dets Forfatter. Den Skotske Philosoph og Historiker *David Hume* siger: „at en *lærdere* Bog end Hudibras findes ikke i noget Sprog" og dette Udsagn er næppe nogen stor Overdrivelse. Man veed ei hvad man meest skal beundre ved dette Digt, dets uhyre Lærdom, eller dets sprudlende Viid. *Voltaire* var som bekjendt ingen stor Beundrer af den Engelske Literatur i det Hele, og han har aldrig viist sig at være partisk til Gunst for nogen Engelsk Forfatter: desmere Vægt kan man tillægge hans Vidnesbyrd i dette Tilfælde:

„Der er et Engelsk Digt" siger han, „hvis „Titel er „*Hudibras*": det er Don Qnixote, „det er vor *Satyre Menisée* blandet tilsammen. „Jeg traf aldrig saamegen Vittighed i nogen „enkelt Bog som i denne; som dog med det „samme er den vanskeligste at oversætte." Der haves mange lignende Vidnesbyrd af berömte Forfattere saavel Franske som Engelske og Tydske. I Holbergs Tid vor han sikkert den eneste Mand i Danmark som var fortrolig med Butlers udödelige Værk; og Butler blev det samme for ham som Cervantes havde været for *Butler.* Selv for *Frere* og i en vis Henseende for *Byron,* navnlig med Hensyn til Behandlingen af Sprog og komiske Riim, har Butler tjent som Forbillede.

Alle Engelske Forfattere saavel Digtere som Prosaister stemme overeens deri at han döde i stor Fattigdom, og i Betragtning af at Digteren var en vigtig Stötte for Charles II. og hans Regjering finde de en saadan sörgelig Omstændighed lidet hæderlig for denne Konges Minde. Digteren selv har ligesom Ariosto, ikke forbigaaet sin naturlige Patrons Utaknemmelighed med Taushed. Dog skrev *Ariosto* med större Bitterhed om dette Æmne end *Butler;* ligesom *Ferdausi,* i sin Tid, havde skrevet om den samme Ting med endnu större Bitterhed end Ariosto. Butler skrev et Digt som han kaldte „*Hudibras at Court*" (Hudibras til hove): hvori han træffende skildrer hvor uundværlig „Hudibras" var for Kongen ved alle Leiligheder, og da vedbliver som fölger:

Now after all was it not hard
That he should meet with no reward,
That fitted out this knight and squire,
The monarch did so much admire?
That he should never reimburse
The man for th' equipage or horse,
Is sure a strange ungrateful thing
In any body but a King.
But this good King it seems was told
By some that were with him too bold,
If ever you hope to gain your ends,
Caress your foes, and trust your friends, —
Such were the doctrines that were taught
Till this unthinking King was brought
To leave his friends to starve and die, —
A poor reward for loyalty.

[Nu noar Alt kommer til Alt var det ei haardt || At han skulde ingen Belönning finde || Som equipperede denne Ridder og Skjolddrager || Som denne Monarch saa meget beundrede? || At han skulde aldrig gjenbetale || Manden for Equipperingen eller Hesten || Sikkerligen er en selsom utaknemmelig Ting || Hos enhversomhelst Person undtagen en Konge. || Men denne gode Konge synes det blev fortalt ||

Apothecary's verse! — and where's the treason?
'Tis simply honest dealing; — not a crime: —
When patients swallow physic without reason,
It is but fair to give a little rhyme.

He had a patient lying at death's door,
Some three miles from the town — it might be four:
To whom, one evening, Bolus sent an article,
In pharmacy, that's call'd cathartical;

And, on the label of this stuff,
He wrote this verse;
Which one could think, was clear enough,
And terse; —

„When taken,
To be well shaken."

Next morning, early, Bolus rose;
And to the patient's house he goes:
Upon his prad,
Who a vile trick of stumbling had;

It was, indeed, a very sorry hack;
But that's of course:
For what's expected from a horse,
With an Apothecary on his back?

Bolus arrived; — and gave a doubtful tap; —
Between a single and a double rap. —

Knocks of this Kind
Are given by gentlemen who teach to dance:
By fiddlers, and by opera-singers:
One loud and then a little one behind;
As if the knocker fell, by chance,
Out of their fingers.

En Apothekers Vers! — og er der noget Forræderi (i det)? || Det er en simpel ærlig Handel; — og ingen Forbrydelse: — Naar Patienter sluge Medicin uden Raison, || Saa er det kun billigt at give en Smule Riim.

Han havde en Patient som laa ved Dödens Port, || Omtrent tre Miil fra Byen — det kunde være fire: || Til hvem, en Aften, Bolus sendte en Artikel [neml. Medicin] || Af Apothekerkonst, som kaldes rensende;

Og paa Etiquetten af dette Gods || Skrev han dette Verse; || Som man skulde tro var klart nok. || Og net: —

„Naar taget
Bli'r godt skuget".

Næste Morgen, tidligt, stod Bolus op || Og til Patientens Huus gaaer han: || Paa sin Plag, || Som havde den fæle Vane at snuble;

Det var, i Sandhed, et meget usselt Ög; || Men det er en Selvfölge: || Thi hvad kan væntes af en Hest, || Med en Apotheker paa sin Ryg?

Bolus ankom: — og gav et tvivlsom Slag || I mellem et enkelt og et dobbelt Rap.

Denne Slags Bank || Gives af Gentlemen som lære (Folk) at dandse: || Af Fiolinspillere, og Opera-Sangere: || Det ene lydeligt og da et lille eet bagefter; || Som om Dör-Hammeren tilfældig faldt || Udaf deres Fingre.

Af nogle som vare mod ham altfor dristige || Hvis I nogensinde haaber at opnaa Eders Öjemed; || Saa kjærtegn Eders Fjender, og forlader Eder paa Eders Venner. || Saadan var den Lære som foredroges || Indtil denne ubetænksomme Konge blev bragt || Til at overgive sine Venner til Hungersnöd og Död. — || En ussel Belönning for Loyalitet.]

Men dog, hvis Butler blev forsömt i levende Live saa er han desto mere bleven hædret efter sin Död. Förretyve Aar efter hans dödelige Afgang fik han et prægtigt Monument i *Westminster Abbey*, paa *Alderman Barbers* Bekostning. Derom skrev *Samuel Wesley:*

While *Butler,* needy wretch, was yet alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give:
See him when starv'd to death, and turn'd to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust.
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown,
He ask'd for bread, and he receiv'd a stone.

[Medens Butler, fattig Stakkel var ilive || Vilde ingen ædel Patron give [ham] et Middagsmaaltid; || See ham Död af Hunger, og forvandlet til Stöv, || Beæret med en Minde-Buste. || Her vises sindbilledligt Digterens Skjæbne || Han bad om Bröd og han modtog en Steen].

Vi slutte denne lange Note med den Bemærkning, at for Studerende som ere det Engelske Sprog fuldkommen mægtige, som ere fortrolige med Engelske Skikke, og med det 17de Aarhundreds Historie, er Hudibras med dertil hörende vidtlöftige Noter en overmaade lönnende Læsning, som er i lige höi Grad belærende og underholdende.

The servant lets him in, with dismal face,
Long as a courtier's out of place —
Portending some disaster:
John's countenance as rueful look'd, and grim,
As if th' Apothecary had physic'd him, —
And not his master.

„Well, how's the patient?" Bolus said —
John shook his head.
„Indeed! hum! — ha! — that's very odd! —
He took the draught?" — John gave a nod.

„Well, how? — what then? — speak out, you dunce!"
„Why then" — says John — „we *shook* him once"
„Shook him! — how?" — Bolus stammer'd out: —
„We jolted him about."
„Zounds! shake a patient, man! — a shake won't do."
„No, Sir — and so we gave him *two*."
„Two shakes! od's curse?
„Twould make the patient worse."
„It did so, sir! — and so a third we tried."
„Well, and what then?" — „Then, sir, my master died."

III.

LOVE AND HYMEN.

TH. MOORE.

Love had a fever — ne'er could close
His little eyes till day was breaking;
And wild and strange enough, Heav'n knows,
The things he rav'd about when waking.

To let him pine so were a sin; —
One, to whom all the world's a debtor —
So Doctor Hymen was call'd in,
And Love that night slept rather better.

Next day the case gave further hope yet,
Though still some ugly fever latent; —
„Dose as before" — a gentle opiate,
For which old Hymen has a patent.

After a mouth of dayly call,
So fast the dose went on restoring,
That Love, who first ne'er slept at all,
Now took, the rogue! to downright snoring.

Tjeneren lukker op for ham, med et bedrövet Ansigt, || Saa langt som en Hofmands der er ude af Embede — || Bebudende en eller anden Ulykke: || Johns Aasyn saae saa sörgmodigt og grimt ud || Som om Apothekeren havde givet ham Medicin, — || Og ei hans Herre.

,,Naa hvordan gaaer det med Patienten?" sagde Bolus — || John rystede paa Hovedet: || ,,Virkelig! Hm! — Ha! — det er ret sært! — || Han tog Mixturen?" — John nikkede. || ,,Vel, hvorledes? — hvad saa? — ud med Sproget, du Dosmerpande! || ,,Oh saa" — siger John — ,,vi rystede ham een Gang" || ,,Rystede ham! — hvorledes?" — stammede Bolus frem: — || ,,Vi ruskede ham omkring." || ,,Bevares! ryste en Patient! — en Rysten hjælper ei." || ,,Nei, Herre — og saa gav vi ham *to* || ,,To Rystelser! for F—n? || ,,Det vilde gjöre Patienten slettere." || ,,Det gjorde det, Herre! — og saa forsögte vi den tredje." || ,,Naa, og hvad saa?" — ,,Da, Herre, döde Herren."

Eros og Hymen.

Eros havde Feber — kunde aldrig lukke || Sine smaae Öjne indtil henimod Daggry; || Og vilde og selsomme nok, det veed Himmelen, || Vare de Ting han phantaserede om naar han var vaagen.

At lade ham saaledes hensmægte vilde være Synd; — || En, til hvem hele Verden er en Skyldner — || Altsaa blev Doctor Hymen kaldt, || Og Eros sov den Nat noget bedre.

Næste Dag gav Sygdommen bedre Haab endnu, || Skjönt endnu nogen slem Feber skjulte sig; — || ,,Samme Dosis som för" — et mildt Opiate, || Som gamle Hymen har Patent paa.

Efter en Maaned af daglige Visiter, || Saa hurtigt blev Dosen ved at curere, || At Eros, som i Begyndelsen slet ikke sov, || Nu gav sig til, den Skjelm, ligefrem at snorke,

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IV.

COMMON SENCE AND GENIUS.

TH. MOORE.

While I touch the string,
  Wreathe my brows with laurel,
For the tale I sing
  Hath, for once, a moral.
Commonsense one night,
  Though not used to gambols,
Went out by moonlight,
  With Genius, on his rambles.
    While I touch the string, &c.

Common Sense went on
  Many wise things saying;
While the light that shone
  Soon set Genius straying.
One his eye ne'er rais'd
  From the path before him;
T'other idly gaz'd
  On each night-cloud o'er him.
    While I touch &c.

So they came, at last
  To a shady river;
Common Sense soon pass'd,
  Safe, as he doth ever;
While the boy, whose look
  Was in Heav'n that minute,
Never saw the brook
  But tumbled headlong in it!
    While I touch &c.

How the Wise one smil'd,
  When safe o'er the torrent,
At that youth so wild
  Dripping from the current!
Sense went home to bed;
  Genius, left to shiver
On the bank, 'tis said,
  Died of that cold river!
    While I touch the string. &c.

V.

IRISH ANTIQUITIES.

TH. MOORE.

According to some learn'd opinions
The Irish once were Carthaginians;
But, trusting to more late descriptions,
I'd rather say they were Egyptians.
My reason's this: — the Priests of Isis,
  When forth they march'd in long array,
Employ'd 'mong other grave devices,
  A sacred Ass to lead the way;
And still the antiquarian traces
  'Mong Irish Lords this Pagan plan,
For still, in all religions cases.
  They put Lord R – d—n in the van.

Forstand og Geni.

Mens jeg rörer Strængen, ‖ Bekrands min Pande med Laurbær, ‖ Thi den Fortælling jeg synger, ‖ Har, for een Gangs Skyld, en Moral (i sig). ‖ Forstand en Aften ‖ Skjönt ei vant til Luftspring ‖ Gik ud i Maaneskin, ‖ Med Geni, paa hans Vandringer. ‖ Mens jeg rörer Strængen &c.

Forstand gik hen ad Vejen, ‖ Sigende mange vise Ting; ‖ Mens det Lys som skinnede ‖ Snart förte Geni paa Afveje. ‖ *Den ene* löftede aldrig sit Öje ‖ Fra Stien som laa for ham ‖ *Den anden* örkeslöst stirrede ‖ Paa hver natlig Sky over ham.

Saa kom de tilsidst, ‖ Til en dunkel Flod; ‖ Forstand kom snart over (den), ‖ I god Behold, som han altid gjör; ‖ Mens Drengen, hvis Blik ‖ Var (rettet) paa Himmelen i det Minut, ‖ Slet ikke saa Bækken ‖ Men faldt lige paa Hovedet ud i den!

Hvor den Vise smilte, ‖ Da han var godt kommen over Bækken, ‖ Over den Yngling, saa vild, ‖ Dryppende (vaad) af Strömmen! ‖ Forstand gik til sængs; ‖ Geni, forladt at ryste ‖ Paa Bredden, siger man ‖ Döde af hiin kolde Flod! ‖ Mens jeg rörer Strængen, &c.

Irske Oldsager.

Ifölge visse lærde Meninger ‖ Vare Irerne engang Karthaginenser; ‖ Men, forladende mig paa senere Beskrivelser, ‖ Vilde jeg snarere sige de vare Ægyptere. ‖ Min Grund er denne: — Isis's Præster, ‖ Da de marcherede afsted I en lang Linie, ‖ Anvendte, iblandt andre ærværdige Ceremonier, ‖ Et helligt Asen til at gaa i Spidsen; *) ‖ Og endnu finder Oldgrandskeren Spor ‖ Blandt Irske Lorder af denne Hedenske Skik, ‖ Thi endnu, i alle religieuse Anliggender, ‖ Sætte de Lord R—d—n i Spidsen **).

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*) Fra denne Skik hidrörer Talemaaden: „*Asinus portans mysteria.*"

**) Skal betegne Lord Roden, en meget hæftig Orangeman, og ultra-protostantisk Lord. Digteren Th. Moore var som bekjendt en Catholik.

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